

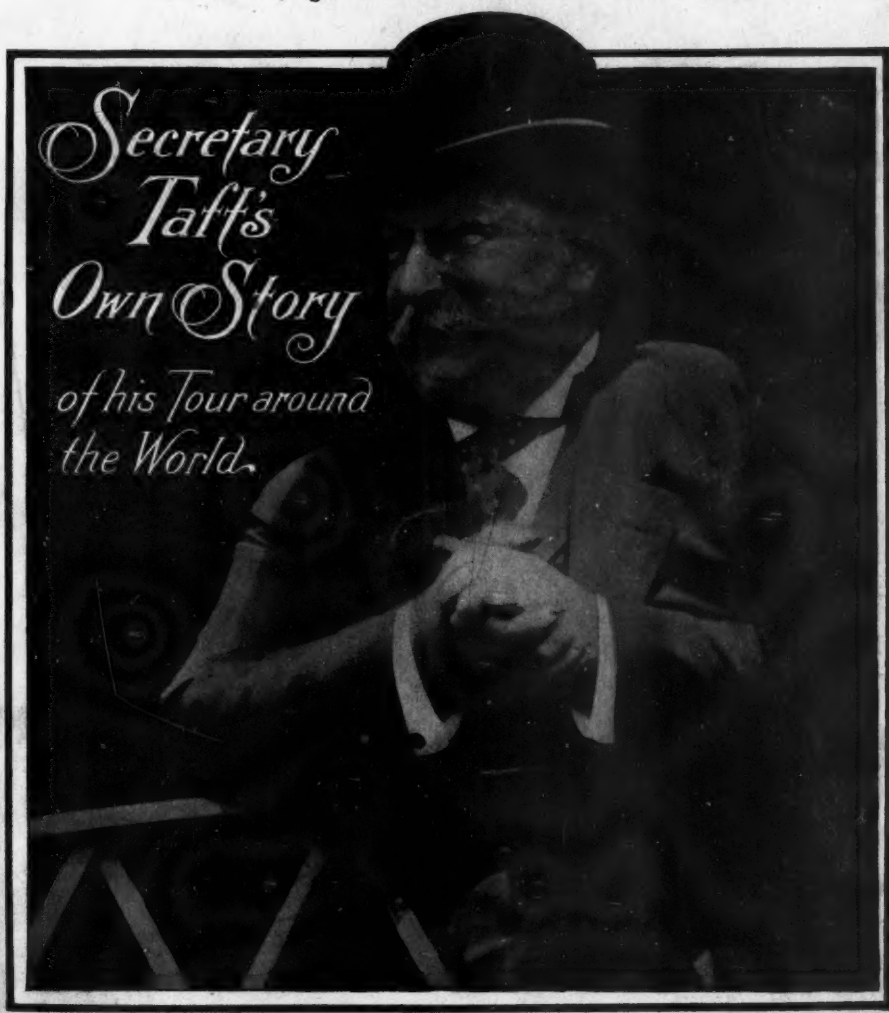
MARCH, 1908

FIFTEEN CENTS

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Edited by JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

*Secretary
Taft's
Own Story
of his Tour around
the World.*

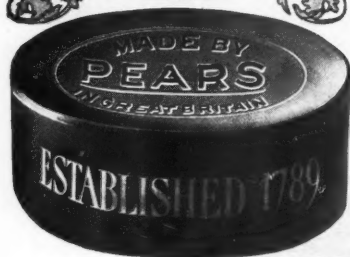


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As Always
Woman's
Best
Beautifier



PEARS' SOAP

was beautifying complexions when George the Third was King, and before the great historic event of modern times, the French Revolution

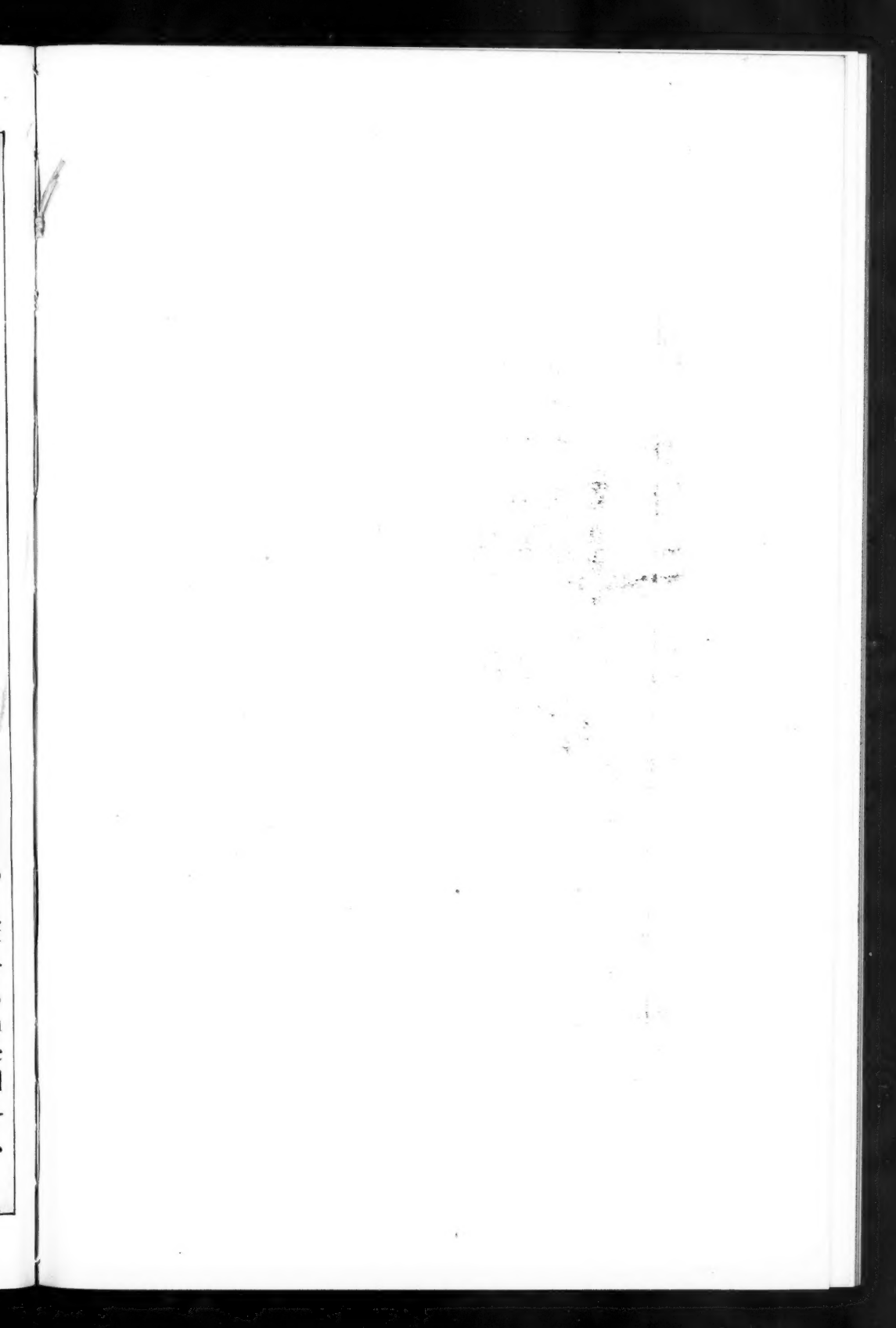
THAT was indeed a period of revolutions, and the revolution that was effected in the manufacture of Soap by the introduction of PEARS' SOAP was so memorable that it established a new and permanent standard in Toilet Soaps, and one that it has been impossible to improve upon in all the years that have since elapsed.

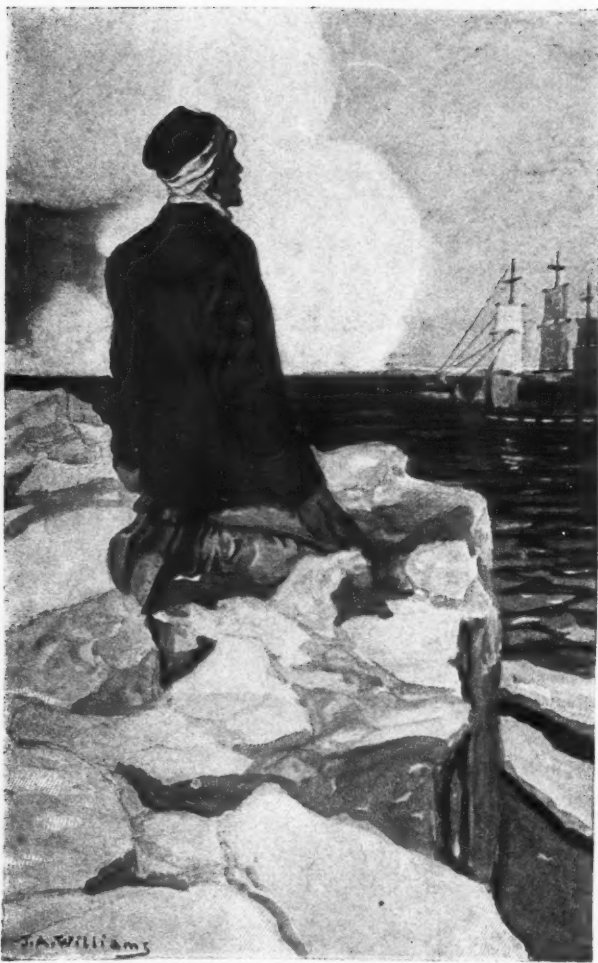
PEARS' SOAP was a scientific discovery that represented hygienic perfection, and provided beauty with a simple preservative that has had no equal from that day to this.

We have it on the testimony of the most famous beauties, and of leading scientists, doctors, and specialists, from the Georgian to the Edwardian period, that PEARS' SOAP is the most potent of all aids to natural beauty—the beauty that alone can fascinate—the beauty of a soft, velvety, refined complexion.

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.

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Drawn by J. A. Williams

"Less than a half mile away was a whaling vessel.—See "The Smoky God." page 606.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXVII

MARCH, 1908

NUMBER SIX



Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

WHILE the great telescopes may be located in Washington, it is not always the best place to secure a true perspective of the political firmament. I walked toward the Capitol up the avenue, chatting with many prominent men, seeking an accurate focus of the political situation. They are all "waiting to hear from home." The dome light of the Capitol twinkled like a placid luminary; Mars, with "his mailed hand," beckoned overhead as the legislative and the judiciary continued their regular routine, and the messages and appointments still came swiftly from the executive office, showing that the three co-ordinate branches of government remained "fixed stars" in the constitutional constellation, however the presidential luminaries might rise or wane.

Political leaders, old and new, are adjusting their presidential campaign telescopes and sweeping the political horizon to "sight" the "coming star," arising from the nebulae of the many ambitions that are afloat athwart the political ether. A bright look-out is also kept for spots on the big suns and inky mountains and chasms in the moons, and any other stellar phenomena of the political solar system. Telescopes are leveled upon all prospective delegates—they count in charting political astronomicals.

History has never recorded a presidential

campaign possessing more powerful allurements and more personal concern for the individual voter and candidate. The great fourth-year event has ceased to be a question of mere party record, and has become a direct choice of an adequate leader by the sovereign people. Individual voters are adjusting their telescopes and there will be many views of the "big shows" in Chicago at the Republican Convention, and the counter-attraction in Denver, when the Democrats convene to select a standard bearer. Uninstructed dele-

gates will have fun, and will be able to use their telescopes freely, and mayhap see their bandwagon "hitched to a star," when they secure something especially promising for their own state or delegation.

The American people are searching the political firmament. There is none of the rancor and bitterness of bygone days. The issues are not so sharply defined as to make deadly foes of brothers and friends. The people believe that candidates have sincerely at heart the interests of

country,—though the range and power of telescopes may differ.

* * *

ONE of the dignified pedestrians who swings along the avenue is Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. Now comes a retired army officer, who insists that the Justice was one of the most unlucky soldiers



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

of his acquaintance. During the Civil War he was wounded six times; in fact, about every time he entered an engagement. "And you may rest assured," said his comrade, "that he was in every engagement that he could possibly get into."

It was while his boy was in the army that Oliver Wendell Holmes, the genial hearthstone poet of the country, wrote some of his



ATTORNEY GENERAL BONAPARTE, THE ACTIVE
HEAD OF THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

most charming verse. With his heart wrung by anxiety and suspense, his pen kept up the courage of many another aching heart during those dark days. What a gratification it would be for that poet who was so widely loved if he could be present in Washington today to see that soldier boy, the pride of his home, occupying a high position on the supreme bench of the United States Court.

On that supreme bench some eighty cases

have been decided recently. One of the most notable was the copyright case which directly involves an international question as many of the copyright provisions made for this country will apply to foreign work. Representatives from many countries in Europe were present in the court when the arguments were being made. The members of the Supreme Court begin their day's work early. The morning's mail is attended to first, and ten o'clock finds them en route for the Capitol. There are so many documents to be prepared and gone over, that overtime work is necessary for the court, and if the eight-hour law were applied to them, it is feared that there would be many serious breaches in its observance. While the clerks and wage earners are protected by their eight-hour act, there is no movement for binding down the heads of departments to stipulated time.

Amid the shadows of the Supreme Court room Jefferson was inaugurated; and here it was that Jenny Lind sang "Home, Sweet Home" to the author, John Howard Payne; here Webster made his famous reply to Hayne. The dim old chamber is replete with historic suggestions that will always bring memories not usually called up by the halls of justice. As one of the co-ordinate branches of government, founded on those few printed pages incorporated in the Constitution of the United States, the functionaries of the Supreme Court have found the interpretation of that great document an ever-increasing and expanding responsibility, and new adjustments and conditions have been needed almost every day.

* * *

SEVERAL years ago I had the pleasure of meeting Fenton R. McCreery when he was connected with the American Embassy in the City of Mexico. It was during the early spring months, but the great problem in the Mexican capital was how to keep warm, and his sunny temper under the circumstances was charming. Mr. McCreery was then making his splendid record as the first Secretary of the Embassy. He was later appointed Minister Resident and Consul-General to the Dominican Republic where the devotion and probity with which he always despatched his public duties have justified his merited promotion. The prob-

lems which Mr. McCreery has confronted in San Domingo have been more or less complicated and delicate in character, but he has conducted them in a way that has won the confidence of the citizens of that country.

A resident of Michigan, Mr. McCreery enjoys a visit to the old home where he first had dreams of a foreign consulate. He has been a great many years in the service of

UP in dear old Vermont, between the stately peaks that divide the Green Mountains, is the home and birthplace of Senator Dillingham—Waterbury and Montpelier. It is interesting to visit a state whose splendid American traditions are kept intact from one generation to another, as has been the case with good old Vermont. From boundary to boundary there is something in the very landscape, in every tree



MR. FENTON R. McCREERY OF FLINT, MICHIGAN, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO SAN DOMINGO

South American interests, and seems particularly adapted to deal with the American-Latin races. The manner in which he adjusts himself to the customs of the countries in which he serves wins the hearts of the people and enables him to accomplish a great deal for American interests. This was evidenced in every detail of his work at the Mexican Embassy, where he served during the long interim that existed after the tragic death of Mr. Thompson, the American Ambassador, who was killed by a street car.

and bush and flower, and in the outline of the magnificent "everlasting hills" that speaks of history making, and begets the desire to visit these scenes again. Other Vermont towns, Brattleboro and Bennington, have the distinction of preserving historic spots where tales of the glories of revolutionary times are recounted from generation to generation.

The fact that Rudyard Kipling once lived in Brattleboro is also history. It is related of the barrack-room poet that he had an inordinate desire to sign checks—it may be

that he was one of those persons with whom cash burns a hole in the pocket until it is spent—if he only wanted to pay a little bill of twenty-three cents he signed a check, just as readily as he would for twenty-five dollars to cover the price of a coat. The



WILLIAM H. MOODY, JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT, CONTEMPLATING THE COMING OF SPRING—AND STILL UNMARRIED

tradesman up in that part of Vermont were pretty well supplied with Rudyard's autograph after he had dwelt among them for a time. After a while they found that these

scraps of paper were valued at much larger sums than was indicated on their face. For instance, one fruit vender sold a twenty-five-cent check for five dollars, while for other checks of small denominations he received a good sum in gold. Many of these checks are preserved in the library for the benefit of the curio collector.

If Kipling had been animated with a commercial spirit, instead of with the divine afflatus, he would have spent his time signing his autograph and selling each signature, thus making even a handsomer royalty on his name than any poet ever received for his greatest verses. Every time he wrote a word he might have made twenty-five dollars, provided he wrote the right one—"Kipling." Such prices for writing would have made good Sir Alfred Tennyson gasp, when he boasted of the high price per word his genius evoked.

* * *

EVERY now and then the subject comes up for discussion—"What shall be done with ex-presidents?" This seems a somewhat pathetic proposition in view of the fact that only one ex-president is now living, and he seems to be able to take good care of himself.

The latest suggestion is to provide them with seats in the House of Representatives for life, with the same pay and privileges assured to other members, but without a vote, which could not be given them except by amending the constitution. The country would then have the benefit of the wisdom and experience of men who had filled the office of chief executive of the nation, and whose advice in deliberative matters ought to be of much service.

On the other hand, it is claimed that the most appropriate place for an ex-president would be the United States Senate, for there, in the more deliberative counsels of the nation his mature experience would be of more pronounced value. With the ex-president "in the stirrups" in the halls of Congress there would be a large amount of irrational legislation checked. Every session of Congress must furnish the usual influx of new ideas, indicating the lively, initiative spirit of American people. They must be doing something "for why"—argues your alert American—"why else should they draw salaries?"



HON. W. P. DILLINGHAM, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM VERMONT

CONGRESS has been requested to appropriate ten to fifty thousand dollars for experiments in air-ships. It is stated that now the flying-machine has become more than ever a practical, if not a commercial proposition. Darius Green and his flying-machine are now something more than the butt for popular jokes, but whether the modern Darius will ever find a safe and positively defined pathway in the air is another question.

Now comes the armored cruiser of steel floating through the air. All the inventor



CONGRESSMAN ADOLPH J. SABATH OF CHICAGO

requires in order to float with assurance, he says, is an appropriation of \$50,000 for experimental purposes, and he insists that it is just as important that this invention be carried to its ultimate limit as it was that the suggestion of Morse should have had a similar appropriation, which made the way clear for the age of the telegraph. Inventions seem to be as natural to Americans as the air they breathe, and aerial navigation for commercial purposes has long been under consideration. Lord Lytton to the contrary, it is still very doubtful if this mode of locomotion will ever be used for commer-

cial purposes, though we may see fleets of pleasure ships in the air in the next ten years. The carrying power of a balloon or an air-ship is insufficient for a cargo; only a moderate number of passengers could be transported by one costly balloon.

Kipling's story of the "Night Express," in which he relates the thrilling voyage of an air-ship from London to Quebec, is very delightful reading, but it is felt by the hard-headed investors that the ultimatum on aerial navigation is that it "does not pay," although no other question has absorbed more money, effort and attention among the race—unless it be perpetual motion.

* * *

IT seemed like the irony of fate that the bill introduced in Congress for the taxing of foreign titles should have been put forward by Representative Sabath of Illinois. The congressman distinguishes his name from that of the holy day by eliminating one "b." The singular part of it is that he is himself of foreign birth, and it seems he ought to have more compassion for his compatriots than to put in such a bill. If passed, this measure will provide that every idle foreigner who enjoys a title on American soil shall be taxed one quarter of the price paid by the American girl's father for her share of the title.

The congressman sincerely believes that if Congress will pass this bill, it will discourage the international marriages between needy titled foreigners and tuft-hunting Americans, that have caused the major part of the gossip for newspaper society columns. It has been computed that if Congress had passed such a bill twenty-five years ago, it would have saved the country over a billion dollars in hard cash, and a billion dollars is a pretty big price to pay for a few blue-blooded sons-in-law for American papas.

It was a scion of an Austrian house, and a fellow-countryman of Congressman Sabath, who recently carried off one of the richest heiresses of our country.

* * *

ONE of the most distinguished recent visitors to Washington was Mrs. Grover Cleveland, who attended the Mothers' Congress as a delegate. Many greeted her with pleasant memories of the days when, under the glitter of the old chandelier, Frances Folsom



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MRS. GROVER CLEVELAND, FORMER FAIR MISTRESS OF THE WHITE HOUSE, WHO IS LIVING A RETIRED LIFE WITH HER HUSBAND AND CHILDREN AT THEIR QUAIN OLD HOME IN PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

became a bride in the East room of the White House, where she reigned for eight years as its gracious mistress. Her home at Princeton is regard as a charming example of the greatest achievement of the American wife and mother.

The years have been very kind to Mrs.

Cleveland and her counsel as a delegate to the Congress was listened to with the interest and attention which her words certainly merited. Mrs. Cleveland has been appointed by Governor Stokes of New Jersey as president of the State Village for Epileptics—a state institution doing a useful work.

IN all the mazy ways of correspondence, an acquaintance, and often a friendship, develops that can never be defined as to origin. Although I had often heard of William Jackson Armstrong, who has long been one of the popular lecturers, and who is now living in Los Angeles, California, a stray letter and suggestion by a mutual friend and subscriber introduced us to each other.

Mr. Armstrong was formerly an officer of the United States Senate and a close confidant of Chief Justice Chase. He was also a friend of Henry Ward Beecher. President Grant appointed him inspector general of



HENRY JACKSON ARMSTRONG
Author of "Heroes of Defeat"

United States consulates of Europe. His book entitled "The Heroes of Defeat" is one of those rare books that every student or reader should have. In it is a remarkable sketch of Tecumseh, "the Ohioan and hero of the forest." No more thrilling tale of endurance and courage in a hopeless cause can be found in the annals of any nation, and no one can read the history of the Indian hero without feeling a call to higher and more unselfish purposes.

Mr. Armstrong's book contains the history of several other brave men, some of whom are not so commonly known, but who were far ahead of their times and whose record should not be forgotten, as, for in-

stance, Schamyl, soldier-priest and hero of the Caucasus, once a familiar figure in the Russian court; Abdel Kader, sultan of Algeria; Scanderbeg, soldier of Jesus Christ, prince of Albania; Vercingetorix, king of Gaul and noble patriot, and the well-known hero of Poland, Kosciuszko. The story of each hero of defeat, as told by Mr. Armstrong, forms a valuable contribution to literature. Every one of the book's six hundred pages is a-glow with feeling, and has all the charm of personal narrative, in fact, after I had read "Heroes of Defeat" I felt as well acquainted with the author as though I had been admitted to the inner temple of his thoughts. While the book indicates the author's power of deep analysis, yet it has all the charm of simply-told truth, and sparkles with incident, anecdote, thrilling adventure and inspiring courage in defeat and hardship.

* * *

EVERY now and then a discussion will come up as to who is the most attractive senator in the eyes of the ladies. Each senator has his own champions, who are apt to speak more plainly in his absence than when he is present.

A short time ago the discussion waxed quite warm among the newspaper men, and it was insisted that the various adherents should produce proof of their assertions; whereupon Senator Scott's champion pulled out a kodak snapshot, showing the senator in a reposeful attitude, surrounded by Mrs. Scott and three other ladies, assembled at a country fair. Here was the concrete evidence of Senator Scott's popularity, and nothing more was said about any of the other legislators at that time, but it seems probable that kodak pictures will be more popular than ever.

* * *

SCANT credit has been given to Peletiah Webster by the historian, and even those who had to do with the formation of the Constitution are rather "left-handed" in their acknowledgments. Peletiah Webster insisted that his efforts to amend the old Constitution were of no avail, and that was his reason for deciding to sketch out the features of "a new constitution for the preservation and happiness of the United States of America." The suggestion of a congress composed

of two houses was entirely new at that time; the authority of a nation to make laws of general interest and utility, and enforce them, was also his idea—"a wholly novel idea," as it was called.

These were the corner stones welded into the immortal document known as the Constitution of the United States, which was called by Gladstone the "most wonderful

peace; banding armies and navies together, making contracts, emitting and coining money—in short, there must be complete authority for the final execution of all necessary measures—"A government half executed," insisted Peletiah Webster, "is the most dangerous of all institutions."

It is very generally felt that Peletiah Webster, philosopher, scholar and patriot, ought



A POPULAR KODAK OF SENATOR SCOTT

work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man."

Dr. Hannis Taylor insists that Peletiah Webster stands second only to Washington as a nation builder, and this conviction is deepened after thirty years of the most exhaustive study of the Constitution—state and federal.

Webster's basic principle was that the Constitution must have, in every department, power sufficient to secure and make effectual the federal laws; some supreme authority must have the power of making war and

never to be forgotten by the nation he has benefited, and it is hoped that some measure will soon be passed by the government making an appropriation to provide a monument that will perpetuate and honor his memory among generations yet to come.

* * *

THE open winter weather of the new year encouraged many members of the House and Senate to walk down the avenue from the Capitol to their homes. There was Congressman Littlefield swing-

ing along at a stately stride. Senator Newland pondering over his bill for national waterways—which is pronounced one of the most interesting and comprehensive measures introduced in the Senate—was not far behind; Congressman Overstreet with a thoughtful air was also in the ranks, with Congressmen Davidson and Judge Walter



SENATOR "TOM" CARTER OF MONTANA AND
"UNCLE JOE" CANNON, ON THE WHARF
AT FORT MONROE

I. Smith equally enthusiastic. Vice President Fairbanks uses the Avenue as a thoroughfare every night and morning. Coming down that boulevard in early evening, one meets more congressmen than in any other one place. Like boys returning from school, in the open air their spirits seem to rise with the consciousness of duty performed, and they bring with them the problems discussed during the day. Little bits of sentiment that come up in the committee rooms, which are stored away in the minds of the members of the various committees, here find expression between chums. As I greeted the procession coming down the avenue in the early winter twilight, I felt more than ever proud of the splendid men who represent the United States in the halls of Congress. There may be geniuses elsewhere, but a more thoroughly

representative lot of American citizens or a better lot of men it would be difficult to gather together.

* * *

SUCCEEDING Senator Curtis of Kansas, Congressman D. R. Anthony, Jr., has won his spurs, driving ahead with true Kansas fire and regardless of obstacles, which, to him, are evidently intended only to be surmounted. He has much of the doughty spirit of the old John Brown days of "bleeding Kansas." He is a newspaper man of experience, and has served as mayor of his native city, Leavenworth. Succeeding his father in the management of the Daily Times of his city, when the vacancy caused by the election to the senate of Hon. Charles Curtis was to be filled, it was unanimously agreed that Mr. Anthony was the man for the place, and he was elected by a sweeping majority.

* * *

PREPARATIONS are being made for the census of 1910, and an appropriation of fourteen millions has already been requested, to avoid the rush of closing days. The present Census Building has always impressed me as



HON. "JIM" WATSON, OF INDIANA, REPUBLICAN WHIP OF THE HOUSE, VIEWING
A NAVAL REVIEW

a sort of temporary exposition official quarters. It is hoped that the director will have his census bill promptly acted upon and the desired appropriation furnished, enabling him to make the census of 1910 the most exhaustive and accurate account ever produced as a record of a nation's growth.

It was late one evening when I dropped into



HON. MOSES E. CLAPP, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MINNESOTA

the Census Bureau and found Director S. N. D. North immersed in details of his reports. Few men have given more conscientious and expert service to their work for the Government. He has been prominently identified with every national census from 1880 to 1900, but the work at the present time has become essentially that of a permanent department, rather than a mere ephemeral undertaking. In years past it was the custom, a short time before the decennial data was required, to organize somewhat hastily a sort of census



REPRESENTATIVE COOPER OF WISCONSIN

bureau, gathering together at an enormous expense, an avalanche of figures which were ill-digested in reports.

* * *

Mr. North is a scholarly-looking gentleman, wearing glasses and side-whiskers; he has a professional and studious appearance, and his earnest work is bearing fruit in experience and action. Under his directorship, the Census Bureau of the United States is attaining a perfection unequalled by any similar bureau in the world.

Through William S. Rossiter, chief assist-

ant, the work of the department has been kept in almost personal touch with the people, and through the unlimited confidence of those citizens who believe in the scope and purpose of the Bureau, he has secured not only accurate and detailed information, but also data which was never before published.

* * *

Leaflets published by this department are epitomes of information that well repay careful reading, for the Census Bureau as it now exists is at the basis of business extension, and all plans for the future. When business firms and corporations understand just what is being done, and has been done, they can better forecast the future and avert over-production. The remarkable record of past years, chronicled by the Census Bureau, has been the basis for much of the vigorous and important development of the decade. The Census literature affords information, in a convenient and reliable form to schools, colleges and business interests, and when the importance of keeping posted on this matter is more fully understood there will be an immense demand for the leaflets of this bureau.

* * *

Many strange requests come to this department, showing an abiding confidence in the work handled there. Many and varied are the questions asked. One correspondent wished to know how many occupants there were in the cemeteries of this country, or how many times a census of the dead was taken. Another query was for information in connection with landscape gardening, and a Mormon lady desired advice as to the best mode of building an apartment house, what the probable cost would be, and statistics on the average profit on apartment house investments.

One person wrote to inquire "how many pure buffaloes" were now living, and another desired to know the "number of inhabitants of the catacombs." Inquiries were received regarding the pineapple industry—the number of millionaires in the world—figures on the peanut and coffee crop—the number of Spanish residents in Indianapolis—in short the letters addressed to the Census Bureau are like the contents of a magazine "question box."

* * *

A humorous feature of the work is that of the hundred agents sent out to gather divorce

statistics, a large majority were bachelors. They were to find out whether the husband or the wife had been to blame for the trouble that brought about divorce; from whom the application came; the number of children from the union, if any; whether alimony had been paid and also whether intemperance had been directly or indirectly the cause of the separation. It seems curious that the question, "Is Marriage a Failure?" has come under the consideration of the Census Bureau

YEARS ago J. Sloat Fassett was nominated as governor of New York, but was defeated by Roswell P. Flower; Mr. Fassett has always been a conspicuous figure in the councils of the republican party and is now representing his district in congress, where he is looked upon as one of the ablest members on the floor. Notwithstanding this, he insisted on going through the regular routine of keeping silence for the first term, as becomes a new member. During his first session he



SENATOR KNOX'S LIBRARY IN HIS WASHINGTON HOME

bachelors, but these statistics will prove valuable in view of the fact that over 328,000 divorces were filed from 1867 to 1887. From 1887 to 1897 the aggregate was over 1,400,000 cases and the startling fact was disclosed that most of the divorces were furnished by the rural districts and smaller cities, and that a divorce case is filed every three minutes.

When the bachelor brigade have collected all the facts for the divorce census, we may look for information that will provide food for thought for the sociologists and philosophers, and give them ample material upon which to dilate for many years to come.

occupied the floor for but ten minutes, during which he made an address on the restoration of canteens at soldiers' homes. One of the largest soldiers' homes in the country is located in his district, and he stated that he felt the situation demanded a word from him. He is a scholarly and forceful speaker.

* * *

ONE should visit all the galleries of Congress, sweeping around the circle from the press gallery to the executive gallery, and from there to the reserved, the public and the ladies' gallery, not overlooking the colored

gallery below the clock—each point of view gives an added interest to the proceedings. In this session one hundred new members of congress have taken their seats, and the majority of them are bright, young-looking men, full of enthusiasm, answering up on the roll-call with energy and emphasis. The Committee of the whole was a very exhilarating



CONGRESSMAN J. ADAM BEDE OF MINNESOTA

session—during such proceedings the speaker retires and the House proceeds alone; one hundred members must be present and there is no roll-call. When a demurrer is called—if not satisfied with the chairman's rear-end gavel count, the members get up and trot around and pass up the aisle in about ten minutes, reminding the onlooker of children playing "London Bridge is broken down," and needing only the cheery chorus to complete the delusion that this is some "grown-up" game. The little jaunt up the aisle has a soothing tendency, for no matter how acrimonious the debate, how bitter the utterances, or how high feeling may have run, when "London Bridge" time comes, the air is suddenly lightened, and by the time the members have done trotting around the room, good-fellowship is restored.

Congressman J. W. Keifer, with a merry twinkle in his eye, when solicited for his

opinion of the game of "London Bridge," remarked:

"I consider I am earning my salary by making these trips up and down the aisle, to be patted by the tellers; I figure out that we walk about an average of ten miles per day, when we vote in this way."

The day I was there the debate was on the "codification of the statutes." When Burke Cochran spoke, that melodious voice of his, that style so magniloquent and ministerial, insistently centered attention, and eyes and ears in every gallery were all alert. A story is told of him that once, after he had spoken for some time, he forgot on which side he intended to range his eloquence. He is a fascinating talker, and it is not surprising if for once he was swept adrift on the tide of his own eloquence. His rich voice and swift flow of words almost compel the listener to forget on what subject he is giving utterance.



CONGRESSMAN J. S. FASSETT OF NEW YORK

The little lady in the front row just before me, turned eagerly to the companion at her side and said enthusiastically:

"Oh, see them fussing! How I like to see them fuss with each other—that is what they are there for, isn't it! Are they tired or going to vote again?"

This was the first time I had heard the pro-



DR. ANGEL UGARTE, ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY AND MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY
OF HONDURAS

ceedings of the distinguished legislative body of the United States called "fussing." The good-natured filibuster on the Democratic side of the House, who rose "with the question," certainly won favor in that gallery.

The voices of the various members of the House are an interesting study, for they run

the entire gamut of human utterance ranging from the little, squeaky treble pipe to the ponderous, deep growl of the big bass.

Congressman Cooper, of Wisconsin, is always ready with a good, snappy speech. Congressman Dalzel in the center aisle, Sereno Payne, watching the Republican forces

with John Sharp Williams and De Armond, each have a voice easily recognized when the speaking on the floor is reproduced in the committee rooms—it will behoove the new members to provide a voice as distinctive as their own photographs.

* * *

In the office of the sergeant at arms was J. Adam Bede, the cheerful, well-known legislator from the Duluth district. He was studying the portraits of his colleagues in Congress, and it was somewhat remarkable



FRANK O. LOWDEN, THE FARMER CONGRESSMAN FROM ILLINOIS, WHO CLAIMS THE FINEST DISTRICT IN THE COUNTRY

to find him devoting himself to pictured faces hung upon a wall, for J. Adam Bede is a busy man. His face was wrapped in studious repose.

"I am studying phrenology—great heads, these—great heads."

There he stood surveying the ponderous frontispieces of his colleagues, mentally marking the bumps as he looked over the collection.

Everyone feels that Mr. Bede is always ready for a joke—even at his own expense.

He had the fortune to get number twenty-three in a seat; immediately his colleagues greeted him in sibilant tones:

"Skee-doo, skee-doo," with just as much energy as though it had not been a stale old joke.

The Democrats believe that luck is coming their way for the first time in many sessions, for with the exception of four, they had the choice of the first forty offices in the new building.

J. Adam Bede is one of the most picturesque characters in Congress, as well as an all-around statesman. He sheds good nature and wisdom wherever he goes, and his jokes have much to do with leavening the proceedings of the House with cheerfulness. At home or abroad he will have his joke.

Once, when he was building a partition in his printing office, with sleeves rolled up and a saw in one hand, a hammer close by and in his other hand a stick of type—for sawing wood and setting type at the same time is nothing to Adam—a young college lad appeared in the role of full-fledged book agent; he set out to explain his mission and the nature of his book to Mr. Bede, who said, without raising his eyes from his work:

"Don't bother about name and contents—what's the price of the book?"

"Three dollars," said the young agent, rising to the occasion, but don't you wish to look it over and see—"

"No, I don't want to look it over, not on your life," said Adam. "You are in college?"

"Yes."

"Trying to work your way through?"

"Yes, Mr. Bede."

"Well, I did the same. My cashier will give you an order for the three dollars on any store for anything you may need—then you sell it and get real cash—I can't. Go chase others while the day is yet young."

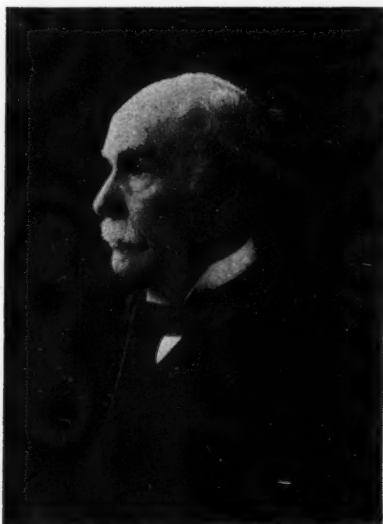
No one can talk long with Adam Bede without perceiving the scintillation of ideas, bright as dewdrops in the morning sun. He has parts of the "original Adam" and sometimes tires of telling people that he is in no way related to the Adam Bede of George Elliot's novel.

* * *

IN capturing the Republican National Convention for Chicago, no one person was more conspicuous in obtaining results than

Congressman Frank O. Lowden. When Kansas City offered a certified check of \$100,000 as a bonus for the privilege of having this mighty gathering, Mr. Lowden arose and said he had no authority to offer a check of any special amount, but would state that he was authorized to pledge that all legitimate expenses would be guaranteed.

Mr. Lowden is a native of Sunrise City, Minnesota, but was educated at the Iowa State University, where he obtained the degree of A. B., and took up the study of law in the Union College of Law, Chicago. He now follows the simple avocation of farming; he believes in getting "back to the land." The farmer-legislator is an enthusiastic champion of Speaker Cannon's candidacy for the presidential office, and he is a powerful force in any cause, being a good speaker who knows just how to obtain results. He has a splendid farm near Dixon, Illinois. He married the daughter of Mr. George Pullman, of Pullman car fame.



SENATOR PICKNEY WHYTE OF MARYLAND,
LONG PAST DR. OSLER'S AGE LIMIT, BUT
A VERY ACTIVE MAN YET

ONE of the most scholarly men in the diplomatic circle is Dr. Angel Ugarte, of Honduras, who has long been regarded as one of the foremost lawyers of Central America. He served in Congress before coming to Washington, and has also repre-

sented Honduras in various diplomatic missions in Europe, before serving as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary at Washington.

During recent years a large number of young men have come from Honduras to America to take a course in business training, who will probably aid in following up results



E. T. BRACKETT, PRESIDENT OF THE HUGHES
CLUB OF NEW YORK

obtained by the activity of Doctor Ugarte in stimulating closer trade relations between the United States and his native land. He encourages his people under all circumstances to co-operate with the United States.

* * *

THERE was a lively scene in the Senate when the site selected for the memorial of General Grant was objected to by Senator Tillman, who arose and said that no site was too prominent or too conspicuous to perpetuate the memory of the great commander, but that he did object to having the statue placed in the Botanic Garden.

The Grant Memorial will be one of the most imposing in Washington, and stakes are already being driven for the site where

Shaler's famous statue is to overlook the beautiful Botanic Gardens.

Secretary of State Root was Secretary of War when Congress authorized the memorial. General Granville M. Dodge and General Horace Porter are both members of the Grant Memorial Committee. The question of a site was gone over very thoroughly. Con-



CONGRESSMAN JESSE OVERSTREET OF INDIANA
WHO HAS GRAPPLED WITH THE POST-
OFFICE PROBLEM

gress has appropriated a quarter million dollars for the memorial and it is felt that the location was decided on with regard to the building of the Washington of the future, new city plans being thoroughly studied by the architect and experts called in to help settle the vexed question of a site. General Dodge and General Porter and the old friends and comrades of "the Silent Commander," who are in the Commission, are pushing on the work as rapidly as they can, the purpose being to have the statue placed as early as possible, so that the dedication may be witnessed by many thousands of personal friends and followers of General Grant, before they are succeeded by a generation who never knew him.

A NUMBER of subscribers from old Arkansas have requested me to lose no time in meeting Senator Jeff Davis of their state. His career as prosecuting attorney, attorney-general and thrice-elected governor of Arkansas indicates the strong hold he has on the people of his home state. His initial speech in the senate was characteristic of the man. Although it cannot be said to have made much of a permanent impression on public opinion, it will make a unique addition to the Congressional Record, and certainly furnish interesting reading for his enthusiastic constituents in Arkansas.

An ardent admirer of William J. Bryan, and a devout student of the Scriptures, as evidenced by his frequent quotations from Holy Writ, Senator Davis has all the sincerity and earnestness which insure him an enthusiastic following.

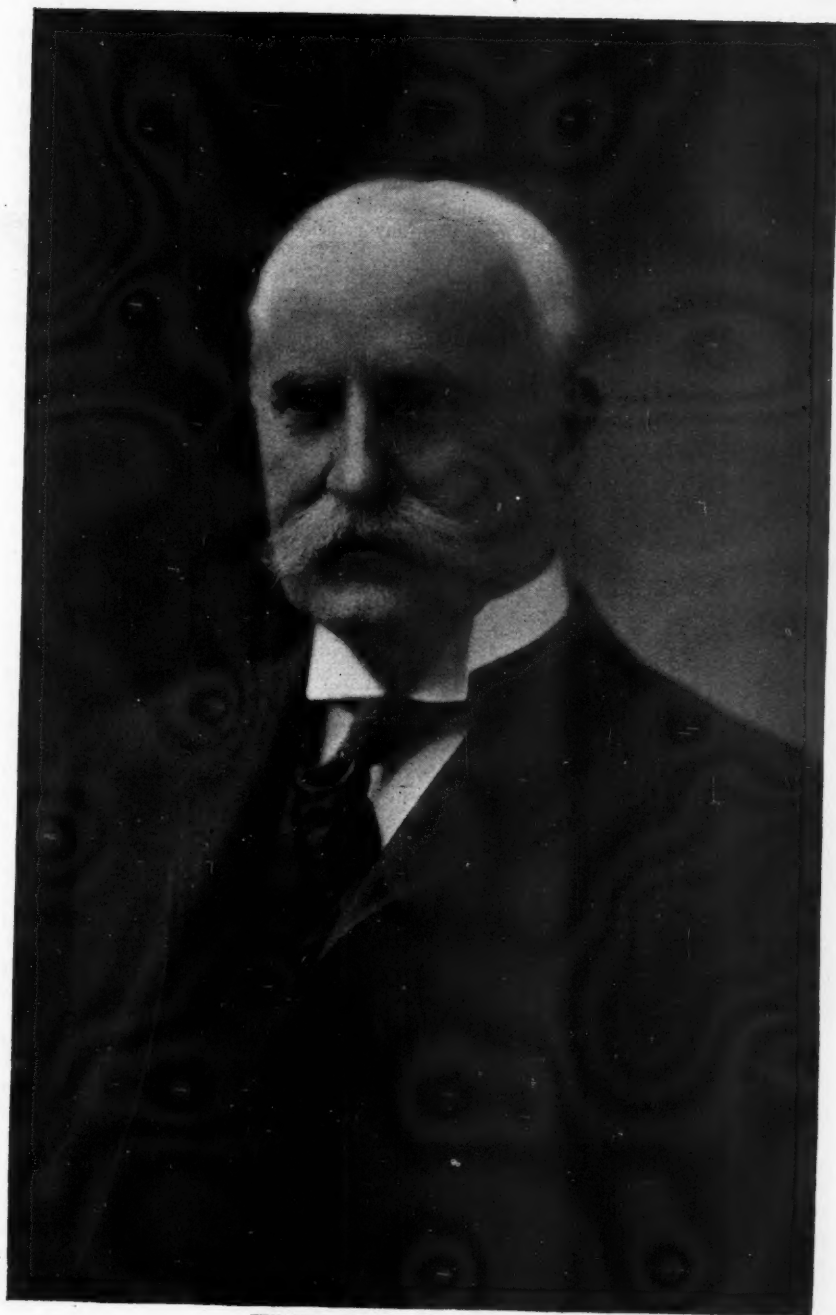
* * *

I N his usual quiet but forceful way, Senator Aldrich has "just pushed" matters on the currency bill. The protests coming from



REV. F. F. CLARK, D.D., FOUNDER OF THE
YOUNG PEOPLES SOCIETY OF
CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

the West and other sections have been carefully considered by the committee. One distinction pointed out between Eastern and Western sentiment was that in the East a demand was made for some collateral in the way of bonds or value of some kind for the



SENATOR NELSON W. ALDRICH

assurance of government, while in the West it was felt that the power of the government was sufficient. Considering their point of view, it is difficult to see just where the Western enthusiasts make any distinction between their plan and ordinary fiat money plans.

As on many previous occasions, proposed financial and currency bills are a disturbing element, and no one plan seems to meet all the ills which come up from time to time, but there is a grim determination on the part of Congress to do something that will clearly



MRS. CARTER, WIFE OF SENATOR THOMAS H. CARTER OF MONTANA, AND FRIEND AT THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

proclaim to the country the keen interest they take in the situation. It is judged wise to let all the various plans develop by degrees, so that when the financial and currency legislation comes it will probably be a composite of all the practical ideas that are afloat, and will be enacted with a view of establishing in the minds of the people an unalterable belief that the government will fully protect their rights and interests. Panics are, after all, more psychological than commercial, and thus may be readily averted.

The basis of all public confidence is the confidence of the individual. If when one man trades with another, as the money is

placed in the hands of the seller, the eyebrows of the buyer are raised, that slight critical action will suggest to a bystander a doubt as to the inherent value of the deal. If something can be done to eliminate distrust in Wall Street finance, it is felt that the basic and visible resources of the country are sufficient to eradicate the disastrous effects of any panicky tendency in the minds of the people. Of course we shall always have the "perch of the raven"—prophets of evil, croaking of the hard times coming, and when, by persistent belief in their prophecy, they have brought the dreaded panic, they sigh and say, "You will remember that I foretold this two years ago. I said that the end of 1907 and early months of 1908 would witness hard times, it being the election year."

The more one considers these things, the more the conviction grows that Annie Besant's theory of thought waves is correct, and that thought is both infectious and contagious—so to speak. There is no other way of accounting for the extraordinary manner in which an entire city will for a time be animated by a single purpose, or the strange way in which a certain line of thought will prevail all over a country. When this theory is fully understood and brought down to a science, we may see congressmen in their political campaigns thinking hard and "concertedly" along certain lines, in order to spread their views.

* * *

INFORMATION gleaned in a casual conversation at the Spanish Embassy indicates that Spain is enjoying a great revival of commercial activity. This is especially true of the Spanish trade with South American countries, which is believed to be due to the political separation of Spain from Cuba and the other South American countries; it is often said that this is enhancing her chance for building up industrial activities. The fact that the Spanish language is spoken by all these countries is believed to be a powerful aid to business. Spain is learning how to convert her raw products into manufactures. It is suggested that it would be an excellent thing for houses desiring South American trade to employ young Spaniards to conduct it for them, and many of these young men are now in this country studying American methods with a view of becoming South American salesmen.

Bilboa, in Spain, is becoming one of the largest steel exporting works in the world. With her rich store of iron ore, Spain is beginning to feel the impulse toward industrial activity. New railroads are being built, and large operations are being undertaken in parts of that ancient country which heretofore seemed locked in the sleep of centuries; Spain is now stirred by the desire to produce, and to draw revenues from her manufactures. The passing of the old Spanish idea of the derogation of work was never more manifest than at the present time, and it is believed that in the future the smooth-tongued sons of Spain will shine in the art of salesmanship.

* * *

CONTRARY to the theory of man's usefulness ending at the age of sixty years, promulgated by Dr. Osler, of Baltimore, now comes Senator William Pinkney Whyte, of Maryland, at the ripe age of four score to take his seat in the Senate. He has proved conclusively that he is quite equal to all the effort required by the government.

The Senator has the distinction of being the only legislator of that name who spells his name with a "y." He had a little difficulty in making this clear to a reporter the other day. The newspaper man inquired his name, and the senator replied, "Whyte—y."

"W'ite—w'y?" asked the reporter, and the senator said, "Y—yes,—y."

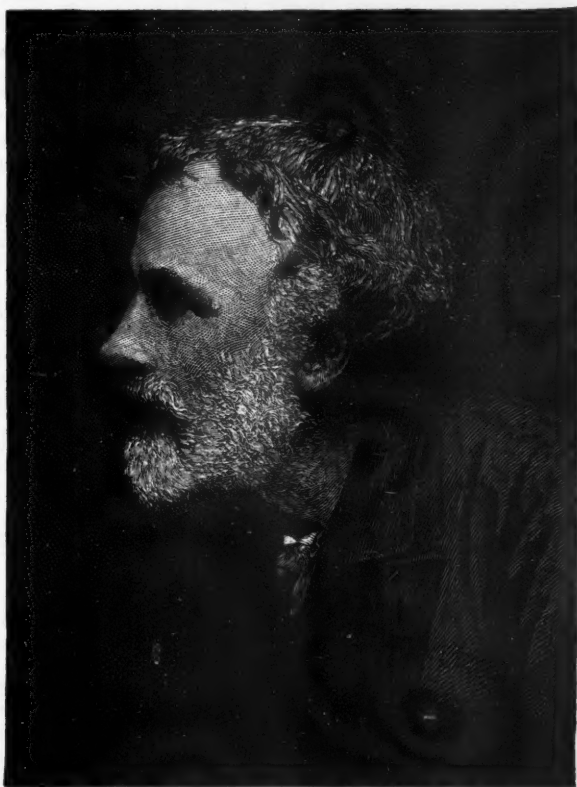
"But w'y?" queried the reporter, and then the senator detected the question mark.

"Oh, why? Well, I don't know, unless my ancestors were English; wanted perhaps to pronounce the name 'Wyte,' with a view to 'aspirating their i's and exasperating their

h's." And the reporter did not drop the "h" in the next exclamation.

* * *

WELL, what is the weather like?" quoth the senators, as they crossed the corridor from the Senate Chamber to the Marble Room, in the same manner as when



Strommen D.H.

ONE OF THE GREATEST AUTHORS OF HIS TIME, WHO HAS JUST CELEBRATED HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY

the farmer passes greeting at the back door, ready for his morning face plunge.

In the vestibule is located the weather bureau man, Mr. J. H. Jones, who is in charge of the Weather Bureau branch at the Capitol; he draws significant colored chalk marks on a large glass weather map. Early in the morning he begins to draw the lines,

as the reports come in showing the areas of high and low barometric pressures, temperatures and rain or snow fall in all parts of the country. Blue discs indicate cloudy weather; yellow, rain; white, snow; and red, clear weather. On the opposite wall there are charts which show local and normal



SENATOR WETMORE OF RHODE ISLAND

conditions of the weather from records taken for twenty-five years past. The barometric lines drawn over the map of the country indicate low and high pressure, and show the track of the storm sweeping from the Rocky Mountains and Gulf to the Lakes and Atlantic Seaboard. High pressure means dry, cold weather, and low pressure, stormy, generally accompanied with rain or snow. Al-

most all the storms come from the Northwest and the Gulf of Mexico, thence northeastward to the New England coast, crowding on bad weather from inland right out to sea. There may be a storm brewing in the trough of the ocean that will swing inwards some distance and pass up the Atlantic coast and thence out to sea. The weather map is an ever interesting study from day to day by senators and the public generally.

* * *

Senator Foster, of Louisiana, wanders in, looks for his spectacles, adjusts them, and, with a sigh of relief, remarks, "Like getting a letter from home. If it had been two degrees colder, it would have been all over with the sugarcane."

Senator Tillman looks at the map, discovers a cold wave coming, and opines that "it is about time to start hog-killing down home."

Senator Bailey keeps an eye focused on the weather record, with a view to possible "northers" getting into Texas.

Senator Heyburn of Idaho comments, "We must have more wind in Wallace," while Senator Warren watches the sweeping of the winds through Wyoming during lambing time, and hopes that "there will be no blizzards."

As Mr. Jones continued to chalk down later reports, he paused and said, "You can see there is a storm coming; tomorrow we shall have cold weather, and the next day it will be still colder. This high pressure wave is pushing toward Washington and we shall get it tomorrow." His prediction was verified, and we "got it." It is wonderful with what accuracy these calculations are made.

In this corner is situated the chronometer with which public men regulate their time-keepers, apparently jealous of every second of time—in fact, in this corner the impulse to acquire weather information may be gratified. You remember how, on the farm, the first thing in the morning, the wind and weather are studied, with a view to determining the character of the dawning day.

"There will be rain—we must take care of that hay," or "It's going to be windy today," says the farmer.

The habits of early agrarian life may be noted in many leading men who gather in this little niche of the Senate Capitol, where the weather conditions of the entire country are comprehended at a glance.

SECRETARY TAFT'S OWN STORY

HIS TOUR AROUND THE WORLD

[EDITOR'S NOTE]

WHEN I saw Secretary Taft walking down the stairs of the White House, after he had taken leave of President McKinley previous to departing for the Philippines, there was little thought that this genial man would become one of the most widely traveled officials the nation has ever known. Coming direct from the bench to grasp the insular problem at the earnest solicitation of President McKinley, he went about it in a business-like manner, characteristic of American life today. His various trips to the Philippines and the far east, his travels about the United States as a member of the president's cabinet, have culminated in a world tour that has invoked world-wide interest. A genial, good-natured traveler always manages to get along. He is able to observe and encounter much that is of more than passing interest to the pleasure tourist. Aside from all political considerations, Secretary Taft's own story of his world tour has all the peculiar, personal interest of the experience of a man who "goes through the world with his eyes wide open."

During the McKinley administration, just after the completion of a presidential tour, I met a bright-eyed young man, who seemed to be able to carry a Kodak in his sleeve, and who knew just how, when and where to take a picture and how to utilize those seconds that live in making men and history. It was but a modest, little Kodak, he carried, but from those tiny films have been developed some of the most noted photographs used in campaigns. During the last days of McKinley, at Buffalo, this enterprising young man, Mr. Robert L. Dunn, was here, there and everywhere, using that remarkable faculty of his for obtaining pictures just at the right time, pictures that are now historic. He is a keen student of human nature, and always knows how to manipulate the sunshine on the human face, as well as the sunbeams of old Sol. Backward, forward, profile or "three-quarters," all manner of perspective, Bob Dunn is always ready. He was one of the first

photographers to furnish the National Magazine with those characteristic snap shots of public men which have been one of the features inaugurated by the National. With cameras on every side of public men in the limelight today, the picture has become a part of political information. The people desire not only to read about but actually to see their favorites in every attitude and at all times, on guard or off guard—looking pleasant or in reflection—just like themselves.

Armed with a number of characteristic photographs, taken during the world tour, I called on Secretary Taft in the hour that follows luncheon. He was sitting before the fireplace with his brother, Mr. C. P. Taft, and was in his usual jovial frame of mind. I suggested to him, as modestly as I could, that I would like to have his own story for our readers and he did not say me nay. With the pictures before him calling up incidents and movements, the secretary furnished storics of his world tour, that are veritable leaves from his own diary. When he held in one hand one of those pictures taken by Bob Dunn, he seemed to be transported bodily to the far-off land depicted, and to be living over again his experience there, when the little machine was used at psychological moments.

This, his own story, is something more than mere information, with a touch of the library reflectiveness and profundity about it—it is a colloquial, chatty account of a tour around the world, presented by Secretary Taft just as he would write it to his home folks, seated among the trophies and mementoes of his trip, while the events are yet fresh in his memory. This series of sketches inaugurates a new feature in the National, and each month we shall have these chatty discussions, straight from the pen of prominent men in whom the people are interested, whereby the pictures will be illuminated by a personal, friendly word, which, after all, is the foundation of more serious and discursive work of the historian and biographer.



ON THE TRAIN

LEISURELY travel and speedy travel each have their advocates and their advantages. It may be said, however, that when a man who is called upon to make frequent speeches from rear platforms of railroad trains, travels so fast that he is unable to keep track of states through which he is passing, occasional amusing errors may occur. One such incident comes to mind, when, complimenting a fine looking audience of assembled friends in "this beautiful State of Iowa" a fellow passenger, with more regard for truth than my feelings, hoarsely whispered in my ear, "South Dakota, Mr. Secretary. You have been in South Dakota for four hours."

Well, it would be hard to tell which state one is in, traveling through the splendidly developed west of our own country; they look alike prosperous and thriving. Even the most hurried traveler cannot escape the conviction that here is material wealth and ambition and progress which is more and more to astonish and delight the world. One of the special pleasures of even a hurried journey across the continent is the new insight it provides of the wonderful advancement of our new states to the west. The pioneers have left their impress, too, on this latest civilization, for here extremely interesting efforts are everywhere being made to try out new and original applications of civil government.

Then came the brief stop in the newest of our states, Oklahoma, not then admitted to statehood, but knocking boldly at the door of Congress, and a never-to-be forgotten trip through the superb Yellowstone Park. Scenery grand as this should be seen by every lover of the name American.

The sailor, who has some historic ground for being superstitious, might have winced because we were to sail on Friday the thirteenth of September. Never mind, Columbus discovered America on that day—and we sailed.

James S. East

LIFE aboard ship is to me one of the most restful and delightful of vacation periods. I would even be disposed to set it over against a good stiff round of well kept links following the little white sphere, with the reservation that the latter offers better opportunity for walking than the former. The hard board floors of the ocean steamship are somewhat inclined to make man's feet tender, though he may be in the best of condition. Our little party of pedestrians did the mile aboard ship at a lively gait, and if the

admiring holders of the stop - watches were not over complimentary, we made an occasional mile in fifteen minutes and averaged about six miles a day during the voyage. The golfer has good foundation for distance walking. There are few places where the normal healthy man or woman develops a stronger appetite than aboard ship, in pleasant weather. After about fourteen days of this sort of life one feels as if he could try conclusions with the first Japanese wrestler that happened along, and perhaps even secretly hoped that the Emperor, reported to be an expert at Jiu Jitsu, would desire

a friendly bit of practice. The small boy Charlie maintained the traditions of boyhood by being normally hungry, before, during and after meals. The average small boy's enthusiasm in the matter of "something to eat" offers, perhaps, an unused psychological remedy for those unfortunate folks who do not feel normal longing for food. Charlie took a few lessons in boxing and had a little rough experience when he endeavored to carry out General Edward's instructions to "hit hard, with your right hand, and keep on hitting."

The Philippines seem nearer now than they used to be, and the voyage was over all too soon. We had forgotten Friday, the 13th.



PACING THE DECK ON A PACIFIC LINER

James M. Taft



THAT FASCINATION ABOUT JAPAN FELT BY EVERY TRAVELER WITHIN HER BORDERS

THE most hospitable and delightful courtesy was shown the American visitors throughout their stay in Japan. The Emperor placed the palace of Shiba, in Tokio, with its beautiful gardens and lake, at the disposal of his American guests, and the stay was memorable for novelty and interest. Although neither the Emperor nor the Empress speak English their sympathetic attention proved that there is a universal language which all mankind understands. If the men and women of the United States who have seen suggestions of differences between the two nations analyzed at length, might have experienced the genuineness of the Japanese welcome and the warmth of their hospitality, there would have been instant agreement that he subjects on which we are in accord far outnumber and outweigh those on which we may have slightly different opinions.

At a dinner tendered by the city of Tokio to the American guests three hundred leaders of Japanese thought, including many high officials, were present. Large numbers seemed to fully understand the English language and the responses to sentiments of good feeling between the two nations were instantaneous and enthusiastic.

The Lake, near which the palace is situated, is a famous fishing water, containing large numbers of a fine little Japanese perch. Here, in this beautiful garden, the Empress is accustomed to spend much of her time, and occasionally she enjoys fishing for the little inhabitants of the rocky pools. No American small boy could withstand the opportunity which this nearby pond afforded for a bit of sport. It was remarked that Charlie seemed to be catching a surprising number of the fishes and on investigation it developed that there had been a judicious tip quietly furnished the employee charged with the duty of feeding the fishes, by which he was encouraged to forget to feed them. The sport thereupon greatly improved.

There is a fascination about Japan which is felt by every traveler within her borders. Here may be seen strange oriental customs adapted to the modern life of this busy age. Her prompt adoption of the best in the civilization of the younger west is a brilliant indication of versatility which the Yankee cannot fail to respect and admire. While over and about all is a mellow sunshine of atmosphere, artistic, stimulating and soothing, which is potent to every sympathetic visitor. It is not hard to understand the loyalty of the Japanese for their own wonderful land, their pride in its historic past and their hope for its large future.

James S. East



RACES OF THE WORLD KNIT INTO BONDS OF FELLOWSHIP NEVER TO BE
RENT ASUNDER

THERE could have been no more surprising welcome to the shores of a far eastern nation than that with which the American visitors were startled as our launch swung alongside her dock. The "Yale" yell, by a dozen lusty lunged Chinese made us feel at home indeed. Here, awaiting their American visitor were gathered a group of Chinese Yale graduates, who determined that their Alma Mater should be fittingly remembered on the occasion of the visit of a fellow graduate. These are the incidents which make the thoughtful traveler feel that the races of the world are being knit into bonds of fellowship which will never be rent asunder.

A steady round of official courtesies greeted our party while in China. On the occasion of a garden party given at Shanghai, the heavy downpour of rain only served to accentuate the excellence of the arrangements, for the function was instantly transferred indoors to an oriental pavilion of exquisite woodwork, and glass, with elaborate hanging lanterns and trophies of Chinese art dating back to the time of Confucius. Ladies of the leading families of the city shared in the pleasant entertainment and presented Mrs. Taft with a souvenir of the occasion in the form of a handsome silver bowl.

At Hong Kong the Viceroy, Governor Sir Edward Lugard, courteously entertained the American official at dinner and the China Guild provided an entertainment at another time which was further evidence of good feeling. On every occasion upon the interpretation of the speeches the audiences manifested the most generous interest in the expressions of kindly regard, and applauded in the most democratic American fashion.

The sharp contrast between the plains of our own west and the innumerable rivers and watercourses of China was quickly noted, as well as the striking difference between the sparsely populated states of the Union and the dense population of the Celestial Empire.

This was the first visit to the Chinese Empire since a previous visit at a time when there was important discussion of the matter of trade relations, and the spirit in which the American representative was received was a pleasant indication of the satisfaction over the relations of the present. Every year sees the general appreciation of the fair intent of American policies more widely accepted among the peoples of the far east.

James H. Taft



VISITING THE OLD HAUNTS FAR AFIELD
IN THE PHILIPPINES

THE Philippines are today nearer the realization of the doctrine of "The Philippines for the Filipino" than they ever have been. There is more English being spoken in the islands, than Spanish, at the present time. Important public enterprises are under way which have attracted the attention of careful students of insular affairs all over the world. Water works are being built under the most expert scientific advice, public schools are being built in large numbers, and of superior equipment, and splendid public roads, such as that to the summer capital of Manila, are being laid out and constructed. Plagues have been made practically impossible, the customary fever period has been largely robbed of its terror, and sanitary conditions and the health of the people have been made subjects of special attention.

While complete independence is the dream of the people of the islands, they are finding that with so large a number of their own people in charge of the local government, as office holders they are practically administering their own affairs. The Philippine Congress, contains many of the brightest men in the islands, who are manifesting an enthusiastic interest in her new responsibilities. The Speaker of the House, Senor Don Asmena, is a progressive and talented young man, who believes in American ideas and is adapting them to his large field of usefulness. Hopefulness and optimism are the dominant notes in the Philippines today and these are the qualities that make for success and progress.

The stay in Manilla concluded the official work which I was sent abroad to do, and the return journey was the unofficial tour of an American citizen back to his native land and his home. That it was so full of interesting incidents and kindly attention is further evidence of the world's regard for the people of the United States.

James S. East

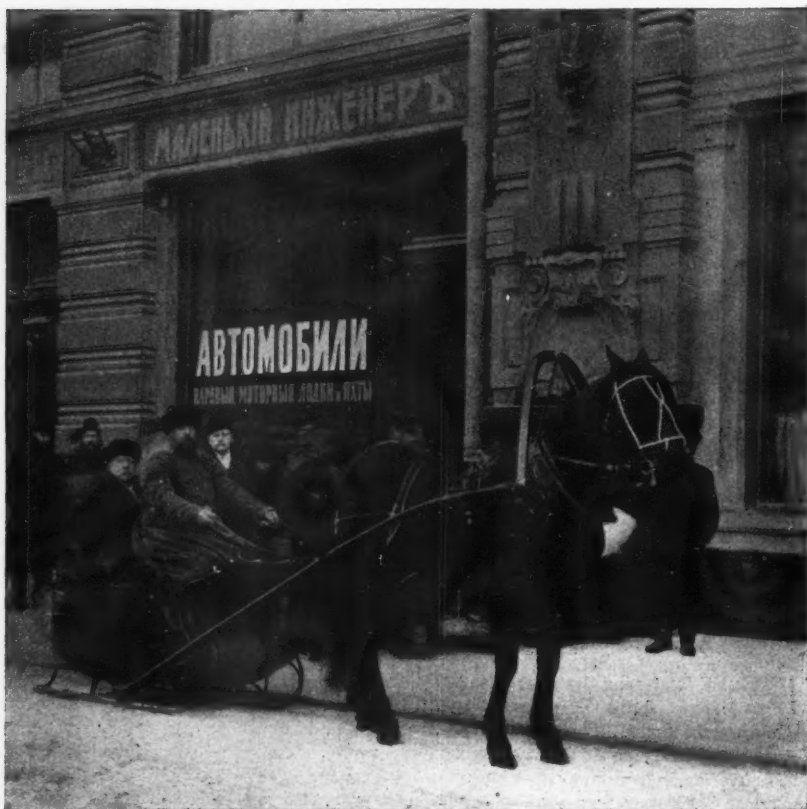


THREE TIMES A DAY THE TRAIN STOPPED ON THAT TWELVE-DAYS JOURNEY
ACROSS SIBERIA

TWELVE interesting days were consumed on the long trip across Siberia and Manchuria to Moscow: in the same length of time it would be possible to cross the continent of North America three times. This tremendous expanse reminds the thoughtful traveler that large as are the great plains of the west of our own country, there yet remain in other continents even larger areas for future development and settlement. The cars placed at the disposal of American party were very comfortable being built with a corridor or aisle running along one side and with seats so that the occupants faced each other, on the other side. The average speed of the trains was good and the road bed was excellent though the rails are much lighter than those used in the United States. Three times a day the train stopped and the party made it a habit to get out and stretch their legs. Officials almost invariably took the opportunity of saying a friendly word to the American travelers, and the small American boy discovered many a strange dish which he promptly sampled. Meals were served to the American travelers in a palatial dining car. Substantial looking farms are met everywhere, the people appear prosperous and happy and there is little to remind the traveler of exile or privation.

The seasons come and go with surprising rapidity on a trip around the world. Torrid heat of the tropics, with white ducks and linens, gives place almost immediately to the cold of the north, where furs and heavy clothing are grateful changes. The variation of climate comes within the brief period of days rather than months. Day after day, as the train pushed along over mountain and plain, the magnitude of the great Siberian country was revealed, with sights and scenes of varied interest that make the longest railway journey a notable feature of a world tour.

James M. Taft



IN THE QUIANT OLD CAPITAL OF MOSCOW, DRIVING ABOUT THE CITY WITH OFFICIALS

THE glory of beautiful and picturesque Moscow is the Kremlin, the fortress and the palace of the Czars. Fortune favored us and we spent Sunday in this historic city. We were enabled to witness the elaborate ceremonies of the Greek church, visited the splendid museums, saw the royal armor plate, inspected the rare jewels of the empire, and enjoyed studying the old medieval walls of the ancient city.

Moscow is a city of strange and complex impressiveness. It recalls the dim and distant past and yet it is alive with the freshness of the present. It is a cosmopolitan city above many others, excellent English is heard, splendid horses speed about in front of odd sleighs, there are modern shops where the best of the world's products, from every clime, can be had, and yet it is occasionally made the scene of disastrous bomb-throwing.

Although I was driven about the city with officials, a number of times, the bomb throwers were very considerate and not until after I had been safely returned to my quarters by Governor Hoerschelman did that courteous official become the target for a missile. Fortunately the bomb did little damage, though it threw the Governor out of his sleigh into a snowbank.

Extreme cordiality is the keynote of the Russians in their treatment of the American visitor. Kindlier expressions of personal and official feeling are met with nowhere in the world than in the dominions of the Czar.

James H. Swift

PERSONAL audience with the Czar is basis for the statement that the bulk of the newspaper and magazine descriptions are very misleading in the impressions which they create. The American visitor prepared to meet a very small man, of frail physique, and delicate constitution, will be much surprised in meeting a man of quite the average height, of ruddy complexion, clear blue eye, who speaks English with great fluency, asks friendly personal questions, and seems especially interested to obtain correct impressions of American affairs, from reliable sources.

The maneuvers of the famous Second Regiment attracted the immediate attention of the American party, and the magnificent physique of those troops has brought them world wide fame. Every man of the regiment is over six feet in height.

Petersburg is a night's ride by rail from quaint old Moscow. The city on the Neva, clad in early winter snows, had all the picturesque glow of the earlier conceptions.

Owing to sudden indisposition the Czarina was compelled to forego her anticipated audience to Mrs. Taft, which was conveyed to the party in the most gracious manner. Altogether, few of the incidents of the long journey around the world, looked at in perspective, seem fuller of pleasant reminiscence than the few hours spent in the Russian city which speaks so strongly of the genius of the Great Peter.

Ah, yes, the trousers! There can be no rose without its thorn. Sad though the incident was, and long it seemed between the time of the unfortunate damage and the return of the repaired garment, the humorous spirit with which every little accident of life is taken by the American people, demonstrates that we are a nation which is bound to look on the bright side of things.

Wm. H. Taft



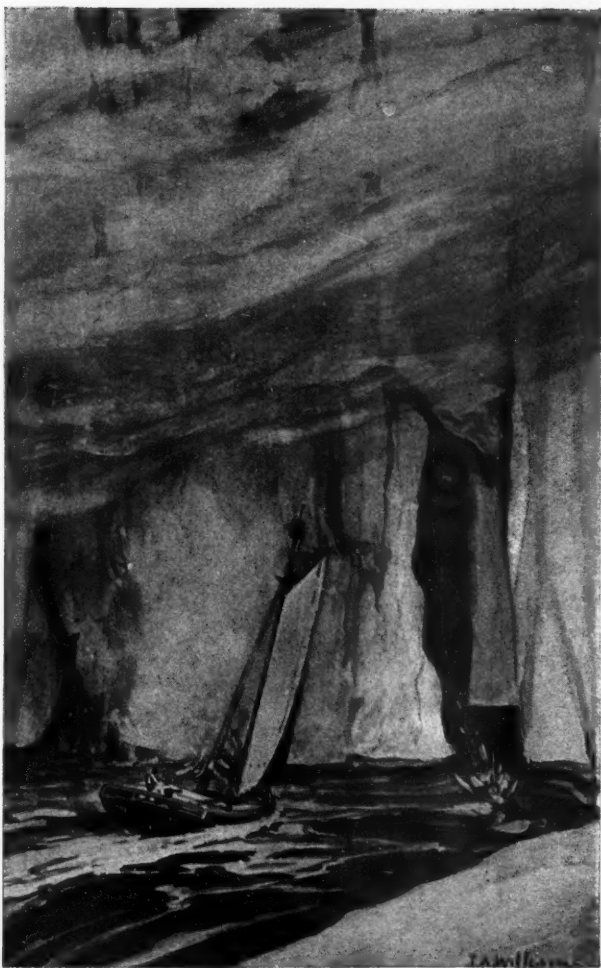
ARRIVING IN ST. PETERSBURG, ON THE WAY TO MEET THE CZAR

In Sugaring Time

VIVA DICKINSON WHITE

A rough made building in the wood,
Among the stately maples stood,
To that dear spot my mem'ry strays
And dwells upon my boyhood days.
That dear old sugar house, I ween,
Surpassed all palaces I've seen.
I now can picture in my mind,
The joys to which we then were blind,
Remember well the oxen sleek,
Who faced the winds so cold and bleak
To gather from the trees around
The sap, with which they all abound.
I well recall the old brick arch
Which roared as loud as winds of March,
And sent out such a ruddy light
When we filled it with wood each night
Upon the arch, the nectar sweet
Fit even for a king to eat,
Bubbled and foamed the while we tried,
Tended and skimmed and dipper plied
When the too ruddy blast below
Threatened to make it overflow.
And when at last the "aprons" hung
And from the dipper gaily swung,
We watched them the while they strained
And filled the pans with sap again.
What would I now not give to be
A country lad so gay and free
And stand around the old brick arch
While outside roar the winds of March.





Drawn by J. A. Williams

"My father shouted: '*Breakers ahead!*'"—See page 605.



Drawn by J. A. Williams

"Whereupon I was put in irons."—See page G07.

THE SMOKY GOD

OR, A VOYAGE TO THE INNER WORLD

By Willis George Emerson

Author of "Buell Hampton," "The Builders," etc.

Illustrations by John A. Williams

"He is the God who sits in the center, on the navel of the earth, and he is the interpreter of religion to all mankind."—PLATO.

Synopsis of preceding sections at end of this installment.

It seemed, as I gazed upon this wonderful herd of giant elephants, that I was again living in the public library at Stockholm, where I had spent much time studying the wonders of the Miocene age. I was filled with mute astonishment, and my father was speechless with awe. He held my arm with a protecting grip, as if fearful harm would overtake us. We were two atoms in this great forest, and, fortunately, unobserved by this vast herd of elephants as they drifted on and away, following a leader as does a herd of sheep. They browsed from growing herbage which they encountered as they traveled, and now and again shook the firmament with their deep bellowing.

(NOTE:—Moreover, there were a great number of elephants in the island: and there was provision for animals of every kind. Also whatever fragrant things there are in the earth, whether roots or herbage, or woods, or distilling drops of flowers or fruits, grew and thrived in that land."—The *Cratylus* of Plato.)

There is a hazy mist that goes up from the land each evening, and it invariably rains once every twenty-four hours. This great moisture and the invigorating, electrical light and warmth account perhaps for the luxuriant vegetation, while the highly charged electrical air and the evenness of climatic conditions may have much to do with the giant growth and longevity of all animal life.

In places the level valleys stretched away for many miles in every direction. "The Smoky God," in its clear white light, looked calmly down. There was an intoxication in the electrically surcharged air that fanned the cheek as softly as a vanishing whisper. Nature chanted a lullaby in the faint murmur of winds whose breath was sweet with the fragrance of bud and blossom.

After having spent considerably more

than a year in visiting several of the many cities of the "within" world and a great deal of intervening country, and more than two years had passed from the time we had been picked up by the great excursion ship on the river, we decided to cast our fortunes once more upon the sea, and endeavor to regain the "outside" surface of the earth.

We made known our wishes, and they were reluctantly but promptly followed. Our hosts gave my father, at his request, various maps showing the entire "inside" surface of the earth, its cities, oceans, seas, rivers, gulfs and bays. They also generously offered to give us all the bags of gold nuggets—some of them as large as a goose's egg—that we were willing to attempt to take with us in our little fishing-boat.

In due time we returned to Jehu, at which place we spent one month in fixing up and overhauling our little fishing sloop. After all was in readiness, the same ship "Naz" that originally discovered us, took us on board and sailed to the mouth of the river Hiddekel.

After our giant brothers had launched our little craft for us, they were most cordially regretful at parting, and evinced much solicitude for our safety. My father swore by the Gods Odin and Thor that he would surely return again within a year or two and pay them another visit. And thus we bade them adieu. We made ready and hoisted our sail, but there was little breeze. We were becalmed within an hour after our giant friends had left us and started on their return trip.

The winds were constantly blowing south, that is, they were blowing from the northern opening of the earth toward that which we knew to be south, but which, according to our compass's pointing finger, was directly north.

For three days we tried to sail, and to beat against the wind, but to no avail. Whereupon my father said: "My son, to return by the same route as we came in is impossible at this time of year. I wonder why we did not think of this before. We have been here almost two and a half years; therefore, this is the season when the sun is beginning to shine in at the southern opening of the earth. The long cold night is on in the Spitzbergen country."

"What shall we do?" I inquired.

"There is only one thing we can do," my father replied, "and that is to go south." Accordingly, he turned the craft about, gave it full reef, and started by the compass north but, in fact, directly south. The wind was strong, and we seemed to have struck a current that was running with remarkable swiftness in the same direction.

In just forty days we arrived at Delfi, a city we had visited in company with our guides Jules Galdea and his wife, near the mouth of the Gihon river. Here we stopped for two days, and were most hospitably entertained by the same people who had welcomed us on our former visit. We laid in some additional provisions and again set sail, following the needle due north.

On our outward trip we came through a narrow channel which appeared to be a separating body of water between two considerable bodies of land. There was a beautiful beach to our right, and we decided to reconnoiter. Casting anchor, we waded ashore to rest up for a day before continuing the outward hazardous undertaking. We built a fire and threw on some sticks of dry driftwood. While my father was walking along the shore, I prepared a tempting repast from supplies we had provided.

There was a mild, luminous light which my father said resulted from the sun shining in from the south aperture of the earth. That night we slept soundly, and awakened the next morning as refreshed as if we had been in our own beds at Stockholm.

After breakfast we started out on an inland tour of discovery, but had not gone far when we sighted some birds which we recognized at once as belonging to the penguin family. They are flightless birds, but excellent swimmers and tremendous in size, with white breast, short wings, black head,

and long peaked bills. They stand fully nine feet high. They looked at us with little surprise, and presently waddled, rather than walked, toward the water, and swam away in a northerly direction.

(NOTE:—"The nights are never so dark at the Poles as in other regions, for the moon and stars seem to possess twice as much light and effluence. In addition, there is a continuous light, the varied shades and play of which are amongst the strangest phenomena of nature."—Rambrosson's Astronomy.)

The events that occurred during the following hundred or more days beggar description. We were on an open and iceless sea. The month we reckoned to be November or December, and we knew the so-called South Pole was turned toward the sun. Therefore, when passing out and away from the internal electrical light of "The Smoky God" and its genial warmth, we would be met by the light and warmth of the sun, shining in through the south opening of the earth. We were not mistaken.

(NOTE:—"The fact that gives the phenomenon of the polar aurora its greatest importance is that the earth becomes self-luminous; that, besides the light which as a planet it received from the central body, it shows a capability of sustaining a luminous process proper to itself."—Humboldt.)

There were times when our little craft, driven by wind that was continuous and persistent, shot through the waters like an arrow. Indeed, had we encountered a hidden rock or obstacle, our little vessel would have been crushed into kindling-wood.

At last we were conscious that the atmosphere was growing decidedly colder, and, a few days later, icebergs were sighted far to the left. My father argued, and correctly, that the winds which filled our sails came from the warm climate "within." The time of the year was certainly most auspicious for us to make our dash for the "outside" world and attempt to scud our fishing sloop through open channels of the frozen zone which surrounds the polar regions.

We were soon amid the ice-packs, and how our little craft got through the narrow channels and escaped being crushed I know not. The compass behaved in the same drunken and unreliable fashion in passing

over the southern curve or edge of the earth's shell as it had done on our inbound trip at the northern entrance. It gyrated, dipped and seemed like a thing possessed.

(NOTE:—*Captain Sabine, on page 105 in "Voyages in the Arctic Regions," says: "The geographical determination of the direction and intensity of the magnetic forces at different points of the earth's surface has been regarded as an object worthy of especial research. To examine in different parts of the globe, the declination, inclination and intensity of the magnetic force, and their periodical and secular variations, and mutual relations and dependencies could be duly investigated only in fixed magnetical observatories."*)

One day as I was lazily looking over the sloop's side into the clear waters, my father shouted: "Breakers ahead!" Looking up, I saw through a lifting mist a white object that towered several hundred feet high, completely shutting off our advance. We lowered sail immediately, and none too soon. In a moment we found ourselves wedged between two monstrous icebergs. Each was crowding and grinding against its fellow mountain of ice. They were like two gods of war contending for supremacy. We were greatly alarmed. Indeed, we were between the lines of a battle royal; the sonorous thunder of the grinding ice was like the continued volleys of artillery. Blocks of ice larger than a house were frequently lifted up a hundred feet by the mighty force of lateral pressure; they would shudder and rock to and fro for a few seconds, then come crashing down with a deafening roar, and disappear in the foaming waters. Thus, for more than two hours, the contest of the icy giants continued.

It seemed as if the end had come. The ice pressure was terrific, and while we were not caught in the dangerous part of the jamb, and were safe for the time being, yet the heaving and rending of tons of ice as it fell splashing here and there into the watery depths filled us with shaking fear.

Finally, to our great joy, the grinding of the ice ceased, and within a few hours the great mass slowly divided, and, as if an act of Providence had been performed, right before us lay an open channel. Should we venture with our little craft into this opening? If the pressure came on again, our little sloop as well as ourselves would be

crushed into nothingness. We decided to take the chance, and, accordingly, hoisted our sail to a favoring breeze, and soon started out like a race-horse, running the gauntlet of this unknown narrow channel of open water.

For the next forty-five days our time was employed in dodging icebergs and hunting channels; indeed, had we not been favored with a strong south wind and a small boat, I doubt if this story could have ever been given to the world.

At last, there came a morning when my father said: "My son, I think we are to see home. We are almost through the ice. See! the open water lies before us."

However, there were a few icebergs that had floated far northward into the open water still ahead of us on either side, stretching away for many miles. Directly in front of us, and by the compass, which had now righted itself, due north, there was an open sea.

"What a wonderful story we have to tell to the people of Stockholm," continued my father, while a look of pardonable elation lighted up his honest face. "And think of the gold nuggets stowed away in the hold!"

I spoke kind words of praise to my father, not alone for his fortitude and endurance, but also for his courageous daring as a discoverer, and for having made the voyage that now promised a successful end. I was grateful, too, that he had gathered the wealth of gold we were carrying home.

While congratulating ourselves on the goodly supply of provisions and water we still had on hand, and on the dangers we had escaped, we were startled by hearing a most terrific explosion, caused by the tearing apart of a huge mountain of ice. It was a deafening roar like the firing of a thousand cannon. We were sailing at the time with great speed, and happened to be near a monstrous iceberg which to all appearances was as immovable as a rock-bound island. It seemed, however, that the iceberg had split and was breaking apart, whereupon the balance of the monster along which we were sailing was destroyed, and it began dipping from us. My father quickly anticipated the danger before I realized its awful possibilities. The iceberg extended down into the water many hundreds of feet, and, as it tipped over,

the portion coming up out of the water caught our fishing-craft like a lever on a fulcrum, and threw it into the air as if it had been a foot-ball.

Our boat fell back on the iceberg, that by this time had changed the side next to us for the top. My father was still in the boat, having become entangled in the rigging, while I was thrown some twenty feet away.

I quickly scrambled to my feet and shouted to my father, who answered: "All is well." Just then a realization dawned upon me. Horror upon horror! The blood froze in my veins. The iceberg was still in motion, and its great weight and force in toppling over would cause it to submerge temporarily. I fully realized what a sucking maelstrom it would produce amid the worlds of water on every side. They would rush into the depression in all their fury, like white-fanged wolves eager for human prey.

In this supreme moment of mental anguish, I remember glancing at our boat, which was lying on its side, and wondering if it could possibly right itself, and if my father could escape. Was this the end of our struggles and adventures? Was this death? All these questions flashed through my mind in the fraction of a second, and a moment later I was engaged in a life and death struggle. The ponderous monolith of ice sank below the surface, and the frigid waters gurgled around me in frenzied anger. I was in a saucer, with the waters pouring in on every side. A moment more and I lost consciousness.

When I partially recovered my senses, and roused from the swoon of a half-drowned man, I found myself wet, stiff, and almost frozen, lying on the iceberg. But there was no sign of my father or of our little fishing sloop. The monster berg had recovered itself, and, with its new balance, lifted its head perhaps fifty feet above the waves. The top of this island of ice was a plateau perhaps half an acre in extent.

I loved my father well, and was grief-stricken at the awfulness of his death. I railed at fate, that I, too, had not been permitted to sleep with him in the depths of the ocean. Finally, I climbed to my feet and looked about me. The purple-domed sky above, the shoreless green ocean beneath, and only an occasional iceberg discernible! My heart sank in hopeless despair. I cau-

tiously picked my way across the berg toward the other side, hoping that our fishing craft had righted itself.

Dared I think it possible that my father still lived? It was but a ray of hope that flamed up in my heart. But the anticipation warmed my blood in my veins and started it rushing like some rare stimulant through every fibre of my body.

I crept close to the precipitous side of the iceberg, and peered far down, hoping, still hoping. Then I made a circle of the berg, scanning every foot of the way, and thus I kept going around and around. One part of my brain was certainly becoming maniacal, while the other part, I believe, and do to this day, was perfectly rational.

I was conscious of having made the circuit a dozen times, and while one part of my intelligence knew, in all reason, there was not a vestige of hope, yet some strange fascinating aberration bewitched and compelled me still to beguile myself with expectation. The other part of my brain seemed to tell me that while there was no possibility of my father being alive, yet, if I quit making the circuitous pilgrimage, if I paused for a single moment, it would be an acknowledgement of defeat, and, should I do this, I felt that I should go mad. Thus, hour after hour I walked around and around, afraid to stop and rest, yet physically powerless to continue much longer. Oh! horror of horrors! to be cast away in this wide expanse of waters without food or drink, and only a treacherous iceberg for an abiding place. My heart sank within me, and all semblance of hope was fading into black despair.

Then the hand of the Deliverer was extended, and the death-like stillness of a solitude rapidly becoming unbearable was suddenly broken by the firing of a signal-gun. I looked up in startled amazement, when, I saw, less than a half-mile away, a whaling-vessel bearing down toward me with her sail full set.

Evidently my continued activity on the iceberg had attracted their attention. On drawing near, they put out a boat, and, descending cautiously to the water's edge, I was rescued, and a little later lifted on board the whaling-ship.

I found it was a Scotch whaler, "The Arlington." She had cleared from Dun-

dee in September, and started immediately for the Antarctic, in search of whales. The captain, Angus MacPherson, seemed kindly disposed, but in matters of discipline, as I soon learned, possessed of an iron will. When I attempted to tell him that I had come from the "inside" of the earth, the captain and mate looked at each other, shook their heads, and insisted on my being put in a bunk under strict surveillance of the ship's physician.

I was very weak for want of food, and had not slept for many hours. However, after a few days' rest, I got up one morning and dressed myself without asking permission of the physician or anyone else, and told them that I was as sane as anyone.

The captain sent for me and again questioned me concerning where I had come from, and how I came to be alone on an iceberg in the far off Antarctic Ocean. I replied that I had just come from the "inside" of the earth, and proceeded to tell him how my father and myself had gone in by way of Spitzbergen, and come out by way of the South Pole country, whereupon I was put in irons. I afterward heard the captain tell the mate that I was as crazy as a March hare, and that I must remain in confinement until I was rational enough to give a truthful account of myself.

Finally, after much pleading and many promises, I was released from irons. I then and there decided to invent some story that would satisfy the captain, and never again refer to my trip to the land of "The Smoky God," at least until I was safe among friends.

Within a fortnight I was permitted to go about and take my place as one of the seamen. A little later the captain asked me for an explanation. I told him that my experience had been so horrible that I was fearful of my memory, and begged him to permit me to leave the question unanswered until some time in the future. "I think you are recovering considerably," he said, "but you are not sane yet by a good deal." "Permit me to do such work as you may assign," I replied, "and if it does not compensate you sufficiently, I will pay you immediately after I reach Stockholm—to the last penny." Thus the matter rested.

On finally reaching Stockholm, as I have already related, I found that my good mother

had gone to her reward more than a year before. I have also told how, later, the treachery of a relative landed me in a madhouse, where I remained for twenty-eight years—seemingly unending years—and, still later, after my release, how I returned to the life of a fisherman, following it sedulously for twenty-seven years, then how I came to America, and finally to Los Angeles, California. But all this can be of little interest to the reader. Indeed, it seems to me the climax of my wonderful travels and strange adventures was reached when the Scotch sailing-vessel took me from an iceberg on the Antarctic Ocean.

In concluding this history of my adventures, I wish to state that I firmly believe science is yet in its infancy concerning the cosmology of the earth. There is so much that is unaccounted for by the world's accepted knowledge of today, and will ever remain so until the land of "The Smoky God" is known and recognized by our geographers.

It is the land from whence came the great logs of cedar that have been found by explorers in open waters far over the northern edge of the earth's crust, and also the bodies of mammoths whose bones are found in vast beds on the Siberian coast.

Northern explorers have done much. Sir John Franklin, De Haven Grinnell, Sir John Murray, Kane, Melville, Hall, Nansen, Schwatka, Greely, Peary, Ross, Gerlache, Bernacchi, Andree, 'Amsden and others have all been striving to storm the frozen citadel of mystery.

I firmly believe that Andree and his two brave companions, Strindberg and Fraenckell, who sailed away in the balloon "Oreon" from the northwest coast of Spitzbergen on that Sunday afternoon of July 11, 1897, are now in the "within" world, and doubtless are being entertained, as my father and myself were entertained, by the kind-hearted giant race inhabiting the inner Atlantis Continent.

Having, in my humble way, devoted years to these problems, I am well acquainted with the accepted definitions of gravity, as well as the cause of the magnetic needle's attraction, and I am prepared to say that it is my firm belief that the magnetic needle is influenced solely by electric currents which completely envelop the earth like a garment,

and that these electric currents in an endless circuit pass out of the southern end of the earth's cylindrical opening, diffusing and spreading themselves over all the "outside" surface, and rushing madly on in their course toward the North Pole. And while these currents seemingly dash off into space at the earth's curve or edge, yet they drop again to the "inside" surface and continue their way southward along the inside of the earth's crust, toward the opening of the so-called South Pole.

As to gravity, no one knows what it is, because it has not been determined whether it is atmospheric pressure that causes the apple to fall, or whether, 150 miles below the surface of the earth, supposedly one-half way through the earth's crust, there exists some powerful loadstone attraction that draws it. Therefore, whether the apple, when it leaves the limb of the tree, is drawn or impelled downward to the nearest point of resistance, is unknown to the students of physics.

Sir James Ross claimed to have discovered the magnetic pole at about seventy-four degrees latitude. This is wrong—the magnetic pole is exactly one-half the distance through the earth's crust. Thus, if the earth's crust is three hundred miles in thickness, which is the distance I estimate it to be, then the magnetic pole is undoubtedly one hundred and fifty miles below the surface of the earth, it matters not where the test is made. And at this particular point one hundred and fifty miles below the surface, gravity ceases, becomes neutralized; and when we pass beyond that point on toward the "inside" surface of the earth, a reverse attraction geometrically increases in power, until the other one hundred and fifty miles of distance is traversed, which would bring us out on the "inside" of the earth.

Thus, if a hole were bored down through the earth's crust at London, Paris, New York, Chicago, or Los Angeles, a distance of three hundred miles, it would connect the two surfaces. While the inertia and momentum of a weight dropped in from the "outside" surface would carry it far past the magnetic center, yet, before reaching the "inside" surface of the earth it would gradually diminish in speed, after passing the half-way point, finally pause and immediately fall back toward the "outside" surface, and con-

tinue thus to oscillate, like the swinging of a pendulum with the power removed, until it would finally rest at the magnetic center, or at that particular point exactly one-half the distance between the "outside" surface and the "inside" surface of the earth.

The gyration of the earth in its daily act of whirling around in its spiral rotation—at a rate greater than one thousand miles every hour, or about seventeen miles per second—makes of it a vast electro-generating body, a huge machine, a mighty prototype of the puny-man-made dynamo, which, at best, is but a feeble imitation of nature's original.

The valleys of this inner Atlantis Continent, bordering the upper waters of the farthest north, are in season covered with the most magnificent and luxuriant flowers. Not hundreds and thousands, but millions, of acres, from which the pollen or blossoms are carried far away in almost every direction by the earth's spiral gyrations and the agitation of the wind resulting therefrom, and it is these blossoms or pollen from the vast floral meadows "within" that produce the colored snows of the Arctic regions that have so mystified the northern explorers.

(NOTE:—Kane, vol. I, page 44, says: "We passed the 'crimson cliffs' of Sir John Ross in the forenoon of August 5th. The patches of red snow from which they derive their name could be seen clearly at the distance of ten miles from the coast.")

(NOTE:—La Chambre, in an account of Andree's balloon expedition, on page 144, says: "On the isle of Amsterdam the snow is tinted with red for a considerable distance, and the savants are collecting it to examine it microscopically. It presents, in fact, certain peculiarities; it is thought that it contains very small plants. Scoreby, the famous whaler, had already remarked this.")

Beyond question, this new land "within" is the home, the cradle, of the human race, and viewed from the standpoint of the discoveries made by us, must of necessity have a most important bearing on all physical, paleontological, archaeological, philological and mythological theories of antiquity.

The same idea of going back to the land of mystery—to the very beginning—to the origin of man—is found in Egyptian traditions of the earlier terrestrial regions of the gods, heroes and men, from the historical

fragments of Manetho, fully verified by the historical records taken from the more recent excavations of Pompeii as well as the traditions of the North American Indians.

It is now one hour past midnight—the new year of 1907 is here, and this is the third day thereof, and having at last finished the record of my strange travels and adventures I wish given to the world, I am ready, and even longing, for the peaceful rest which I am sure will follow life's trials and vicissitudes. I am old in years, and ripe both with adventures and sorrows, yet rich with the few friends I have cemented to me in my struggles to lead a just and upright life. Like a story that is well-nigh told, my life is ebbing away. The presentiment is strong within me that I shall not live to see the rising of another sun. Thus do I conclude my message.

OLAF JANSEN.

AUTHOR'S AFTERWORD.

I found much difficulty in deciphering and editing the manuscripts of Olaf Jansen. However, I have taken the liberty of reconstructing only a very few expressions, and in doing this have in no way changed the spirit or meaning. Otherwise, the original text has neither been added to nor taken from.

It is impossible for me to express my opinion as to the value or reliability of the wonderful statements made by Olaf Jansen. The description here given of the strange lands visited by him, their location, cities, the names and directions of their rivers, and other information herein combined, conform in every way to the rough drawings given into my custody by this ancient Norseman, which drawings it is my intention at some later date to give to the Smithsonian Institute, to preserve for the benefit of those interested in the mysteries of the "Farthest North"—the frozen circle of silence.

THE END

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING SECTIONS

In his Foreword, published in the December number of the *National*, the author comments upon the undying interest which men have ever evinced regarding the hidden secrets of the frozen Northland. He recounts many of the well-known, and advances some new and interesting, arguments founded on material proofs, leading to the inevitable conclusion that there is still another and a grander continent somewhere "beyond the North Wind."

At two o'clock, one morning he was summoned to the bedside of Olaf Jansen, an aged Norseman who, some years before, had established his home in an outlying section of Los Angeles, California. The old Norseman was about to die, but before the end came he told the author of this narrative of his marvelous voyage to the "Inner World," made by his father and himself many years before.

A detailed story of the voyage, written by the old Norseman himself, with data, drawings and crude maps, were given to the author of this narrative, with the understanding that they should be offered to the world after the old Norseman's death, that the mystery of the frozen Northland might be forever cleared away. In the old Norseman's story it is set forth that during the wonderful voyage which he so graphically describes, his father was drowned, and the son, on telling the captain of the whaling vessel which rescued him in the Antarctic Ocean, of his mysterious adventures, was believed to be a madman. Later he was permitted to return to Stockholm from whence he had started, and there told his story in detail to his uncle who had him confined in a madhouse, where he remained for twenty-eight years—long, tedious, frightful years of suffering! He was finally released and after many years spent as a fisherman and a student of books he came to America where he wrote the story of his voyage. In this he details how he and his father sailed from Stockholm to Franz Joseph Land from which point they dared to sail still on toward the mysterious land "beyond the North Wind." After thrilling adventures among icebergs and days of sailing in more open waters, an awful tempest of wind and snow which nearly sunk their sloop was followed by strangely mild, fair weather. One day, when Olaf was sleeping, his father roused him, saying, "There is land in sight." This land proved to be the outskirts of the "Inner World," and from the time huge men, twelve feet in height came to their little sloop, took it bodily from the water and carried it on board a massive ship to the marvelous country and cities they inhabit, the two voyagers were filled with awe and wonder. They were treated with gentleness and courtesy. Great cities, vast waterways, evidence of advanced learning and marvels of every kind greeted them as they were conducted through the "Inner World."

INFELICE

By Minnie Barbour Adams

Author of "Doctor Wentworth's Patient," etc.

"**H**OW do you do, Dr. McIntire. Come right up. I'm *so* glad you came immediately. I've been so worried about Isabel; she has been suffering from extreme lassitude for a week. Oh, of course she has been to dinners and balls; she could hardly refuse, poor girl, right at the height of the season, unless she were actually in bed, which she really is today. There, walk right in. Yes it is dark. Her head ached so, poor dear, that she begged me to close the blinds. Close and hot? Well the odor of all those flowers is a little heavy, and it does seem rather warm. Open the window if you insist, doctor, but I should dislike, very much, to have her catch cold just at this juncture. Now if you will excuse me a moment, dear Doctor McIntire; Mary was just ready to take Prince and Flossie out for an airing, and I'm *so* afraid she may forget to put on their blankets. The darlings really need the exercise; they haven't been out for two whole days."

"I can well understand your anxiety, and will gladly excuse you," replied the doctor, gravely, as he held the door open for her. "A lack of exercise at this time of year might result in serious complications."

"O Doctor, I hadn't thought of that, and I'm *so* glad you told me," returned Miss Wentworth gratefully. "And Doctor, sometime—I know I shouldn't ask it, but I get *so* worried—sometime Doctor—if it isn't asking too much—when you have a few leisure moments, would you mind just looking them over?"

"I thank you for your confidence, Miss Wentworth; I shall consider it my Christian duty to give them my first leisure hour," he replied, seriously, bowing low; and the lady departed in a flutter of anxiety, but thankful that dear Prince and Flossie were assured the very best medical attendance, should they fall ill.

Unheeding the sound of suppressed mirth, the doctor allowed the shades on the two windows nearest the invalid's couch to strike the

top of the casing with a vicious snap; and the dazzling afternoon sunshine poured in. He lowered one window a foot from the top, raised another the same height, and the cold, crisp winter air rudely attacked the delicate draperies, and set the roses on the table nodding to each other. Then, for the first time, he turned toward the couch and encountered the eyes of the sufferer. They were heavy and tired, he had to admit; but there was a mischievous, tantalizing glint in them that boded ill to the one who should attempt to show her the error of her ways. As it would appear that he was the one ordained by Fate for this same thankless task, he did not return her smile of greeting, but proceeded at once to business.

"How long have you been feeling this way, Isabel?" he asked, brusquely.

"I have been in this hopeless, despairing state for some time," she replied, in a weak, pathetic voice, dropping her eyes and playing nervously with the ribbons on her negligee.

"But what caused it? How did it begin?"

"I—I think it began that night you told me I didn't amount to a row of pins. I haven't cared to live since;" sighing deeply, and gazing at him with sombre, tragic eyes.

"You wilfully misunderstood my meaning," he returned, savagely. "You would double-discount a hundred rows of pins in your ability to drive a man to desperation."

But she only sighed once more, with an air of resignation.

"Any appetite? Eat anything today?"

"No, to both your questions, kind sir. That is," seeing him look inquiringly at the empty box on the tabouret at the head of the couch, "only some chocolates that Freddie Van Sant sent."

"Humph," snorted the doctor. "Read any?" as he spied a book peeping from under the pillow.

Isabel drew it out and gave it to him. "Yes, and it did make my head ache dreadfully," she admitted; "but I just couldn't leave that poor fellow playing coachman to

the lady he loved without seeing how it turned out. Oh it ended beautifully," and she sighed ecstatically as she again sank on the pillow.

"Doubtless. They always do," sneered the doctor. "Give me your hand," extending one of his and inserting two fingers of the other in his vest pocket for his watch. But she kept her own tightly clasped beneath her head, and turned startled, incredulous eyes on him.

"Surely, you cannot mean it Doctor?"

"I surely do," he replied shortly.

"I—I feel greatly flattered, and appreciate the honor you would do me," she returned, shyly, "but I must save you from yourself. One so utterly frivolous and inconsequent as I would only be a millstone about your neck."

The doctor smiled in spite of himself, but unhesitatingly slipped his fingers beneath the tousled head and found the wrist.

"You have considerable fever," he announced, returning his watch to his pocket. "Confound it all; if it had been Flossie or Prince that was ailing, Aunt Annabel would have sat up nights studying that green and gold volume that plays a close second to her Bible. She would not have allowed them to lie in this close room and eat chocolates."

"O I know all that," assented the invalid cheerfully, "But being a mere girl has its compensations; you wouldn't be as gentle and tender with them as you are with me."

"But my attentions would probably be more appreciated. Put out your tongue," he said, leaning over her; but was surprised to see a look of alarm come into the eyes she turned on him, and to see her close her lips and shake her head resolutely.

"Well—now—what?" he asked wearily, leaning back in his chair again.

"I dissent," came in a terror-stricken whisper. "I did it onc't at mamma when she wouldn't let me wear my new pink sash to school. The other girls always did it; but," with a grievous air, "my first attempt was nipped in the bud, and I've never tried it again, though it would still be a simple, comprehensive method of expressing myself at times."

"Very well," said the doctor, leaning forward and grasping her chin firmly with one hand, while with the other he pressed against her forehead. "I'll see that you have no responsibility in the matter this time. We physicians dislike to use force, but in criti-

cal cases of this kind, it sometimes becomes necessary. There! Beautifully clothed in white fur as I expected."

He leaned back in his chair with an air of finality as though his diagnosis was finished, and stared gloomily at the roses on the table, a tired, discouraged look on his face.

At length a hand crept out from under the silk coverlet, and timidly touched his arm, and a frightened voice asked in a whisper, "Will I live, Doctor dear? Do you think you can pull me through?"

His hand closed quickly over the one on his arm, and he looked earnestly at the mocking face on the pillow. "Yes," he replied, gravely, "if you will follow my prescription?"

"And that is?" hopefully.

"Get up early tomorrow morning with some aim and object in your life, save having a good time."

"Would you advise dogs or cats, or one of each?" anxiously.

He did not deign a reply to this frivolity, but continued: "Hunt up your brother and be a companion to him; he needs it."

"Would someone else's brother do if I find that he does not need me," plaintively.

"Yes; my sister's brother would be glad of your interest," he returned quickly, and then added entreatingly. "Isabel how much longer are you going to be satisfied with this useless—worse than useless—life? You'll waken some morning and find it all Dead Sea fruit. I know, for I've been through it. I want to spare you the bitter realization if I can."

"But why not let me go on and find it out for myself? The time may come when I'll want to warn some poor, frivolous creature; and think how much more effective it will be if I can say, 'I know for I've been through it all myself,' imitating him so perfectly that he felt his color rise as he wondered if he had delivered the speech with as much gruff pomposity as her imitation implied.

This was the beginning of the end. Five minutes later he had seized his hat and gloves and started toward the door, with the firm determination of never entering it again.

"Katie, will you kindly show the Doctor out?" Isabel said sweetly, to the maid sewing at the farther end of the room; but her eyes had a sparkle not induced by fever.

How it had happened the doctor could not exactly remember; but, in his cab, admitted

to himself that he had been something of an ass, losing his temper and telling a girl—and a patient—that it was a sin for such a worthless, frivolous piece of humanity to encumber the earth when there was so much sorrow and misery at her very door. That she was dancing and flirting her life away, while her brother—well, he hardly liked to remember what he had said about her brother. Oh well, she had goaded him to it, and he knew that there had never before been such an aggravating, tantalizing—yes, he was forced to admit it—darling, since the world began.

"There—go to sleep mamma's little lamb," coaxed Patsy, swinging the fretting baby gently to and fro in his arms. "Shut your eyes, blessed little dove," he continued, in a comical imitation of his mother's soft Gaelic. Then, as the wail increased in volume, and the tiny hands began to feebly beat the air, he suddenly descended from his maternal role to that of an exasperated small boy. "Aw, shut up your yawp, will ye? Doc's liable to drop in any minute now, and if he hears you a yellin' this way, it'll queer the whole deal."

But it was only after considerable walking up and down, and after he had rendered nearly every song in his extensive repertoire, that the transparent lids slowly descended and partially obscured the lusterless eyes.

Why didn't they shut clear up like Mamma's and everybody's else that he ever saw? He poked an eyelid with a pudgy fore-finger, as he had many times before, but it was no use; they would not close. "Well," he thought, confidently, "when Doc gets through with her that will be cured as well as her poor, crooked little body."

The big clock, that looked like the patrol box on the corner, boomed out three. Pat jumped. "Gee whiz!" He had promised that lawyer feller that had stopped him on the way up, to take a box of flowers over to his girl on the East side at three. He had to do it for there was fifty cents in it for him, and they was gettin' scarcer than hen's teeth in the McGuire family. He knew what he was talkin' about, too, when he said hen's teeth; hadn't he looked in the mouth of one of them old yellow hens and not found a bloomin' tooth? And didn't that darned old rooster nearly tare the shirt off'n his back when the old ninny began to squawk?

But what was he to do with the kid? He

had counted on doing the errand while Doc was fixin' her up. But, go he must, so he began to look around for a safe place to put her. The leather chairs wouldn't do; they was so durned slippery she might wiggle off, and then someone might set down and squish her. The table wouldn't do either, for she'd be sure to upset something. Then he spied the big waste-paper basket and his troubles were over. She was soon lying on a bed composed largely of the wails of sufferers like herself, and Patsy had slipped out of the side door through which he had entered, "not wantin' the people waitin' in the other room to see him packin' a kid done up in a quilt."

The doctor entered his private office by the same little-used door at the end of the hall. Sinclair, his partner, was taking care of the patients in the main office; anyway, he was supposed to be out on a dangerous case, and as he had found the case departed to appear before a greater physician, he felt that this little breathing spell was his own. He flung himself wearily into the chair before his desk. He was thoroughly disheartened. He felt that he had not fulfilled the promise made to Isabel's dying father two years before, that he would be a brother to them. True, he had stood ready to assume any relationship that she would accept; affinity preferred, but consanguinity by adoption if nothing better offered. He felt that the boy, a cub of twenty was hopeless. He was going to predition by a new and original route of his own, blazing his trial at very frequent intervals so that his friends and followers would have no doubt as to the path he had taken. But very few, even of the boldest, had the courage to attempt the headlong pace, though it was getting him over the ground at a rate that filled their souls with envy and admiration. To Isabel, as she looked into his innocent, boyish face, it was but a harmless canter about the park on a May morning, instead of a wild, Mazeppa-like ride, chained as he was to the swift, lawless devil—license.

The doctor had just learned of a contemplated bit of madness that would surely end his run with a cropper; and he was convinced that only Isabel could pull him up in time. The difficulty was to make her see the need of instant action; and if he succeeded in opening her eyes to the situation, would not the wily boy make his contemplated crime

appear but an innocent Sunday School picnic, with his dear teacher along to see that he behaved?

Anyhow, it was his duty to see her and do what he could, humiliating as the encounter was likely to be.

He had been conscious of a peculiar rustling at his elbow for some time, and now he suddenly sprang to his feet in consternation as a baby's wailing cry was added to the rustle. A very pitiful little wailer it was, he decided, as he hushed it to sleep again, his strong arms as tender and efficient as its mother's.

"The Children's Hospital," he wrote on his slate, and wrapping the child closely in the old quilt, he set forth.

He decided that he would stop at Isabel's on the way and have it over. It would only take a few minutes to say what he had to say—most likely it would resolve itself into the question of what she would allow him to say, he thought, with a grim smile.

He was a wise prophet. Ten minutes from the time he had entered the house and deposited the baby with his hat and gloves on the divan in the hall, he was back in his carriage, dazed and bewildered, a prey to conflicting emotions. The very existence of the baby was forgotten; it had made but little impression on his preoccupied mind from the first, familiar as he was with sin and suffering in all its phases.

On his return to the office he found a telegram that called him to a neighboring town, and it was eleven o'clock that night when, cold and wet, he reached home; if a folding bed in his private office could be called home.

As he approached his own door, a huddled, indistinct object near it suddenly resolved itself into a little woman, tearful and excited, who implored: "For the love of heaven, Doctor McIntyre, where's me baby?"

Before he could answer, another object joined the first; a boy, small but very aggressive, who demanded: "Doc, what the devil'd you do with the kid I put in your basket?"

"Pat—sy," remonstrated his mother.

"Baby? Basket? What did they mean? these two excited waylayers who held him up at his very door and demanded an imaginary baby—or was it a basket?"

"Aw, come Doc," cried Patsy impatiently, "I dropped her in your waste basket; I bet you've dissected her," menacingly.

A cry of alarm from Mrs. McGuire ended in a fervent request for the blessings of all the saints to rest upon the doctor, who, at the mention of his big Indian waste basket, suddenly remembered, and assured her heartily that the baby was all right.

"And where is she?" was the next query.

To give his overwrought brain time to hunt up the answer to this puzzle, he having evidently, mislaid the baby during the anxiety and mental perturbation of the afternoon, he invited them into the office, dropped the little mother into a chair so big that she looked like a crumpled antimassar that had carelessly slid from the back to one corner, put her damp feet on a footstool before the open fire, and then collared Pat.

"And have ye had any supper the night?" he demanded. Mrs. McGuire felt the tears spring to her eyes at the seldom heard inflection.

"Divvil a bit," replied Pat wistfully.

"Neither have I, and I that hungry!"—he made an expressive gesture and continued. "Then it's you that'll be going around to Sandy Campbell's place and telling him it's a fine supper for three we'll be wanting." Then, to Mrs. McGuire, as Pat departed on the run.

"Now, if you'll excuse me a moment, I'll do a bit of telephoning before the supper comes."

He went into the main office and carefully closed the door, and called for Isabel's home. It seemed an unconscionably long time before Katie's sleepy, and not too gracious voice, answered his impatient "Hello."

"It is I, Doctor McIntyre," he assured her, and then, lowering his voice confidentially, "Say, Katie, I didn't happen to leave a baby lying around anywhere when I called this afternoon, did I?"

"Leave—a—what?"

"A baby, Katie—a kid—a small child, done up, if I remember rightly, in an old quilt tied with a twine string."

"For the lands sake," giggled Katie, "so it was you that left it it. Miss Isabel found it, and she's about turned the house upside down over it; has turned her dressing room into a nursery and hired me as nurse; I having helped to raise seven for my sister."

"But what in creation is she going to do with it?" asked the astonished doctor.

"Keep it, to be sure. I heard her tellin'

Miss Wentworth that some poor sinful, sufferin' mother's feet was guided to our door to give her, Miss Isabel, an aim and object in life besides frivolous amusements, which was only deep sea fruit anyway."

The doctor gave a great start, and a light came into his haggard eyes that would have astonished his auditor. His very words, he thought, exultantly; and then he heard a smothered yawn.

"Katie, you won't tell Miss Isabel that I left it, will you?"

"But Doctor," demurred the girl.

He hesitated a moment, then: "You look awfully nice in that gray fur tippet, or whatever you call it, Katie; it sets off your black eyes and red cheeks; but you need the muff like it that's down in Kirk's window. I'll bring it up if Miss Isabel sends for me to see the baby tomorrow, for you know it's in bad shape Katie."

"Well, she'll send for you before the day is over," laughed the girl; and the doctor, well satisfied at the bit of shameless bribery, hung up the receiver.

He found the excited Pat and a man from Sandy's unpacking a hamper, and Mrs. McGuire, with true housewifely instincts, arranging the cloth and dishes the man had brought, on his desk.

Over this midnight lunch, which seemed a veritable feast to the poorly fed mother and son, the doctor told his story of the orphan girl to whom amusement seemed the one and only object in life. Of the really sinful waste of fortune, time and strength on what he considered selfish, harmful pleasure. Of his inability to get her interested in anything more uplifting. But the baby, poor, suffering little mite, with its faint hold on life, had done in hours that which he had tried for years to accomplish.

"I did not examine her very closely," he concluded, as they drew their chairs up to the fire again, "but enough to see that a number of very delicate operations and the most careful nursing are necessary to save your baby, Mrs. McGuire."

"It is I that know that only too well, Doctor," agreed the mother, with a sigh.

"Well then, I have a proposition to make. For the sake of the child, and for the sake of the girl, leave them together for a while, and trust me to do all I can for the baby," and, under his breath, "and the girl."

The mother joyfully agreed to his plan, though there were tears in her eyes as she unconsciously glanced at her empty arms.

"And I can go to school again," cried Pat rapturously.

The doctor nodded. "But Pat, how did you happen to bring the baby to me," he asked.

The boy turned his back to the blaze and faced the doctor, his hands deep in his pockets. "Cause I knowed you the best, and knowed you'd do what was square by a feller. You done a bully good job on my arm."

"Yes?" inquiringly.

"Yes. At the picnic that time. You give me something to smell of and it never hurt a doggone bit when you set it."

"Pat—sy," admonished his mother.

"And then, you was never too stuck up to speak to a feller after that. Onc't," reminiscently, "you gave me a sack of peanuts, and onc't an all-day-sucker that put my jaw out of business for three hours. And Mike sassed me scandalous and I couldn't sass back."

"How you must have suffered," consoled the doctor.

"So did Mike later on," replied Pat, with a grin and a wink at the doctor. Then, coming back to the business in hand. "Yo see, what started me off with the kid so suddint like, was what Mawm an' Mis' Dooley was sayin' last night."

"I thought you was sleeping Patsy," said his mother, reprovingly.

"Maw said as how the kid wasn't long for this world, an' she wouldn't grieve much when the poor, sufferin' lamb was laid beside her Paw. So I thought if you couldn't fix her, you might send her some'ers on the Fresh Air Fund, or get her into a hospital, or something."

The mother and the doctor exchanged glances.

"And I thought you would do it if I told you all about the fix we was in.

"Yes; tell me now, Patsy," said the doctor encouragingly.

"Well, you see, it was this way. We had a little place down in the Addition"—

"And a cow and a pig," interposed Mrs. McGuire, "and some chickens."

"Big yellow ones with feathers on their legs," continued Pat, "and Paw used to scold and say that Maw ought to teach them

to roll up their pants in wet weather cause it would be neater and a savin' on feathers; but he was just a coddin' Maw."

"He was a tease, Tim was," agreed Mrs. McGuire, furtively wiping her eyes.

"And Maw sung and worked all the time, and I played with the pup and McGinnis' goat; and everything was just bully till that day they brought Paw home in the ambulance, and—and"—

"Took him away in the hearse," groaned Mrs. McGuire.

There was silence for a moment. "And then," prompted the doctor.

"Oh, that packin' and sellin' was awful, Doc," said Patsy. "I was afraid Maw would die too, she cried so much."

"It was the coming across his clothes and things all the time," apologized Mrs. McGuire. "That day I found his pipe on the window sill where he had put it"—

"She bust right out 'Oh, Tim, Tim,' and I hiked," cried Patsy.

"And Doctor, I was that worried over Patsy about that time. He got the idea that it wasn't manly to cry, and went around for two or three days looking awful."

"Gee! How my throat hurt," chuckled Pat. "I got so scared about it, Mike's hurtin' that way when he was comin' down with the diphthery, that I stopped old Doctor Cox on the street one day and asked him about it. 'How's your Maw' he said. 'O Doc, she's takin' on awful,' I told him, and my throat gripped me so tight I thought I'd choke."

"Then what did he say?" asked Mrs. McGuire.

Nothin' for a long time; just stood and poked his cane in the cracks in the walk, an' me gettin' scarder every minute. Then he looked at me, and they was tears in his eyes. 'Go home and cry with her Pat; that'll help your throat quicker'n any medicine I can give you;' and as I started, he said, 'we men never get too old for that sort of thing.' And it did the business."

"Then you moved into the city?"

"Yep; and Maw got work in a shop where they make lingerings or something—aw, you know what I mean," as the doctor laughed, "skirts, and chimmies and things for rich ladies."

"I know—go on," the doctor said hastily.

"And I went to school; and say,"—the

distance between his feet unconsciously widening,—"I could lick every boy in my room but Ole Olson, and he was scared to fight," scornfully.

"Why Patsy, what will the doctor think?" expostulated his mother.

"Well I could; and we was gettin' along fine and dandy till that night." The last word ended in a hopeless sigh.

"What night, Patsy?" asked Mrs. McGuire, in surprise.

He turned to her accusingly. "Why that night a year or so after Paw died, when I come home from school and found you a layin, on the lounge a talkin' to Mis' Dooley; and you said I could go home and stay all night with Mike. And the next morning I had to come home for a clean waist, an'—"

"Your's was a sight," she admitted.

"Mike always told me that Terry hit for a feller's nose, the first thing, and he sure did," with a grin. "And Doc," turning back to him with a tragic air as he neared the climax, "what do you think I found? Why, the kid; lots littler an' redder than she is now, layin' in Paw's chair, 'n Maw—flat—on—her—back—with—the—grip. Of all times to get sick, just as you've got a new baby to take care of. But it was just our luck," pessimistically; and Mrs. McGuire sighed.

"Our troubles began in earnest then, Doctor," she said. "I couldn't work at the shop, and Patsy had to leave school and sell papers or mind the baby when I could get a day's work."

"You just bet the boys don't know what I'm doin' them days," cried Patsy. "I let on I've been down to the Addition, and talk about the goat, and the new holt I tried on the feller that lives in our house."

"We must go now Patsy," said his mother, rising. "It's a shame to have kept you up listening to my troubles, Doctor."

"Our troubles now, Mrs. McGuire," he replied; then suddenly grasping Pat by the shoulder, he continued sternly: "And Patsy, it's you that'll happen around here during your spare minutes. I need a fellow about your size in the business. Why, there ain't a day that I don't see a lonesome dollar or two loafing around this office, just aching to slip into a pocket among a lot of marbles and a jackknife. Ain't got non?" in surprise. "Well, well, this must be inquired into when you come tomorrow. Now see that you

come," he added, fiercely, giving him a little shake as he pinned the old coat about him.

"You bet I will," cried the boy joyfully.

"O Patsy, it's our troubles that's over," sighed Mrs. McGuire, as they rolled homeward in the doctor's carriage, through the deserted streets.

The telephone poured many tales of sorrow and suffering into the doctor's patient ear the next day, before the voice he had been listening and hoping for was heard; and it was so heavily freighted with anxiety and excitement as to be hardly recognizable.

"Did you know that Tom was in a hospital in Chicago, with a broken leg?" the voice demanded.

"Thank God!" ejaculated the doctor, fervently.

"What did you say?"

"I said what a pity. Are you going to him?"

No; they say not to come as I could do him no good just at this time. And Doctor, I hate to remind you of it, but really, does not your conscience hurt you for the way you talked about the poor boy only yesterday; and wronged him too, I am certain?"

"Yes; it's beginning to hurt me dreadfully," the doctor admitted, mournfully. "If you'll hold the phone a minute, I'll take an opiate to deaden the pain."

"No, let it hurt," the girl commanded. And then: "Doctor?"

"Yes," he replied, and smiled knowingly, to himself.

"Won't you—won't you come up some time today? I—that is—O wait till you come and I'll tell you," and he heard the receiver go up with a bang.

He could hardly believe the evidences of his senses in the days that followed, as he watched the transformation wrought in Isabel by the poor little scrap of flotsam that she believed had been intentionally left at her door. This party or that dinner was refused, for who could have the heart to mix with a gay, chattering crowd when one had held a little bandaged body in their arms for hours, and had watched a tiny soul creep wearily back to life and consciousness. Calls and matinees lost their former charm in the fashioning of little garments, or in the devising of new amusements for the little patient.

And the doctor was very attentive. Many

a man had lived to a good old age and died with less medical attendance than this child received. He told Isabel at the first that he recognized it, knew its mother, and that its name was Infelice—a child of sorrow; and he was certain that she would be able to keep it but a short time; but even this seemed to have no effect on the new Isabel.

At last, when all had been done for the child that medical science could do, they, Isabel, Kate and the baby, joined the cub in Florida, whither he had been sent, supposedly to recuperate after his enforced rest in bed; and Aunt Annabel came into her own at last. Prince and Flossie roamed the house at will, with no fear of a warning hush or banishment when one of them chose to bark.

During the lonely weeks that followed the doctor fell into the habit of dropping into the McGuire's of an evening or on Sunday, for there he could talk of the baby, and incidentally of Isabel, to his heart's content, sure of an interested, sympathetic audience.

The McGuires were doing well now, and their cozy, cheerful rooms grew to seem like a home to the lonely man. The new knife and marbles in Pat's pocket were seldom alone; a great many of those idle dollars that the doctor had hinted of, finding their way in to keep them company.

Mrs. McGuire was always busy, doing some delicate bit of needlework, or sending innumerable fine threads here and there in a haphazard fashion over a fat little cushion stuck full of pins; while the doctor sat and watched with fascinated eyes the piece of beautiful lace grow beneath her hands. Many of these trifles, with mother love woven into every stitch, found their way to the baby; and Isabel was enthusiastic over the work. "Who did it? Who was she? Would she make lace for her on her return?" and the doctor began to see a solution of the difficulty.

April; and the wanderers were home again. Isabel a bewildering Madonna, as she carried the big rosy baby about in her arms; the cub, with doom written large in every line of his boyish face, hastily preparing for another flight, this time to the south of France.

"Doctor, dear, you won't be thinkin' I'm silly, will you?" asked Mrs. McGuire one night when the doctor had dropped in for a minute's chat; "But I'm just hungering and thirsting for a sight of my blessed baby."

"Well, you shall see her," cried the doctor, heartily. "And it's very sensible and patient that you've been."

"Just one day, and perhaps the night," the mother begged with tears in her eyes.

"And Miss Isabel, Katie?" inquired the doctor, after his usual romp with the baby, during which he had received a great many moist kisses, and submitted delightedly to having his hair tousled.

"Why, she took a sudden notion to go to Boston this morning, and won't be home till tomorrow afternoon," the girl replied.

This was his chance, so he told Katie the whole story and his plan, to which she readily agreed.

"And would you mind me going to see my sister and the children, which I haven't seen onc't since we started this here orphan asylum?" she asked.

"Why, of course you can go, Katie. Get the things the baby needs, and you can ride as far as the station with us," he assured her. "You hold the baby and I'll just run up and see how things are going," he cried, as they halted at the office.

To his dismay and sorrow, he found a message begging him to come quickly to the bedside of a dear friend, whom they feared was dying. He was back to his carriage in an instant; Katie was dropped at her station with a dispatch that left her breathless; and a few minutes rapid driving brought him to Mrs. McGuire's, who was out, as luck would have it.

What should he do? To wait for her was out of the question. She couldn't be far away, for he saw her hat and jacket hanging on the nail behind the door, and her lace work was in her little chair by the window.

Infelice, tired out by her prolonged romp with him, was fast asleep, so he laid her on the lounge; mentally comparing her round, dimpled face to the poor drawn little visage that he had first seen in his waste basket; and the dainty white garments of the present with the ragged old quilt that had then answered for both cloak and bonnet. He left the door ajar, knowing that if she cried Mrs. Dooley across the hall would hear her.

All the rest of that day he fought a grim spectre that he found drawing nearer to the bed of his old friend. He quickly brought it to a halt; but it seemed hours to the anxious man before, little by little, it began to

yield. At twilight he had it vanquished, and returned to his office, tired but triumphant.

"Had much business this afternoon, partner?" he asked gravely, as Patsey came in.

"You bet," came the answer with great satisfaction. "Had a carbuncle as big as my head, an' an automobile smash-up, an' a bad scald, besides the regular common ones. But, say, Doc," in sudden remembrance, "someone snuck in while Maw was out today and left a kid, and Maw's plumb worried to death over it, and she wants you to come over as soon as you can and tell her what she'd better do with it. And, say," as he hurried out, "bring some peppermint or something, it's cryin' so Maw thinks it's got the stomach ache."

The doctor stared in amazement at the departing boy. He had not had much time since he left the child to think of Mrs. McGuire's happiness and surprise, but when he had, it had been with a glow of satisfaction. Was it possible that she did not recognize Infelice? Then he thought of the poor distorted body, and the little pinched face whose picture had probably been in the mother's heart all the time, despite his repeated assurance that she was well—and he understood.

"Dear little missionary," he thought with a smile, as he stood before the glass, brushing up a little before answering Mrs. McGuire's summons; and saw for the first time the disreputable-looking collar he had worn all day. There were smudgy places caused by moist, caressing little hands, and spots and streaks where the luster had been dimmed by loving misplaced kisses.

"Poor Isabel. Poor little wanderer; I fear our affairs have reached a crisis," he sighed.

As he neared Mrs. McGuire's door, he heard the tired, fretful cry of the child and the soft Gaelic lullaby of the mother.

He slipped into a chair beside them. "Infelice," he said softly.

The monotonous thump of the chair, the wail, and the lullaby stopped simultaneously, and there was a moment's tense silence. Then, with a gurgle of delight the baby threw herself into the doctor's outstretched arms, and his clean collar began to receive its usual confidences.

"Infelice," he said again. The mother still sat with extended arms and startled,

bewildered face. Then she looked from Pat's curls to those of the same hue on the head buried in the doctor's neck, and, with a great cry that voiced the heart hunger and loneliness of months, she threw herself on her knees beside him, her arms about both.

"It's *my* baby; it's *Infelice*," she cried, over and over again.

"And it's now that you'll be coming to your mother," she cried joyfully, as though her belated recognition was all that was required. The child was willing to accept any advances she might make, as long as she was in the doctor's sheltering arms; but leave them she would not.

Pat came nearer and nearer. He touched the dimpled hands, the white kid shoes, and the clinging red curls, in awe-struck wonder. He gently slipped his arms about her; while she, with both hands against his face, in utter disregard of eyes and mouth, held herself back at arm's-length and stared at him round-eyed. The mother and the doctor watched this silent play with breathless interest.

Suddenly the baby smiled, and with a little squeal of delight she buried both hands in Pat's hair; and trembling with excitement, he gently raised her in his arms.

Then the mother coaxed her; and at last, as though having made up her mind not to be partial about giving her precious self, she yielded and was in her mother's arms!

It was just then that Doctor McIntyre heard a sound unnoticed by the other two in

their excitement; the sound of a smothered sob in the dark hall.

He approached the open door quietly and caught sight of a dim figure starting down the stairs; and he caught her—had her in his arms before she had gone three steps.

"I saw it all," she cried, struggling to escape. "Oh, she isn't my baby any more," she said, as she found her efforts were useless.

"I know it dear; she now belongs to her mother," he said, pityingly. "Isabel, could you not give me a little of the love and care that you have lavished on her?"

"I couldn't carry you about, sing you to sleep, and make little clothes for *you*," she replied scornfully.

A sudden fire blazed in his eyes. "You are not strong enough for all; but part you *shall* do," he declared to her great mystification.

"Well, I suppose I'll have to have something to love; and now that the baby is gone, it's either you, or cats and dogs."

"I'm honored that I head the list," he replied gravely. Then in the instant's silence that followed they heard the happy chatter, and the baby's sleepy, contented murmur from above. Isabel's lips quivered and he felt her breath coming quickly.

"You are crying, Isabel; crying for the baby," he said, tenderly.

"I'm not," she faltered. Then, suddenly throwing her arms about his neck, she whispered: "It isn't the baby at all, stupid; it's you—you!"



DISCARDING OF "DOC" DAVIES

By George Barton

EVERY newspaper worker in Park Row knew "Doc" Davies. He was a landmark, a survival of the old school gentleman, a link between the conservative and the yellow journalism. His dry, parchment like face, his long snow white hair, his threadbare frock coat, his abstracted manner and his perennial search for his eye glasses, ending with the invariable discovery of the missing magnifiers carefully tucked behind his left ear, were as familiar as the Brooklyn bridge or the elevated railroad or the well-fed office cat. He never talked of his past life and no one ever had the temerity to ask about it. His title of "Doctor" was unquestioned, yet no one ever knew—or cared—whether he had been a doctor of divinity or a doctor of medicine.

Everybody conceded his usefulness on the *Chronicle* staff. No one in the office did more daily drudgery than "Doc" Davies. Some of the cub reporters said he was an impractical theorist and on the heels of that disproved their own assertion by applying to him whenever they needed exact information. "Doc" Davies' personality fit the primness of the *Chronicle* like a glove. Sparks, the young managing editor of the paper, had great respect for the old man and made no attempt to disguise the fact. He knew every one of "Doc's" little idiosyncrasies and humored him accordingly. Coming into the office late one night he said:

"Doc, I've got startling news for you."

"What is it," asked the old man with a quaint smile, "going to increase my salary?" Sparks shook his head.

"More wonderful than that; the *Chronicle's* changed hands."

The tender eyes sparkled with surprise.

"Who's bought it?"

"A syndicate headed by J. Peter Allman."

"What? The chap that cornered the salt market?"

"The very same."

"What does he know about the newspaper business?"

"Not a thing. He doesn't have to know.

He's made twenty millions in salt and now he pays people to do his thinking."

"But what in the world prompted him to think of the newspaper business?"

"Ambition and the wish to make more money. That's the major motive. After that a desire to put the *Torch* out of business. Those people offended him once, and he'd like to show 'em a thing or two."

The entrance of a fashionably dressed young man at this moment attracted Sparks' attention. He turned to the newcomer.

"Hello Manley!"

"Hello!" responded the caller, "I just dropped in to have a little chat."

"All right, but before we go into my office, I want you to take a peep at our encyclopedia." Then seeing Manley looking about the room in a curious manner, Sparks burst out into a laugh and said:

"There it is; there is the encyclopedia."

"Where?" asked Manley, in some wonder.

"Before your very eyes. "Doc" Davies is the living, moving, breathing, walking, speaking book of reference to which every man in this office has recourse."

"Oh Sparks, please don't" exclaimed the old man with a deprecatory wave of the hands and a shrug of the shoulders.

"Oh, but I will," cried Sparks with earnestness. "This man" placing his hand on his shoulder with a gesture of affection, "this man speaks three languages fluently. He has a knowledge of law and medicine and is an authority on military practices. He is a marvel on dates and places and knows more about the history of the United States than I have ever found in all the volumes I have read on the subject. Whenever a dispute of any kind arises in the office, he is the court of last resort. His decisions are always accepted as final, and to my knowledge have never been questioned."

The subject of this encomium looked thoroughly abashed. He fidgeted with a paperweight and made several vain attempts to change the tenor of the conversation.

"By the way, Doc," said Sparks, who was plainly trying to draw the "encyclopedia" out for the benefit of his friend, "have you been doing any traveling recently?"

At this the tender eyes regained their sparkle, and every trace of shyness disappeared from the little old man.

"Yes," he exclaimed with enthusiasm; "you know I made short runs to Bermuda and Jamaica last month. I am now taking a leisurely tour of England, Ireland and Scotland."

Manley's eyes opened wide and he gazed in amazement first at Sparks and then at the living book of reference.

The little man, who was again seated at his desk, noticed this, smiled faintly and then apologetically:

"You see I make these tours without leaving my desk. They are imaginary tours. I get all of the recreation and benefit to be derived from a real trip without its costs or its discomforts. I predict the time will come when all intelligent, educated and rational minded men will do the same."

Manley's look of wonder increased at this, and he sank down into a chair, attracted and interested by this strange little man.

"It's this way," continued that individual, "I make up my mind to go to Europe. I decide to go from New York. I select the steamer, pick out my stateroom and arrange all of the little details in my mind."

Here he reached into a pigeon hole in his desk and pulled out an advertisement in the shape of a pamphlet issued by one of the steamship companies. It contained a picture of the steamship, plans of the staterooms, hours for meals and the various other points of information to the traveler.

"A very trifling stretch of the imagination" he said, "places me in a steamer chair enjoying the repose only to be obtained by a sea voyage. I feel the plunging of the vessel and even experience the qualms of sea-sickness. I land at Liverpool and hurry to London. Then what do I do? Why I reach for this book."

And suiting the action to the word, he pulled down a volume entitled "London. A history of the city, with a complete guide to all the places of interest."

"That," he added, "occupies my time for five or six days. I visit the Tower of London, the Bank of England, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, the House of Parliament and the British Museum. I don't fly about like most

real American travelers, wasting my money, becoming footsore and weary and learning nothing. On the contrary, my sight-seeing is done in a systematic way, I obtain facts and have an accurate knowledge of things. For instance I go into the gallery of the House of Commons. Balfour is speaking. I see the man and I hear him. How? It's all very simple."

Once more he reached into his desk and drew out a large légal looking envelope filled with clippings concerning Balfour, his life, his political history, a description of his personal habits, his speeches, etc.

"When I am saturated with Balfour," he resumed, "I go out to see the Lord Mayor's parade, and my wonderful and never failing collection of clippings presents the pageant to my eyes with a realism and vividness that it can never assume to the casual and careless traveler. Thus I continue my trip through the United Kingdom and," pointing to his vast pile of scrap books and clippings and books of reference, "there isn't a town or city or a person or place, no matter how insignificant, that isn't at the end of my fingers. I probably take two or three months of my leisure time in a tour of this kind, and when I mentally return home I will wager that I have had more real enjoyment and am better qualified to describe and talk about my trip than eighty out of every hundred persons that do the real thing."

"I never meet with the inconveniences caused by a failure to speak any certain language, I never miss a boat or a train, or any of my meals, and rapacious and overcharging landlords are as much unknown to me as are the host of servants, call boys, chambermaids, cabmen and waiters who are perpetually holding out their hands for tips."

"When my imagination shows a tendency to lag I have recourse to the finest collection of European photographs in the world. Mr. Manley," he concluded with a smile, "if you ever have the time, you should go on one of Davies' personally conducted tours."

A call from his own office caused Sparks to leave, and Manley took this opportunity of saying good-bye to the imaginary tourist.

"Sparks," said Manley, as soon as they reached the office, "I've just left your new superior."

"J. Peter Allman?"

"You have said it," was the response, "and if you value his favor don't ever call him Jacob P. Allman—which is his real name."

Sparks smiled.

"You didn't come here to tell me that?"

"No, I didn't. You see I conducted the legal end of the negotiations by which he came into possession of the *Chronicle* and he swears by me. You know these suddenly rich fellows stick like glue to their doctors and their lawyers—their health and their money—twin gods of selfishness, don't you know and all that sort of thing."

"I'm still in the dark regarding your visit."

"Well to cut it short," said Manley, "I've told him that without you the *Chronicle* would go to perdition and he's going to keep you. But he's impressed with the belief that everybody else on the paper should be fired. I'm going to bring him up here to-morrow night and for Heaven's sake put up the best bluff you know how."

At the appointed hour the next evening an automobile drew up before the *Chronicle* office and J. Peter Allman and his counsel alighted. They hurried through the business office and took the elevator.

"Did you notice the clerks behind the desks?" asked the plutocrat.

Manley confessed that he had not.

"Well," said J. Peter Allman with a visible swelling about the chest, "the minute I entered the room every one of 'em got busy."

"Do you think they know you are in control?" asked the lawyer skeptically.

"Sure," replied the great one, "such news speeds like feathers on a windy day."

Their first visit was to the stereotyping room. It was too hot to linger there very long and in a few minutes they ascended a flight of stairs and entered a large room where a score of compositors were busily engaged in operating typesetting machines. From there they went to the floor above where the editors and reporters were hard at work turning out "copy." Most of the men were in their shirt sleeves and some of them puffed vigorously on pipes as if seeking for inspiration or the right word to use in the stories that were being written under strong pressure and in great haste. Every now and then as one of the writers finished his manuscript there was a loud cry for "Mike" and a tow-headed office boy suddenly appeared, like the Geni in response to Alladin's rub of the wonderful lamp, to carry the copy off for the critical inspection of the city editor or the news editor. Messenger boys with yellow covered envelopes containing telegrams from correspondents in

various sections of the world flitted in and out. Amid the turmoil Ralph Sparks was introduced to the new proprietor.

J. Peter Allman looked his name. His head was round, his face red, and he wore a wire drawn smile. In five minutes he recited his creed—pugnaciously as if to challenge contradiction. He believed in Commercialism. Why? Had it not made him what he was? He spelled business with a big B and art with a lower case a.

He made a hasty tour of the office and met all of the men who were on duty. Sparks slyly detained him a little longer than usual at the desk of "Doc" Davies. He wanted the old man to make a good impression on the new proprietor. J. Peter Allman asked Davies his age, his duties and his salary, all of which, while interesting, was enigmatical. Then the editor and the proprietor returned to the private office and closed the door.

Half an hour later "Doc" Davies had occasion to consult the files in the room adjoining Sparks' den. He entered without any thought of eavesdropping. Such a thing was abhorrent to his nature. The mention of his own name in the conversation that floated over the thin partition between the two offices caused him to stand still. The voice was the voice of J. Peter Allman. He pounded a sturdy fist on the desk to emphasize his remarks.

"We've got to get rid of the dead wood."

"Yes" assented Sparks, "If we find any."

"Find any?" shouted the plutocrat, "why there's that old chap—what did you call him—"Doc" Something—"

"Doc Davies?"

"Yes, Davies. We can start by firing him."

"But Doc Davies is a very valuable man."

"How old is he?"

"A little over seventy."

"I knew it!" cried J. Peter Allman in a tone of triumph. "I knew it! Now what can you say?"

"But seventy—" began Sparks.

The new proprietor held up his hand to command silence.

"What was it Shakespeare said about men over seventy—that they should be smothered—or something like that?"

Sparks smiled in spite of himself.

"I don't think it was Shakespeare—"

"On, well then," cried J. Peter Allman impatiently, "its in the Bible I suppose."

Sparks felt an overpowering desire to giggle but suppressed it for the sake of "Doc" Davies.

"He's a very brainy man."

"Oh, yes, yes, but we want a young fellow in his place, any intelligent youngster will do—he may be brainy but he *must* have a stout pair of legs. I've got ideas about running this paper. Big type and plenty of red ink. That's what catches 'em. We'll make the *Torch* look like a burnt match."

Sparks made a last stand for "Doc" Davies.

"He's been here thirty years."

"He's been here thirty years too long."

"Will I tell him to-night?"

"Certainly not; we've got to get a man in his place first."

"But he shouldn't be dropped without notice."

J. Peter Allman had been mopping his face with a big silk handkerchief but at Sparks' last remark he threw it on the table in a challenging way.

"See here Sparks; I'm not running a charitable institution. If you're on to your job you won't try to mix up with my end of it. I'm hiring you to use your thinking tank to write triple-headed editorials that will make the multitude sit up and yell murder. That'll keep you busy. I'll attend to the rest of it. If you have any scruples hand 'em over to me. I'll take good care of them. But whatever you do beat the *Torch*."

"Doc" Davies had heard enough. He crept out of the room silently. He had gone in with a springy step, humming a tune. Now he was haggard and he actually trembled as he returned to his desk. The thing was so sudden—so unexpected. If any one had ever suggested that he would leave the *Chronicle* he would have believed that one bereft of reason. Once when he had been offered a position on another paper at an advanced compensation he had laughed aloud. To leave the *Chronicle*! Why the proposition was too absurd to think about. The old paper was the only thing he had in the world. It was wife, daughter, sweetheart—everything in one. And how proud he was of the *Chronicle*. If it scored a victory every nerve in his body tingled with joy. If it was praised in his presence every drop of blood rushed to the surface in blushing pride.

Now after all this he was to be discarded like a sucked orange. He bowed his head on his hands and sat crouching at his desk for a

long, long while. Could the calamity be averted? No, it was out of the question. Life suddenly became a terrible precipice to which he was clinging by the finger nails. And looming above him with vulgar joy and outstretched hand was J. Peter Allman, preparing to push him into the awful abyss below. The office boy passing by missed the usual cheery greeting. The city editor happening to ask a question was surprised at the incoherent reply. Presently Sparks came over to him. He had the words mapped out in his mind.

"Doc," he said weakly.

"What is it?" asked the old man in a voice strangely unlike his own.

The managing editor moistened his dry lips with his tongue. He made an effort to speak and failed. He looked at "Doc" Davies for a moment and then walked away with his set speech unspoken. He found "Mike" the office boy in his room and abused him as if he were a pickpocket solely as a relief to his overwrought feelings.

For two weeks after that "Doc" Davies moved about like a man in a dream. Sparks studiously avoided his old friend—and felt like a chump for doing so. One day "Doc" after sitting before his desk and gazing aimlessly at the ceiling for more than an hour suddenly reached a resolution. In that second his indecision entirely disappeared. The gloom vanished like the fog before the sun. An hour later he had a big trunk in the office and was busily engaged in packing his possessions. Tenderly he placed them all in the receptacle—his clippings, his photographs, his maps and his books of reference, the loving labor of a life time, all purchased with his own hard-earned money. It was a whole morning's work, but fortunately no one was present. An expressman was summoned and the rare collection sent to the modest hall room in Harlem which he grandiloquently styled his "lodgings." After it was all over, he leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes in restful fashion.

At that psychological moment J. Peter Allman entered the office. He noted the dozing editor with wrathful eyes.

"Hey there!" he shouted.

"Doc" heard but heeded not.

"I say there, Davies," he called.

Still the venerable one was immovable.

J. Peter Allman came over to the desk and brought down his fist with a bang.

"Mr. Davies!" he cried explosively.

"Doc" opened his eyes slowly. There was an unwonted sparkle in them. A smile twitched about the corners of his mouth.

"I knew you would get there finally," he said. "It's hard for some creatures to act the gentleman but practice does wonders!"

J. Peter Allman prepared to rip out an oath but something about the old man before him ehoked it off. "Doc's" hands were clenched and there was a pink spot on each pale cheek. He spoke again rapidly and with bitterness.

"Some freak of fate gave you wealth and power but no amount of wealth and power can make you a gentleman, or change your black heart!"

J. Peter Allman seemed petrified with amazement. He made a dash as if to strike the old man but suddenly changed his mind and hurried into his office. "Doc" Davies grabbed a pen and hastily scribbled a few lines on a sheet of note paper. He tucked this into an envelope and then followed the great man into his private room. Before the proprietor could speak the old man had poked the envelope into his hand. J. Peter Allman accepted it mechanically and turned on the presumptuous employee.

"You've saved me the trouble of sending for you."

"Doc" nodded.

"Yes, and I've saved you more trouble."

"What's that?"

"The trouble of discharging me."

"Oh," bellowed the plutocrat in strident tones, "but I'm going to do it just the same."

"It's too late," said the venerable one.

"Why?"

"Because you've accepted my resignation."

J. Peter Allman looked incredulous.

"When?"

"Just now; you've got it in your hand."

And with this parting shot, "Doc" Davies bolted from the room and left the office where he had been employed for a third of a century.

Four weeks passed and during that time Ralph Sparks lived the life of the damned with the millionaire owner of the *Chronicle*. J. Peter Allman's contant cry was for bigger type and redder ink. He was a perfect monomaniac on the *Torch* and said that if the fatheads about the *Chronicle* office had even the semblance of brains they would make the rival sheet "look like the two-spot in a pinochle deck."

"You discarded the brainiest man we had," said Sparks with a show of spirit.

"And who might that be?"

"Why, 'Doc' Davies."

J. Peter Allman laughed ironically.

"Why that doddering old fool would have been behind the age when Noah left the Ark."

Every time Sparks thought of "Doc" Davies he felt like the accomplice in a great crime, forgetting that he had done everything in his power to have the old man retained. Two days after the white haired editor left the *Chronicle*, Sparks called at his lodgings and found he had moved without leaving any address. He felt very remorseful and unhappy and pictured the old man starving to death in some obscure garret, too impractical to obtain another situation, and too proud to live on the bounty of his friends. The thought increased his resentment against his employer.

The climax came one morning when J. Peter Allman rushed into the office with a copy of the *Torch* in one hand and a flaming three sheet poster in the other. He sent for Sparks and when that personage appeared shouted at him.

"Who is Hildebrand Hawthorne?"

"Never heard of him," was the laconic reply.

The plutocrat was so angry that he leered. He spoke in a rasping voice.

"And yet I pay you good money to furnish brains for this sheet of mine. Well, I'll tell you who he is. He's a famous writer and the *Torch* has captured him. He's starting a series of special articles today that are to run for a year. And that's not the worst of it. The *Torch* has been playing this up under our very noses for three or four weeks. They put out the first of the Hildebrand Hawthorne letters in a booklet and on the strength of it their canvassers have added 20,000 circulation to the *Torch* in two weeks. Do you hear it—20,000 in two weeks!"

"What do you want me to do?" asked Sparks sullenly.

"You to do," sneered J. Peter Allman, "I want you to do nothing. I've done it."

"Done what?"

"Started out to get this Hildebrand Hawthorne."

"But he's probably made an agreement with the *Torch*."

"What do I care? There never was an

agreement devised by one man that couldn't be broken by another man. I've sent Manley to get him—to get him by hook or by crook. My instructions have been to spare no money. No matter what the fellow may say Manley is to bring Hawthorne here at noon today. So you see," he said with a concluding sneer, "I've not only got to run the business end of this paper but I've got to hire the editorial talent too."

The managing editor was about to make a hot retort when he was interrupted by a light tap on the door. The next moment it was opened and in walked—"Doc" Davies. Sparks gave a start of surprise. He was glad to see the old man and yet he felt a little bit humiliated at seeing him come back. He would have banked heavily on "Doc's" pride—and to think he was mistaken. J. Peter Allman had his back to the door and when he turned around and saw the old man there, hat in hand, he gave a snarl of anger.

"What are you doing here?"

"Doc" actually smiled. The smile sickened Sparks. The visitor began in a low voice. "I called—"

The plutocrat cut him short.

"It's no use. I don't want you. The office is full of Has Beens."

"But I merely—"

"Please get out," rasped the great one. "I'm too busy to bother with you."

The old man smiled again and began to back out of the room. At the same instant the door was pushed open and Manley bustled in. He grabbed "Doc" Davies by the arm and cried—"Here, don't go out."

J. Peter Allman noted the moment and snarled.

"I don't want him here."

Manley glanced at the plutocrat in a confident way.

"Yes, you do want him here."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you sent me to get Hildebrand Hawthorne."

"Well?"

"Well," repeated the lawyer, pointing an accusing finger at the shrinking figure of "Doc" Davies, "there stands the man."

J. Peter Allman turned to him with wonder written on his face.

"Hildebrand Hawthorne—why that's not your name."

The old man smiled in triumph.

"Not my real name—only my pen name."

In the pause that ensued Manley picked up the three sheet poster from the floor and began reading it aloud:

"Special announcement to the readers of the *Torch*. A tour of the world while comfortably seated in your own library! The most unique feature of the Twentieth Century. The greatest treat ever given to the readers of an American newspaper. The *Torch* at great expense has obtained the exclusive services of Hildebrand Hawthorne, a gifted and distinguished writer, who will contribute a series of the most absorbing letters describing an imaginary tour of the world. No story of a real trip can begin to approach the series in human interest. The articles are the result of a lifetime of study and thought on the part of Mr. Hawthorne. They will be superbly illustrated from a remarkable collection of photographs and will continue every day for a year. Don't fail to subscribe for the *Torch* and read the series which will form the most complete library of travel ever printed."

There was a dead silence as Manley concluded the reading of the poster. Sparks was the first to speak. He put his hand affectionately about the shoulders of "Doc" Davies and said feelingly:

"Well, old man, you've come into your own at last."

"Doc" made an attempt to reply but there was a troublesome lump in his throat that choked his utterance and a mist over his eyes that dimmed his sight.

The plutocrat slid down into his chair from sheer astonishment. He stared at the old editor until his eyes fairly stuck out of his head. He shared in none of the sentiment of the occasion. His only feeling was one of anger at his own mistaken judgment. The business instinct—his business instinct was uppermost. He turned abruptly.

"What are they paying you?"

"Doc" smiled deprecatingly.

"More than I deserve—twice as much as I received from the *Chronicle*."

"I want you," exclaimed the plutocrat, condescendingly. "I'll double what the *Torch* has offered you."

The old man shook his head.

"Not for a million a minute!"

"Why not?" asked J. Peter Allman in amazement.

"Well," said "Doc" Davies with a charitable light in his tender eyes, "you may put it down to my dislike of big type and red ink."

KHAFRA THE EGYPTIAN

By J. A. Tiffany

DID you ever dine with a man five thousand years old?" Sherman asked me, tilting his chair backward and looking up at the ceiling.

Whenever he dropped in on me after one of his periodical disappearances, I expected something startling; but though he had been away for more than a year, I was not prepared for a question quite so extraordinary as this, which he calmly propounded between puffs at his cigar.

"I never did—so far as I know," I answered.

"Well, I want you to come up to the house tonight and meet my friend Khafra the Egyptian. You needn't look him up," Sherman added as he saw me going over to the bookcase. "There *was* a Pharaoh of that name; but this isn't he. My friend is his grandson, and son of Menkaura. Fourth dynasty, you know."

"What is it, Sherman?" I asked. "Some nonsense about reincarnation?"

"No. Tonight you will meet Khafra in the flesh that he lived in when the Great Pyramid was young. His body hasn't been in active service all the time. Really, he hasn't lived much more than thirty years, because he slept for five thousand years. It was my fortune to catch him napping—and to awaken him."

"In some museum? Or have your wanderings extended into Egypt since last I saw you?"

"No; I found Khafra in Portland, Oregon. He was in a long box that I bought for five dollars at the railroad sale of unclaimed freight, a year ago. When I opened the box in my room and found a human body in it, I was a little upset for a minute. It looked like a mummified Egyptian; but a superficial examination satisfied me that it was not a mummy."

"I took the body out of the box and laying it on a couch unwrapped the linen clothes in which it was wound. The flesh was firm and hard, and the skin, while dry, was not brittle. The face was of a regular, oval shape,

and the skin both of face and body was dark; the hair straight and black. There was no mark of an incision anywhere about the body, as would have been the case with a mummy.

"The sole of the right foot was different in color from the rest of the body, and on careful examination I discovered stitches all around the sole. These stitches I removed, and found that a piece of foreign skin had been sewed on to the sole, forming a sort of pocket, from which I drew another skin, folded three times.

"When I had succeeded in unfolding it, I saw the skin covered with strange characters that I took to be ancient Egyptian. There was a Copt who ran a cigar store in Portland, and I carried the document to him in the hope that he might be able to decipher it. He pored over it for an hour or more and then told me its contents.

"The skin stated that the body was that of Khafra, son of Menkaura, King of Egypt. For some reason, Menkaura, the writer of the document, had cursed Khafra and bade him sleep for five thousand years. Then, repenting of his curse, he had vainly tried to arouse the sleeping Prince. After every effort had failed he had written this document, giving the form of invocation to be used in awakening Khafra when the five thousand years should be completed. The words were:

"Khafra, son of Menkaura, awake. Egypt has need of thee."

"Menkaura promised that his son should reign over a greater and more glorious Egypt.

"Mahmoud Selim manifested the greatest interest in the document, and I allowed him to take a copy of it. He said he would like to keep it as a curiosity. I never saw the Copt again. When I called at his store a week later to buy some cigars, it was closed, and nobody seemed to know what had become of Mahmoud.

"For a month I worked upon the body of Khafra before trying to awaken him. Several times a day I rubbed him all over with olive oil and wrapped him in hot wet blankets.

After a time I got the body into such a condition of suppleness that I was enabled to exercise the limbs, working the joints freely and moving the arms up and down in the manner commonly used to set up artificial respiration.

"I did all this with the idea that it would obviate the intense suffering a man would necessarily feel if awakened after a very long period of unconsciousness.

"Khafra having lost two of his front teeth, I was able to get a small tube into the mouth and push it down into the region of the pharynx. Through this tube I injected a small quantity of food into the stomach; and it was not long before I found to my great gratification that the processes of digestion and assimilation were going on.

"Soon after this, I was encouraged to try the experiment of awakening the sleeping Egyptian. A hundred times a day for a whole week I stood over him and invoked him in the prescribed formula:

"Khafra, son of Menkaura, awake. Egypt has need of thee."

"But Khafra gave no sign; and at last it dawned on me that I was doing an absurd thing in addressing an ancient Egyptian in modern English. Thereupon I called upon Professor Cowley and asked him if he could decipher my document.

"After an hour's study, he gave me the translation in substance much the same as Mahmoud Selim had given it, adding:

"That covers half the document only. The remainder appears to be written in some secret cypher, or some language foreign to the Egyptian, of which I can make nothing."

"This information surprised me somewhat, as Mahmoud had pretended to give me a translation of the entire document. I concluded, however, that the Copt was just a little vain of his ability to decipher so much of it as he had done, and did not care to admit his inability to make out the rest.

"I told Professor Cowley my story, and asked him to come and pronounce the invocation over Khafra's body. He did so the next day, and Khafra awoke.

"The Egyptian sat up and looked around for a moment, then fell back, exhausted by the effort. After a few hours, however, he awoke again, and ate and drank all that I dared give him. At the end of a week, he was able to sit up for two or three hours a day,

and in another week he could walk about the room.

"Professor Cowley became a constant caller at my rooms; and he and Khafra conversed together by the hour, the professor translating for my benefit.

"Khafra told us that in one of his father's wars, after having been on duty fifty hours, he fell asleep while at an important post, which the King would entrust with no one but his own son.

"Finding the Prince asleep, Menkaura aroused him and upbraided him for his fault. In extenuation, Khafra pleaded that he had been awake for fifty hours; and then Menkaura cursed him.

"Fifty hours of wakefulness are too great a sacrifice for thee to make for thy father and for Egypt!" he said. "Vile son of sloth. Sleep, then! Sleep on. Thou shalt sleep for fifty centuries. For every hour that thou hast been on duty, thou shalt have a hundred years of sodden, senseless sleep!"

"From that moment, more than five thousand years ago, Khafra knew nothing until awakened in my room in Portland by Professor Cowley.

"The Egyptian has told me much of the ancient history of his country—its art and religion, its joys and sorrows, its domestic and political life, its wars and conquests. And he is interested in everything he sees in this strange, new world of ours."

"And you actually believe that this man has slept for five thousand years, Sherman?"

Sherman paused before replying to my question; and when he did speak, it was in a low, quiet tone, more impressive than any loud assertions:

"I believe it, Proctor," he said, "implicitly as I believe I went to bed last night and slept for eight hours. The story sounds strange and improbable, I know; but the evidence is too convincing to admit of doubt. But you will come tonight and meet Prince Khafra?"

"Yes, I will come," I answered; "and I'll try not to appear too sceptical when Khafra extemporizes ancient Egyptian myths for our benefit."

That night I went to Sherman's expecting to encounter an elaborate imposture and hoping to penetrate its secret. I didn't doubt Sherman. I simply feared that his love for the unusual, his quick imagination and his enviable enthusiasm had made him the victim

of some cunning schemer—possibly a Hindoo fakir, posing, after a few days' quiescence in a box, as an Egyptian Prince awakening after an impossible sleep of fifty centuries.

But when I actually met Khafra, I had not got through the formality of the introduction before all my prejudice had vanished. He impressed me profoundly. More than any other man had ever done, he made me feel little. And it was not intentionally that he did this; not by any assumption of greatness or superiority, but simply by being himself.

He was full of the love of his new-found life, and anxious to make the most of it—not in the way of personal enjoyment to selfish indulgence; but for the good of Egypt and the world.

He talked remarkably well for a man who had only been learning English for a year; and when I asked him, after he had been entertaining us with stories of the old-world life in Egypt, to tell us more on a subject of which we knew so little, he made a gesture of dissent, and said:

"Nay, friend, not now. Let us talk of the living rather than of the dead. Let us look, not into the night that has passed but to the dawn that is breaking. The splendors of ancient Egypt were as nothing to the glorious era that will soon begin for that unhappy land.

"Dr. Sherman has told you about the document he found upon me and the secret writing in it that has baffled two Egyptian scholars. I have read it. It is in my father's cypher. It tells me of his anguish when he found himself unable to rouse me from the sleep into which I had fallen after his curse. From that moment Menkaura devoted his life to one object—the amassing of treasure, by curtailing every indulgence and extravagance in court and camp, and practicing strict economy in public expenditures. He sought new mines and foreign conquests as a means of adding to his store; and I am afraid his reputation as a generous and lavish monarch must have suffered greatly.

"And for what, my friends? For Khafra—Khafra and the Egypt of today. All that wealth—wealth greater, I imagine, than even this rich country can boast—is lying there in Egypt at this moment, waiting for me—for us, my friends.

"You will go with us, Mr. Proctor? We need you. Khafra needs you. I can hire architects and masons to build my new Egypt

but I cannot buy friends. We had intended starting next week; but if you need longer time, we can wait. Only promise me that you will go with us, Mr. Proctor. Will you?"

Under the spell of the man's magnetic personality, his magnificent, contagious enthusiasm, I yielded and gave the promise that he asked.

"I trust you may not be disappointed in your expectations," I said. "I hope your father's treasure-house is strong and secret. Five thousand years is a long time."

"Yet pictures show me that the Great Pyramid has stood them well," said Khafra. "Ah, you moderns! You pride yourselves on your superiority and progress. Yet of all that maze of secret passages and chambers confined within the four walls of the pyramid called 'Splendid' you have found but a few poor mausoleums.

"Strange that no ingenious American or inquisitive Englishman should have guessed the reason of those high walls as he wandered along the Grand Passage and noted the overlapping layers of stone, the courses gradually approaching, until they meet in the high roof. You shall see wonders, my friends, that the modern mind has not conceived. Along that Grand Passage, at heights varying from ten to twenty feet, are a dozen concealed entrances to other passages—leading to temples, treasure-vaults and libraries of ancient wisdom—lost sciences that men today call magic. In those days, our little children could do things that would make your modern solons gape with wonder.

"The time has come for Egypt once more to take her rightful place among the nations. I grudge no new country its material success and physical prosperity. I withhold none of the admiration to which your religious, civil and military institutions are entitled. But your success is almost wholly material. It is as if you should put upon a man's tombstone the number of pounds that he weighed, rather than the good that he had done in life.

"My Egypt shall be a land apart—not isolated, but different in its greatness from the nations of today. Your Western apotheosis of the physical shall find no place in our national life, wherein we shall seek rather to symbolize the spiritual.

"Our armies shall be composed of humble students, generated by ripe scholars; and their conquests shall be over the enemies of our

common humanity—ignorance, superstition, disease—it may be, even Death itself. Our soil is rich enough to provide for all our wants without undue labor or dangerous employments. We will give our grain and fruits in exchange for your manufactured articles.

"Under Khafra the Second, with the immense wealth bequeathed to him by Menkaura, Egypt shall become one great university, welcoming to its halls of learning students from every land. Her teachings, her temples, her works of art shall make for grace rather than grandeur; bulk shall be subordinated to beauty; and love of right shall take the place of fear of law. Egypt shall be an oasis of peace in the great world desert of unrest."

We spent two days in England on our way to Egypt, and Khafra stood beside his father's coffin in the British Museum. He set at rest all doubts as to the mummy's identity before he had said a word on the subject; for a tear sprang to his eye soon as he looked down on that face which he had seen last inflamed with anger, distorted with ungovernable passion.

"Tis he," said Khafra, as he took my arm and turned away. "When I am King, I must try to secure my father's restoration to his proper resting place. It is not well that he should be here for all the world to gape upon."

It was later on that same day that Khafra talked about his father's supposed divine attributes. He took those as a matter of course, merely remarking that Menkaura was descended from a long line of kings, who were the offspring of the union of those sons of God who came down to earth to mate with the daughters of men.

A week later, and I stood with Khafra and Sherman before the Pyramids of El Geezeh.

"Our business is with yonder pyramid," said the Egyptian—"that of Khufu (whom you call Cheops); but first I must pay a visit to my father's mausoleum. 'Tis smaller than these other two, yet its cost perhaps was greater. It was not finished when I saw it last. I would make this pilgrimage alone, my friends. While I am thus engaged, perhaps you would like to climb to the top of the Great Pyramid? I will join you there before very long."

Sherman and I scaled the time-roughened sides of Cheops' mighty mausoleum, and at last stood upon its summit, four hundred and fifty feet above the earth. Before us fertile

plain and beautiful valley stretched out, restful to the eye, far as it could reach; while behind, the Great Desert rolled away into distant stretches of tragic, inhospitable drouth. Around us were tombs and pyramids that told of generations who had lived and loved in the peaceful valley when the world was young, or braved the dangers of the desert in pursuit of fame or fortune.

At last we saw Khafra approaching and began our descent down the north face of the pyramid, meeting him at the entrance, about fifty feet from the base.

"You wonder, perhaps," said Khafra, as we entered the low, narrow passage, "that my father should have selected this pyramid rather than his own for the secretion of the riches that he had amassed for me. But the reason was simple. This pyramid was already sealed; and my father gained access to it through a secret underground passage leading from the palace. He had that passage closed also when his work was done; and his treasure has remained secure through all these centuries."

Bent almost double, we followed Khafra down the steep, low passage for a distance of some twenty yards; then for fifty or sixty yards along another low passage, rising all the time, until we came to the grand passage. Its width was such that the three of us could walk abreast without jostling; and it was lofty as some old cathedral.

We had gone some thirty yards along this passage when Khafra stopped and striking a match held it high above his head.

"This is the place," he said; "and we must be quick. We have the passage to ourselves, but a score of sightseers may be upon us at any moment. I think I weigh the least of any of us," he added with a chuckling laugh. "If one of you will make a back, I'll use it and step on the other's shoulders, to see if I can make the entrance in accordance with my father's directions."

Sherman stooped and a moment later the Egyptian was standing on my shoulders. He gave several hard blows on the masonry above with a round stone that he had picked up at the entrance to the pyramid; and after an interval of waiting I heard him sigh as with relief and satisfaction.

"Stand steady, please," he called out to me; and an instant later his weight was removed from my shoulders.

Looking up, I saw his feet disappearing into a cavity in the wall; and then he swung around and looked down on us.

"One of you climb up on the other's shoulders," he said; and then the two of us will draw up the third by means of this rope. But be quick, my friends."

Sherman went up first, and they pulled me after them. I found myself in another passage, and lighting my lantern swung it round to examine my surroundings. It was of more spacious proportions than the first, though not so large as the Grand Passage that we had just left.

Khafra swung back the stone that he had moved to make an entrance to this passage, and lighting his own lantern led the way.

We followed the passage for some sixty or seventy paces, then found ourselves in a small circular chamber, about fifteen feet in diameter and the same in height.

In an alcove on its Eastern side was a stone altar, with a stone seat at either end of it; and in niches above the altar two statues of crude workmanship. I had not thought of the subject of ventilation until now; but suddenly I was filled with surprise at the purity and freshness of the air we were breathing. I spoke of it to Khafra, and with a mysterious smile he said:

"Aye, but you will see many things still stranger before you look upon the sun again. I will explain this matter later."

He went forward and sprang upon the altar. Stepping up into one of the niches, he squeezed himself past the statue that stood in it, and struck the wall behind.

He beckoned to Sherman and me, and we followed him into another passage, the entrance to which he left open behind us, remarking that as nobody had found his way to it in five thousand years we were scarcely likely to be followed.

Through passage and chamber, climbing stone steps and dropping down into pits, we followed Khafra's lead, until it seemed there could not be a cubic yard of all that mountain of masonry that was not honey-combed. Once or twice Khafra seemed at fault, and at such times he consulted his father's cypher.

"At last we are here!" he said, stopping in front of a dead wall in a small chamber of rough stone, which had the appearance of having been left unfinished.

Khafra's eyes gleamed and his nostrils

were dilated. He was evidently under great nervous tension. Glancing from him to Sherman, I saw that my old friend was even more excited than the Egyptian. To both of them the strain of the last week or two had been simply tremendous. So much was at stake.

To Khafra, the successful outcome of today's enterprise meant not only enormous riches but a kingdom—an empire more splendid than ancient or modern world had ever dreamed of.

Sherman's hopes were of another sort, yet he too was looking for a sceptre. Within the gloomy mazes of this great mass of rock he had come to believe that libraries of ancient wisdom and supernatural art were stored, which were to be his. With Khafra as interpreter, he expected to find the key to all those mysteries of mind and matter with which his restless brain was ever grappling—too often to be worsted in the struggle and thrown down, bruised and baffled.

Khafra knocked upon the wall; a great slab of masonry swung back, revealing spacious blackness beyond; and Sherman sprang forward with a little nervous cry of triumph that sounded almost like a groan.

Khafra walked with Sherman several steps ahead of me, and their swinging lanterns revealed a temple of magnificent construction and majestic size. Holding my own light aloft, I caught a glimpse of a stately dome, frescoed with paintings whose colors still were bright.

I overtook the others just as they reached the southern extremity of the temple, and stood before an altar richly cased in gold. Lamps and vases of alabaster stood upon the altar, and back of it were statues of goddesses in pure white marble. To the left of the altar was a coffin of polished granite, and Khafra was stooping down beside it, reading an inscription chiselled on its side.

"Mine!" he said, and turned away with a shudder.

He led the way to the altar, climbed up onto the pedestal of one of the goddesses, struck sharply on the wall behind, then passed through the opening that appeared immediately, into a small vault beyond.

Following close upon his heels, I heard him give a cry as of pain; and when I had reached the floor of the vault I looked around upon a scene of wild disorder, strangely out of keep-

ing with the awful stillness and repose of that ancient place.

The vault smelt of stale tobacco, ends of cigars and cigarettes were strewn about the floor, and chests that should have contained Khafra's fabulous treasure were scattered around, all empty. Shelves that lined the room and which had once contained the library of ancient wisdom that Sherman coveted were also bare. Nothing of Menkaura's bequest remained.

Khafra stood like one transfixed, while Sherman sunk down helpless on one of the chests and gazed around the rifled vault. Suddenly we heard a noise at the further end of the vault; a slab of masonry swung inward; and a man's face appeared in the aperture.

"Mahmoud Selim!" Sherman gasped with astonishment.

"You are too late, my friends," said the Copt with a leer on his swarthy face. The next instant he was gone.

For a moment Khafra stood as if robbed of speech and power of action; then, with a savage, snarling cry he leaped through the hole after Selim.

Leaving Sherman gazing vacantly at the scene of disorder around him, I followed Khafra. Before I reached him I heard him give an awful cry; and in my haste I neglected to look where I was going. I was precipitated down a dozen stone steps and found myself in darkness, my lantern having been extinguished in the fall.

As I scrambled to my feet, I heard the thud of some heavy piece of masonry swinging back into position; and when I had made a light again the Copt was nowhere to be seen.

On the floor of a small chamber some eight feet square, lay Khafra, looking up at me with glazing eyes. I raised his head and poured a little brandy down his throat.

"I am sorry most for Sherman," he murmured; and smiling feebly fell back dead.

Sherman's skill could have availed Khafra nothing. He had three stabs in his side; both the heart and the left lung were injured. I called Sherman, however; but had to go and shake him roughly before I could arouse him from his torpor.

Even when I made him understand, he obeyed me as one in a trance. He shook his head after a superficial examination of Khafra's wounds, and sat down again, with that dazed, hopeless look upon his face.

Vainly I searched for the place where Mahmoud Selim had made his escape; and when I could do nothing more I made Sherman help me to remove Khafra's body to the temple.

We placed it in the granite coffin that Khafra had told us was his own; and it was not until I lowered the lid upon the Egyptian's remains that Sherman seemed to realize all that had happened in the last few minutes.

Then, falling down on the hard floor, he wept as only a strong man can weep, moved by strong emotion. The paroxysm passed; but long he lay there on the cold stones, his face buried in his arms.

With difficulty I got him to his feet; and, half dragging half carrying him along, I took him back through all that weary maze of passages and chambers, staircases and pits, until we looked once more upon the sun, leaving Khafra to his last and longest sleep.



"HAVING GIFTS DIFFERING"

By Lulu Linton

"YES, it has always been a pet theory of mine, that every one has his specialty, and that this talent, whatever it may be, ought to receive recognition and encouragement. In proof of my theory being correct, I will quote from Holy Writ. The Apostle Paul speaks of a diversity of gifts, and exhorts his hearers thus: 'Having then gifts differing, whether prophecy, prophesy according to the proportion of faith; or ministry, let us wait on our ministering; or he that teacheth, on teaching; or he that exhorteth, on exhortation, etc.' Now if Paul found this diversity of gifts in the people of his age, we certainly would expect to find it in greater degree in present day society."

The enthusiastic young president of the Brookville Lyceum paused for breath, and her audience maintained a discreet silence.

After a series of lectures on Shakespeare, Dante, Browning; on literature of the past, present and future, the members of the Lyceum fairly bristled with knowledge and culture, but when their president advanced the theories of St. Paul they felt that she was getting beyond their depth, for St. Paul had been sadly neglected by the lecturers who had appeared before them.

The president was speaking again, and her face wore a winning smile as she said: "The next meeting will be our closing meeting for the year, and the last time I shall preside, so I am going to ask our executive committee to allow me to digress from the regular routine. Instead of hiring a lecturer for the evening, I want to make of it a specialty entertainment. I want each member to come prepared to do the thing he or she can do best. Only five minutes will be allowed each one for their specialty, so the program will not be lengthy. To add to our bit of fun, I will secure the services of competent judges, not members of the Lyceum, to award a prize to the person who displays greatest ability in presenting his specialty."

The novelty of the plan appealed to her audience, just as Eunice Adams had hoped it

would. A murmur of applause ran round the room, and the president knew that she had carried her point, as she usually did in all her undertakings.

During the informal meeting that followed, every member of the Lyceum agreed to help in the entertainment, with the exception of young Dr. Allison, who sat glum and silent.

"What will you do, Tom?" asked the man who sat next him.

People who knew Dr. Allison well, were apt to forget to use his title in addressing him.

"I can't do anything to entertain people, and Miss Eunice knows it," he grumbled.

The president, catching his remark, laughed mischievously, and others joined in the laughter at his expense.

It was a well-known fact that Tom Allison's mother had intended her son to enter the ministry, and his father had hoped to see him develop into a brilliant lawyer, but all of the education they had heaped on him had failed to give him a society polish, help him to use his slow, blundering tongue, or keep his big hands and feet out of the way of other people.

Giving up in despair, his parents had at last allowed him to make his own choice of profession, and he had thrown his whole heart and soul into the study of medicine and surgery. To be able to keep silent being considered a gift in that profession, he had won an enviable reputation for his knowledge, and none of his patients had ever complained of the big hands whose gentle sympathetic touch drove away pain, nor of the big feet, ever ready to go quickly to relieve distress.

But to think of him in the role of entertainer was amusing.

One dissenting voice against the president's plan did not have any weight, however, and the guests departed with merry promises of being on hand at the next meeting.

During the fortnight that followed there was much secrecy in the preparations for the specialty entertainment, even the most intimate friends in the Lyceum being unable to

find out from each other what part each was to take, and many were the surmises as to who the prize winner would be.

The entire membership came early on the eventful evening, eager to participate in the novel affair. Judge Adams' home was ablaze with light, beauty, and wit, and the judges, seated in the alcove, felt that their task would be an arduous one.

The roll was called by the president, and there followed a medley of entertainment.

There were solos galore—contralto, tenor, and tremolo. There were readings, pathetic, gay, and commonplace. A violin swayed the audience with its weird, sweet cry, and a cornet touched all hearts with its golden melody. A young lawyer told a story that set the house aroar with laughter. A whistler imitated all the birds of the spring time. Then suddenly, little Mae Marxson, in response to her name, wheeled in a small table on which stood a chafing dish already alight, while near at hand were grated cheese, butter, cream, flour and pepper. In a jiffy, tiny plates were served with a dainty wafer and a spoonful of the rarebit.

"Not fair, not fair," some one cried out. "She had everything prepared before hand."

"Well, didn't you have your duty prepared beforehand?" she retorted.

Some complained because Fred Everson, the devoted follower of Mae Marxson passed the plates while she served them, but after they had once tasted the delicious amber mixture they subsided into good humor again.

Earlier contestants gave up the hope of winning a prize over such a specialist as Miss Marxson, but were still anxious to hear the report of the judges.

The president looking over the crowd, and at her list of names, knew that all had participated in the contest with the exception of Dr. Allison, who sat in the rear of the room, his face shaded by one big hand. Pity for his lack of talent in any social line caused her to say hurriedly, "And this last performance closes our program for the evening. I now leave the decision to our judges."

"Hold on, not quite so fast," called out the young lawyer, who had distinguished himself by his well-told story.

"Here's Tom Allison, make him do his stunt. You said that each member had to contribute something to this entertainment."

A murmur of mirth ran through the room,

then some one started the call, "Allison, Allison," and he rose to his feet, conscious of every inch of his six feet two, and faced the judges.

"Do I understand that I may have five full minutes to give an exhibition of the work in which I have most skill?"

The judges and the president nodded encouragingly.

"You all know that my specialty is surgery," he said, modestly.

"I wish to perform a slight operation here tonight. I have long desired to probe the heart of one of our members, or at least to determine if said member had a heart."

The women began to look at each other in affright. Perhaps too close application to his professional studies had effected his reason.

He saw their glances, and smiled. "Do not be alarmed, I shall use no sharper instrument than the instrument of speech. I wish to use my few minutes in trying to reach the heart of our president."

Eunice Adams gave a little gasp of surprise and disapproval, and little Mae Marxson, turning to Fred Everson, started to whisper, "Oh, I believe he's going to propose," but the remark that started in a whisper, ended in a giggling crescendo.

Tom Allison rapped his chair back with his big knuckles, saying, "Silence please, I have the floor. Honorable judges, ladies and gentlemen, I have striven for three years to find an opportunity to voice my sentiments toward our president, and have failed. She is a remarkably busy woman, with many demands upon her time. In all the three years I have hardly had five minutes time alone with her. Other men, with quicker wit and nimbler tongues have claimed all her attention, leaving me in the background. I had determined to try a telephone message, but I happened to hear her say, after answering an urgent appeal made in that way, that it was much easier to say 'no' over the 'phone. I changed my plans instantly. Of course, I could not write, for if it was easy to say no over the 'phone, how much easier to write it. There are times when anxiety is more endurable than certainty, but I have passed that stage, and I feel that I must know her decision. I can scarcely hope that it will be favorable. When I think of her—bright, winsome, beautiful, a social favorite, and compare her with myself, it is like comparing the beautiful

butterfly with the slow plodding caterpillar. I have nothing to offer except—"

"Times up," called the time-keeper, who had been too dazed to attend to his duty.

But Tom Allison finished his speech in spite of them.

"I have nothing to offer except the first and only love of an honest heart, a love that will never falter, never change, even though it be spurned and trampled under foot. Eunice Adams, I want you for my own."

He sat down. There was no ripple of merriment or applause, for the air was heavy with suspense. The judges stirred uneasily.

Eunice Adams, for the first time during her presidency, hesitated about her part of the proceedings, for her copy of Robert's rules of order had made no provision for such an emergency as this.

She lifted a flushed face, struggled for self-control a moment, then said, "We will give five minutes for the decision of the judges."

There was a subdued whispering for the space of three minutes, then one of the judges arose, saying solemnly, "We can come to no decision. The two men of the committee are in favor of giving the prize to Miss Marxson, while the other member insists upon bestow-

ing the prize on Dr. Allison." He paused, with an apologetic glance toward the president, then sat down.

The president faced her audience for a moment, then said quite calmly, "As there has been trouble in the decision of our worthy judges, and I had prepared to give but one prize, I will assist them by allowing them to bestow the cut glass vase upon Miss Marxson, for she certainly deserves it. In recognition of the rights of the lady member of the committee, I will say, a surgeon who undertakes such a difficult task under such adverse circumstances, certainly deserves encouragement and with the consent of the members of the committee, I will award him the heart for which he so skilfully probed," and crossing the room, she held out her pretty hands to him, and forgetting himself in his great joy, he stooped and kissed them with all the grace of a knight of the olden time, and the guests showed their approval by a grand burst of applause.

"They didn't applaud you," Fred Everson grumbled, holding gingerly the beautiful vase that had been awarded to the maker of Welsh rarebit, but Mae Markson giggled, "I don't care, he only won the booby prize."

MY CHOICE

By Marion E. Ryan

WEE Ellen who's two
 With kisses enthralls me completely.
 Older than she may please you,
 But Ellen who's only two
 Is my choice the whole world through
 When she purseth her lips so sweetly
 (Dear Ellen, she's only two!)
 And with kisses enthralls me completely.

DIXIE

By Ada Mixon

O THE land of lands is Dixie Land; it stretches from Maine to Frisco strand,
From the northern lakes to the southern brakes!

O sing this song in Oregon or in the streets of old Boston,

What shouts we make! How the echoes wake!

O I wish I was in Dixie—

Yellowstone! San Antone!

On the Great Divide or in Baltimore,

By the Mississippi's shore,—

Northern lake, southern brake!

I wish I was in Dixie!

From the Everglades to Kalamazoo,

From there to Butte and Denver, too,

Northern lake, southern brake,

Dixie Land!

O wonder of the world is Dixie Land, holding out to all a friendly hand

From the northern lakes to the southern brakes!

From Oklahoma to Richmond Town, from Birmingham to Puget's Sound,

From Omaha to Savannah!

O I wish I was in Dixie!

Utah! Arkansas!

From Niagara Falls to Santa Fe

Old Glory waves away.

Northern lake, southern brake!

O I wish I was in Dixie!

From Mammoth Cave to Idaho,

From Baton Rouge to Ohio,

Northern lake, southern brake,

Dixie Land!

We've changed the map of East and West and fly the colors we love the best,

From the northern lakes to the southern brakes!

From Milwaukee to Pamlico, from old Vicksburg to Chicago,

From Tennessee to New Jersey!

O I wish I was in Dixie—

Albert Lea! Santee!

From Arizona to Pittsburg Town,

The soil is sacred ground;

Northern lake, southern brake!

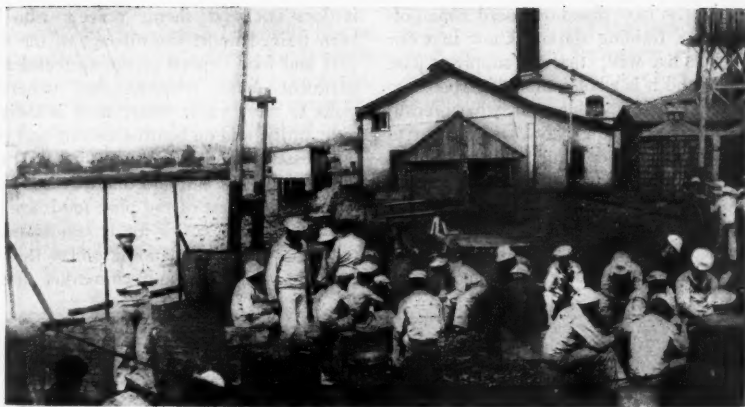
O I wish I was in Dixie!

From St. Louis to Delaware,

From 'Topeka' to Old St. Pierre,

Northern lake, southern brake!

Dixie Land!



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COOK'S STRIKERS SHUCKING OYSTERS

HOW OUR BLUEJACKETS ARE FED

By John R. Cox

BIDS for 5,000,000 pounds of provisions for the enlisted men of the navy were recently opened in the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts of the Navy Department at Washington. These provisions were provided to feed the men on board the battleships and torpedo destroyers comprising the formidable fleet, which, under the command of Admiral Evans, is making the long cruise around the Horn to the Pacific Coast.

The bids covered fresh beef, pork, mutton, veal, bologna and pork sausages, frankfurters, smoked beef tongues, hamburger steak, fresh beef liver and hearts, fresh corned beef, compressed hams, head cheese, sugar cured ham and shoulders, compressed pigs feet, fresh chicken and turkey, potatoes, turnips, tomatoes, carrots, beets, hominy, squash, beans, butter, fruits, all kinds of extracts and flavors, syrups, jellies, and many other articles of diet which the average American boy or man is accustomed to, and are necessary for his comfort and health.

By no means the least of the provisions

called for were those items which were specially selected for the Christmas and New Year dinners held on board the vessels of the fleet, such as turkeys, raisins, nuts, etc. Christmas is one of the happiest days of the year for the bluejacket; it is essentially his day. It is spent in games and concerts on board ship, or football ashore, and if the weather permits, a boat race between the prize boat crews of the ships assembled. But the big event of the day is the dinner. The Commissary Department for weeks preceding the day are preparing plum puddings, pastries and extra dishes.

In past years it has been the custom to order the vessels of the fleet to a navy yard near to a large city, so that liberty may be granted all the members of the crew who can be spared, and who wish to spend the holidays with their families, and to provide special entertainment for those who are compelled to remain on board. But this year the fleet having started on its memorable cruise around the Horn, Christmas was celebrated en-route.

People who have dined on board a man-of-war or at a training station, know that our bluejackets live well; that the supply of food is ample, and it is wholesome and appetizing. But few people know, however, what precautions are taken by the Navy Department to provide pure and healthful food for the enlisted men. In the first place, specifications are so carefully drawn that only the contractor dealing in the best class of provisions can compete. For instance: fresh beef must be in good condition, fit for immediate use, and

it does not end there; officers who have been trained under the tutelage of the scientists and food experts of the agricultural department make frequent and unheralded visits to navy yards where food is delivered in quantity, and on board receiving and cruising vessels; and where any irregularity is detected, or if it is found that any article will not stand the test of the pure food laws and regulations, the entire lot is condemned or rejected. The commanding officer then has the right to purchase in open market an equal



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THE MESS HALL

from fore and hind quarter proportionately, all of the best cuts, no carcass to weigh less than 500 pounds; the neck to be cut off to the line of the vertebrae; kidney fat rejected; and no beef from bulls, stags, and females (except spayed heifers) will be accepted. And the same rigid requirements for other meats and for all vegetables.

And to insure the navy against the slightest fraud or deception, the regulations adopted by the Department of Agriculture are followed; inspection is made at the time of delivery to see that there is no short weight, no partly rotten vegetables or fruits, and that the articles are up to the specifications. But

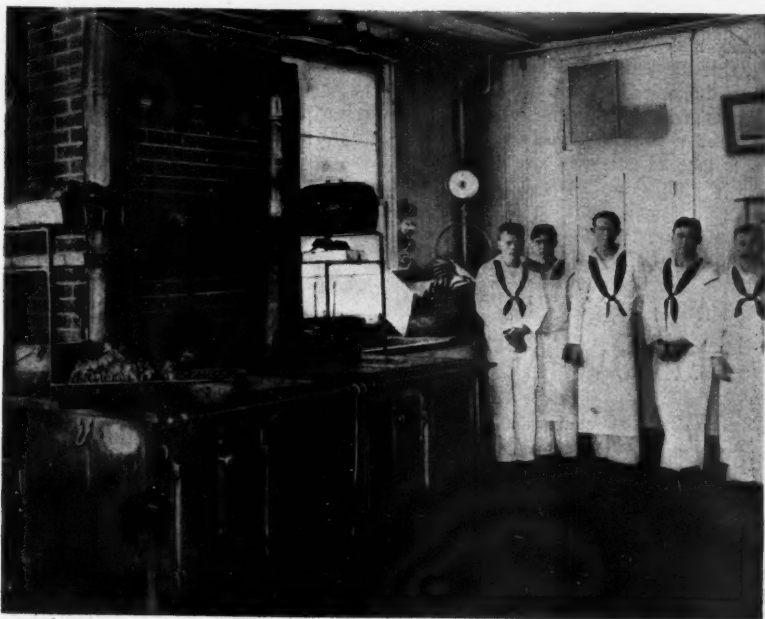
quantity to that condemned, of the best quality obtainable; and should the price paid be in excess of the contractor's bid, the amount of excess shall be charged against him, and he is required to immediately reimburse the paymaster for the difference. The government is fully protected by a bond filed by each contractor; and should it be found necessary to purchase in the open market a second time, due to the fault of the contractor, the department may, if it deem advisable, buy the entire quantity called for in his contract, to be charged to his account, and the contractor may be permanently barred from further competing for navy business.

How would the average housewife like to be thus protected in her marketing? It would come to her as a welcome surprise, no doubt, to realize that she was not at the mercy of the frauds, deception, and short-weighting of the butcher and green-grocer.

Next in importance to having a good food supply is to have it well cooked; for it often happens that the best of food is rendered indigestible or unpalatable by an incompetent cook. This the navy endeavors to avoid;

diat rates of \$30 and \$40; while bakers are paid \$35 and \$45, depending on their class; they receive the same allowances for ration, re-enlistment, continuous service, good conduct, medical attendance, and retirement that other enlisted men do, so that their wages are practically all "velvet."

The school will have immense ranges, fifty-gallon kettles or steam cookers, eighty-gallon coffee urns, meat choppers driven by electric motors, and enormous bakeovens; all under



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THE GALLEY

and though occasionally a bad cook is found, the general rule is that they are efficient and well trained to the special duties required of them in the navy. A school for the instruction of cooks and bakers has been established at the Naval Training Station, Newport, Rhode Island. The school receives recruits direct from civil life, as well as men already in the service in lower ratings, who desire to be transferred to the commissary branch.

Ship's cooks are fairly well paid when all things are considered; and the navy expects, and usually gets, only good ones. The pay ranges from \$25 a month for fourth-class, to \$55 for ship's cooks first-class, with interme-

the supervision of a competent civilian chef, with a first-class cook in charge of each galley, or kitchen. The course will extend over about four months, which, with the experience the applicants are presumed to have in cooking before they come to the class, ought to make them competent cooks. They will serve first as "strikers," clearing up, tending fires, regulating steam in the urns, and lending a hand in the preparation of the food, gradually working up until they are competent to take charge of the galley themselves, and prepare a satisfactory meal of cereals, vegetables, meats, eggs, fruits, sauces, puddings, pastries and ices, with tea, coffee or cocoa.

The plant, when completed, will be as nearly patterned after the galley and bake shop on board ship as is practicable, with all the modern appliances used, such as mechanical dish-washing devices, dough mixers, cold storage plant for fresh meats and vegetables, etc.

The rations for the bluejackets' mess of a man-of-war are issued in kind. The government allows a ration to the enlisted men of the navy under conditions which permit the issuance of practically any article of provisions to the general mess of the ship. In flexibility and variety it is believed, by experts, that the United States Navy ration is unequaled in any military service in the world. It permits giving to the men not only the staple articles of food in abundance, but allows them to take advantage of any local market

to obtain products which are peculiar to the season or climate where the ship may be at the time. By the substitutions authorized, articles equivalent in cost to those of the regular ration can be purchased. These substitutions often include delicacies and dainties, and insure a constantly varying bill of fare.

The chief petty officers' mess is allowed to commute the rations, which gives it the privilege of buying in open market such things as the appetites of the individual members personally crave.

The enlisted men of our navy are better fed than the average man in his own home, and the fare of the average boarding-house is not to be considered in the same class; while comparisons with the rations issued by other navies of the world are all to the immense advantage of our own bluejackets.

FELLOW ACTORS OF SHAKESPEARE

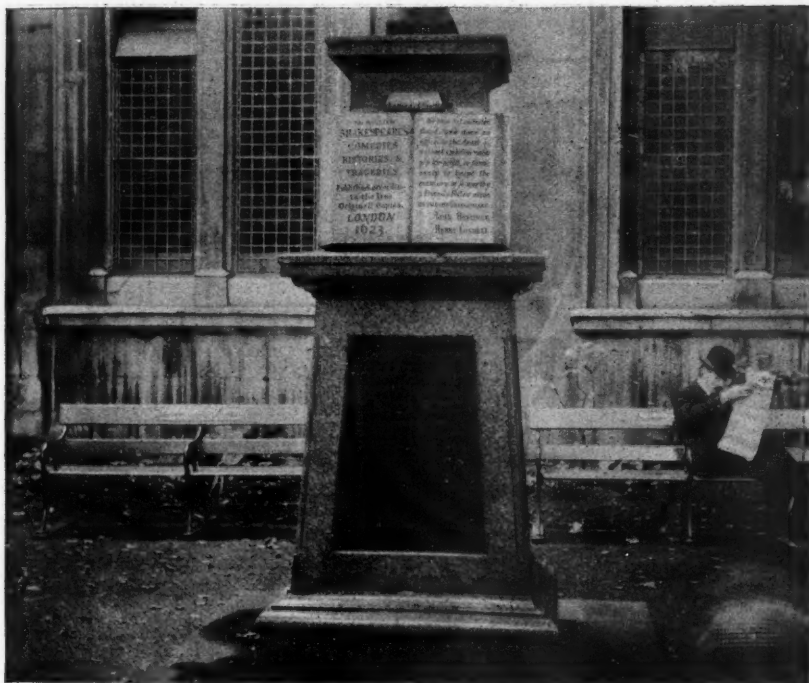
By James Maclaury

IN the references to Shakespeare and his works, we do not remember seeing any mention of John Heminge and Henry Condell, although their work has been invaluable, if one may believe the inscriptions on their monument.

Strolling along Fleet Street, London, one day last August, we made our way up Ludgate Hill, then through St. Paul's Churchyard, to Cheapside. Some odd names of streets interested us, and before proceeding to Bow Church, our goal for that day, we amused ourselves dodging in and out of such streets as Gutter Lane, Friday Street, Bread Street, and, sure enough, close by, was Milk Street. All this was appetizing, and, besides, Milk Street sounded like Boston. This must be explored. It proved to be a very good business street, running north from Cheapside, and decidedly in a wholesale or jobbers' dry goods district, very narrow and only two or three blocks

long. Following it up, a still narrower street began where Milk Street gave up, and this was called "Aldermanbury;" with sidewalks twenty-eight inches wide and roadway wide enough for one dray only. There are archways here and there for the drays to enter into the middle of the block, thus they are enabled to deliver goods and to load up again. They get out of this snarl by some alleys opening out on other streets.

Venturing in, we notice "Guild Hall" just east one or two streets off. This seems to be a very interesting part of London, and coming back into "Aldermanbury," we see a church at its north end, or the "top" of the street, as they say over here. These old churches we came upon in most unexpected places, and services are held in them regularly twice every Sunday. This is the Church of "St. Mary the Virgin," and effectually prevents Aldermanbury from going any further. A small churchyard, very shady and



MONUMENT TO SHAKESPEARE AND HIS FELLOW ACTORS, IN A LONDON CHURCHYARD

damp—partly because of trees, and partly on account of the business houses surrounding this spot, contains among other graves this monument, made of granite, with copper plates on its sides and a bust of Shakespeare on top.

The inscriptions on the copper plates are as follows:

First side:—

John Heminge lived in this Parish upward of forty years, etc., etc., had fourteen children, died Oct. 12th, 1630. His wife also was buried here.

Henry Condell lived in this Parish upward of thirty years, had nine children, some baptized and buried here, etc., etc., died Dec. 22nd, 1637. His wife also was buried here.

The first folio, Mr. William Shakespere's Comedies-Tragedies. Published according to the true original copies—London, 1623.

We have but collected them and done an office to the dead, without ambition either of self-profit or fame, only to keepe the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive, as was our Shakespere.

JOHN HEMINGE,
HENRY CONDELL.

Second side:—

To the memory of John Heminge and Henry Condell, fellow actors and personal friends of Shakespere. They lived many years in this parish, and are buried here.

To their disinterested affection the world owes all that it calls "Shakespere." They alone collected his dramatic writings regardless of pecuniary loss, and without the hope of any profit gave them to the world. They thus merited the gratitude of mankind.

Given to the Nation by Charles Clement Walker, Esq., Lilleshall, Old Hall, Shropshire.

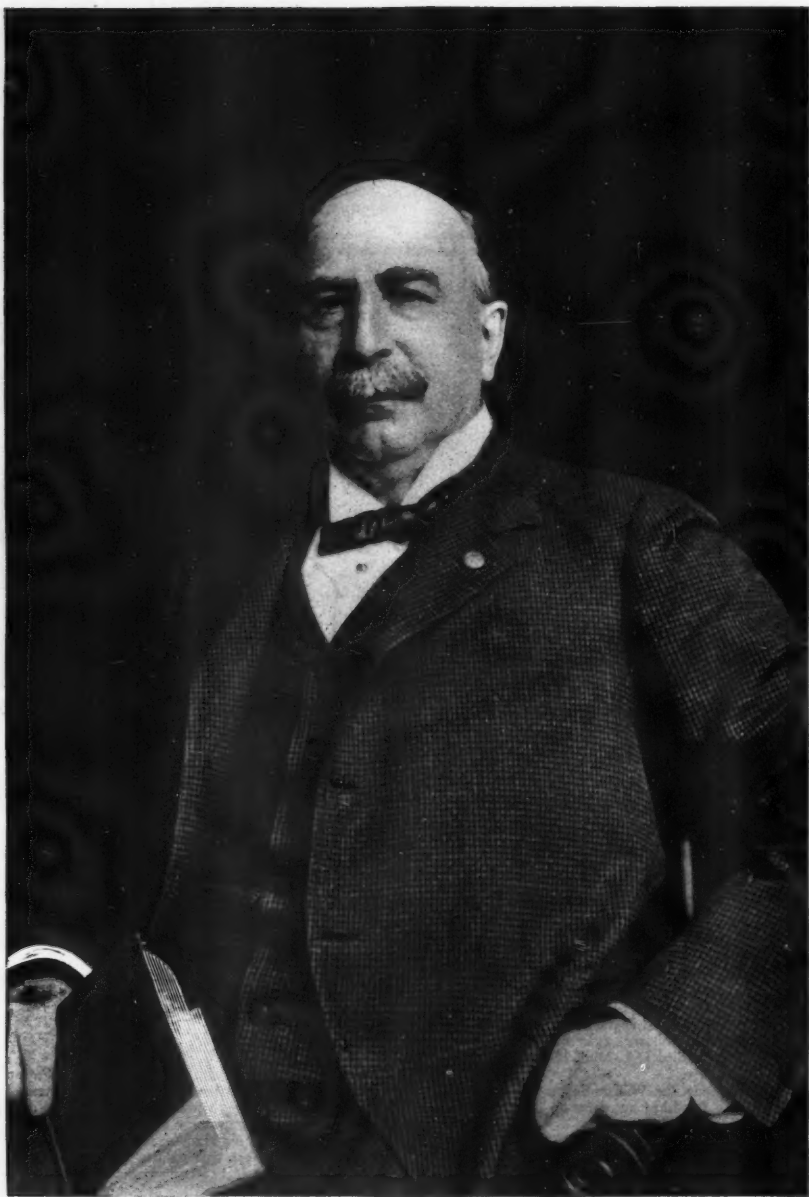
Third side:—

The fame of Shakespere rests on his incomparable dramas. There is no evidence that he ever intended to publish them, and his premature death in 1616, made this the interest of no one else.

HEMINGE and CONDELL

had been co-partners with him in the Globe Theatre, Southwark, and from the accumulated plays there of 35 years, with great labour selected them.

No one then living were so competent, having acted with him in them for many years, and well knowing his manuscripts, they were published in 1623 in Folio, thus giving away their private rights therein. What they did was priceless, for the whole of his manuscripts, with almost all those of the dramas of the period have perished.



GENERAL CHARLES MILLER OF FRANKLIN, PA.

CHARLES MILLER BIBLE CLASS

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

THE brigade of "old subscribers" to a periodical little realize the influence their letters have upon an editor, or how potential are their suggestions coming from time to time to him through the mails.

Not long ago a subscriber and a great admirer of the "Heart Throbs" book, residing in Franklin, Pennsylvania, wrote a genial letter asking the editor to come and visit her home city. Prominent in the brief epistle was this sentence, "Our little city is notable enough to furnish an article for the National."

Farther along in the letter there was some mention of the Charles Miller Bible Class, which my correspondent described as the most wonderful and largest organization of its kind in the world. After reading this letter, it was not long before the opportunity was found for a visit to Franklin.

Arriving in the city on a beautiful Sabbath morning, the mountains of Pennsylvania seemed to smile a welcome, as the train left me and wound its way down the valley to Oil City. Crowning the surrounding hills and peaks were the stately derricks of the world's richest oil fields, which have been pouring out wealth for half a century.

Wandering up the streets from the station, I saw the park and monument and soon found my way to the Park Hotel, one of those delightful hostelrys that is always a haven of rest for the traveling man. Although a stranger in the city, "Minehost" greeted me warmly and made me feel quite at home and ready for a happy day. No sooner had I registered than a card was handed to me, headed:

"GET UP

Sunday morning and come down to the First Baptist Church, Liberty and Eleventh Streets. To be a stranger in a strange city, with time hanging heavy on one's hands, especially Sunday, is not pleasant."

With the card was a little periodical called "The Tidings," in which I found information concerning the Charles Miller Bible Class.

* * *

The First Baptist Church was thronged to the very portals. After the service the minister, Dr. Maurice Penfield Fikes, came

to shake hands with the members of the congregation, and everybody paused for that social few minutes, and the little, personal words of help that do so much to lighten the monotony of many lives. This place of worship certainly has the tingle and glow of real work and militant Christian service.

The Charles Miller Bible Class convenes in the afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Its enrollment is about 600 men, and there is an auxiliary class of about 150 ladies, who occupy an upper room. The Sunday School totals 1,500 members, which is about twelve per cent of the entire population of the city. I learned that the Miller Bible Class was by no means a new organization, having been in existence since 1874, in which year General Miller was elected superintendent of the school, which then had a membership of seventy-five. He has held this office through all the supervening years, having been continually re-elected until now he is rounding out his thirty-fourth year of continuous service. In early days the church had a membership of twenty-three, but church and school have grown up together, "flourishing like a green bay tree."

A unique feature in the day's worship is the service of the "Hand Shake Club," which meets at 9:30 a.m. in the church parlor, for men only. Another attractive feature is the "People's Happy Hour," which begins exactly at 7:30 and ends with equal promptness at 8:30 p.m.; never was a shorter sixty minutes.

At the entrance of the Sunday School room is a large blackboard, with space for over a thousand numbers, and instead of calling the roll—a lengthy process in a school of such size—each attendant places a chalk mark which indicates "present." At 2:30 nearly every seat on the floor and in the gallery above was filled, and hardly a vacancy could be seen in the great auditorium.

The church orchestra is made up of local talent, the director being Mr. George W. Feldman. The choir boys in vestments marching to their seats to the sweet strains of a processional opening hymn, were a

surprising overture, but there is no sectarian prejudice here; everything that can make the service delightful and profitable is adopted—what a great advance since the time when the good Scotchman gravely told his class of boys, "After ye ha been to your Sunday Schule, ye may do what ye like and ye may gang whaur ye wull, but *ye maun na whistle on the Sawbath.*"

Then appeared General Charles Miller, the superintendent, the commander, in fact the general of the forces, "in the stirrup." He was dressed in a frock coat and turn-down collar and white tie, and his face beamed with pleased anticipation and welcome. Simple, democratic, genial, he announced the songs and off the school started at a double quick tempo. With a heartiness that was infectious, the superintendent walked back and forth over the platform, ablaze with enthusiasm, and he soon had the spirit of the whole assembly attuned. I think I never heard a Sunday School sing with quite so much verve. A simple prayer followed.

It was somewhat of a relief to know that there was a "quarterly review" that day and no "lesson," for I must have confessed that I had not "studied the lesson;" I consoled myself with the thought that one could not be expected to shine in a review of quarterly work with four months of absent marks against him. There was a preliminary, straight-off-the-bat talk by General Miller, with a strong flavor of practicality about it, likely to appeal to men in all walks of life. He referred to the glories and blessings of the past year, and what it had done for the cause of the Lord, incidentally remarking that he did not like to see taken from the coinage of the country the good, old motto, "In God we Trust." Graphically he related the incident of how Lincoln, in the dark days of the Civil War, immortalized that motto.

In his speech the General insisted that men should not be afraid to join the church, though he knew that was what kept many a young man from being openly on the right side, the chief deterrent being the fear that a profession would be made which could not be lived up to. In exercising the true courage of manhood strength would be engendered, and the speaker said there was no reason why convictions regarding religious matters should be hidden, when similar decisions in almost any other relation of life would be fearlessly asserted.

Another stirring song or two—everybody liked to sing—and the waving of the General's hands kept the music in perfect time and rythm. With such a leader we all felt we must keep up the pace, and the enthusiasm spread to every part of that wide audience room. It was like the meeting of one large family, gathered for a glorious good time, and prepared to study the word of the Lord without any trace of the ceremony or gloom of early Puritan days.

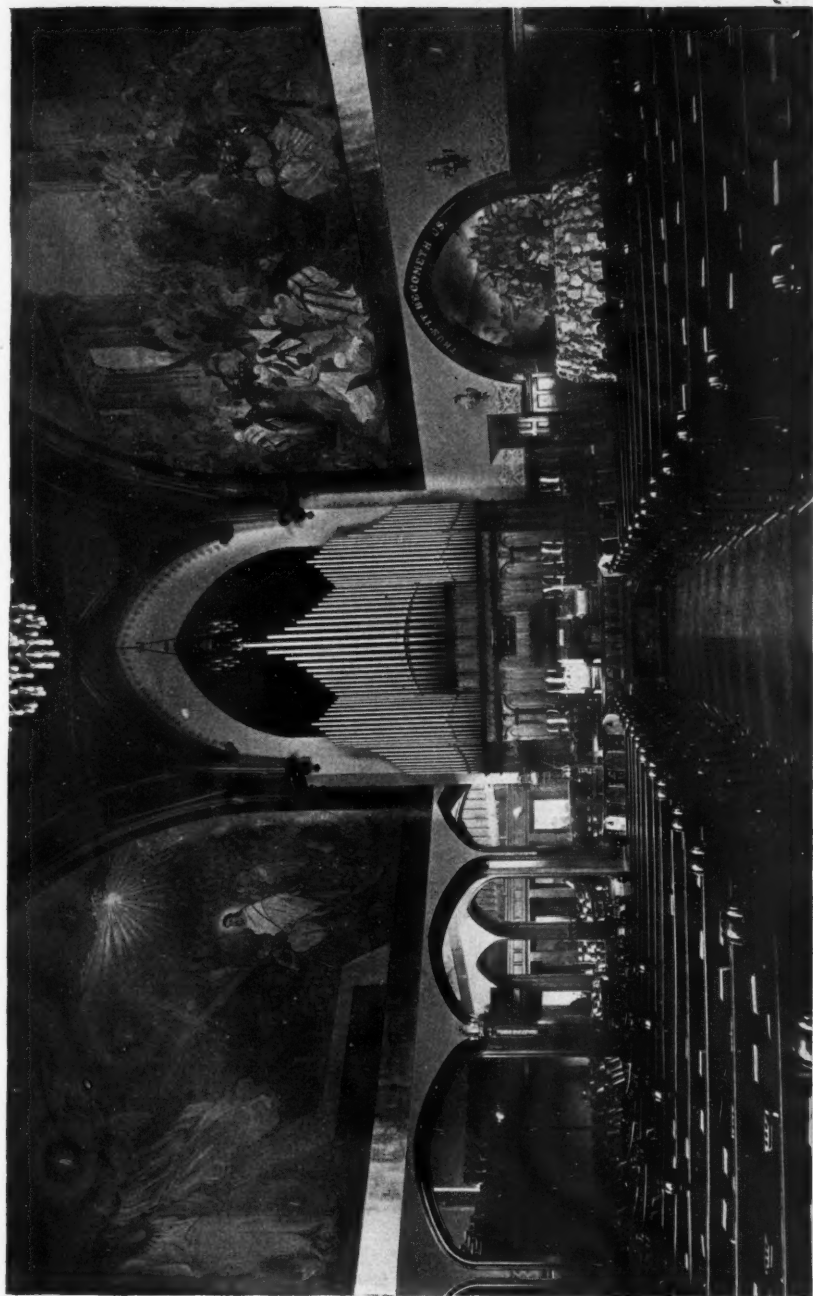
The General rather balked when he was to announce the prize selection of the orchestra. One glance was enough; it had a foreign, classical title; after he had considered it a moment, he said:

"C. O. D. on delivery. George let 'er go," and so the orchestra proceeded to play "C. O. D." It might be inferred that immediately thereafter a collection would be in order, but there was none. The performance of the home orchestra was really refreshing, and added much to the attractiveness of that delightful afternoon. Each player entered into his part like a true lover of music, rather than with the indifference of the professional, and the rendering would have done credit to even the haughty Boston Symphony.

Enjoying myself to the fill, I was getting from my neighbor scraps of information regarding General Miller and his work, interspersed with an occasional "God bless him." No thought of any breakers ahead for me. The General alighted from the platform and came directly toward me—and—and—there I was. My easy calm vanished for he has a way of getting what he wants, so before I realized it he had me standing on the platform, looking into the faces of the boys and girls and hoping I appeared wiser than I felt, as I racked my brains for something to say that would be really appropriate. You can imagine the rest, and that the boys and girls enjoyed seeing "another big boy speaking his piece"—even if I was embarrassed.

The opening exercises completed, and the infliction of the visitor's speech over, the doors were closed in the centre of the room, shutting off the Bible Class in one apartment and leaving the Kindergarten and smaller classes in their respective places around the circle. Then there was the usual buzz, as teachers and scholars began reviewing the lessons of the year.

General Miller has a wonderful way of asking questions and finding replies; every



INTERIOR BAPTIST CHURCH, FRANKLIN, PA., WHERE THE CHARLES MILLER BIBLE CLASS, 'OVER ONE THOUSAND STRONG, MEET EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON. THE LARGEST AND MOST ENTHUSIASTIC SUNDAY SCHOOL IN ANY CITY OF ITS SIZE IN THE WORLD

minute of the study hour was instructive, and the class was not less interesting than the teacher. Down in one corner was the good, old brother, who was ready to stand by his convictions and insisted that Joseph's first great act was to have a dream, while the General stuck to it that the interpretation was Joseph's first important act, rather than the dreaming of the dream. Then in another part of the class the Scotchman spoke up and, remarked that if there had been no dream there could have been no interpretation. The General's tribute to sturdy Biblical and historical characters showed a remarkable insight into human nature as it is today, and also the power of the speaker to apply Old Testament lessons to the life of the present time. Every sentence and every thought that was brought out had a purpose that would be useful in the workaday world tomorrow. The conclusion of that hour in Charles Miller's Bible Class was announced all too soon.

Then came the parting handshake, the hearty greetings and the lingering in the halls for a few last words, but the General did not permit me to leave without glancing into the Kindergarten room, where there were rows of bright, expectant little faces, looking out for what the stranger introduced by the superintendent would say. I noticed that the stars of the Christmas decorations still remained.

What impressed me most was the spirit of the church and school. They were magnificent organizations, but it was not what money could do that made them so—it was rather the firm belief in the right and good combined with the power of personality that were exemplified in that institution.

The officers of the Miller Bible Class are a fine corps, headed by the General as teacher. Henry Reading is president, Fred Bartholomew first vice-president, R. L. Satterwhite second vice-president, the secretary is C. L. Griffin and the treasurer is S. T. Graham.

What especially interested me was to find after the service so many people ready to tell me about General Miller and his noble work. It was there that I heard the story of the great industry with which he is now connected. "Galena Oil" is now so well-known that it hardly needs description. It is today in constant and increasing use in more than ninety percent of the railroads of the United States. The story of its inception, as I heard it, was that there were two valves shaking loose in the machinery of a factory in which

General Miller was interested; something was needed to keep them tight, and a mixture was applied by Mr. Miller for that purpose, but instead of tightening the valve it acted as a powerful lubricant; the valve instantly loosed its hold. Thus the new lubricant was discovered by Charles Miller in 1869. The Galena Oil Works, which grew out of this discovery, were the outcome of General Miller's energy, and this company is now one of the best known corporations in the world for the treatment of heavy and lubricating oils, used so largely everywhere, and covered by patents both here and in foreign countries.

The Galena Oil Works were first chartered with General Miller as president, and all kinds of oil for the use of railroads were made. The plant of the company today is a wonderful sight. It is said that the Franklin district furnishes at the present time better quality and more of these oils than all the rest of the continent combined; the Galena treatment having brought the product to the highest point of perfection. The three railroads that began to use it in 1869 have never changed their oil.

Railroad workers know how important good lubricants are to the success of machinery and engines, but outsiders little understand such facts as that the New York Central was enabled to make the world's record for a long distance run because every axle, every journal and every box and wheel, from the tip of the cow catcher to the tail light, were lubricated with Galena Oil.

Of Huguenot ancestry, Mr. Miller was born in Alsace, France, in 1843. The family came to this country in 1854 and settled on a farm near Boston, Erie County, New York. At the age of thirteen he began his career working in a village store at \$35 a month and board. In Buffalo at the age of seventeen he earned \$175 a month, and it was at this time, in '61, that he enlisted in the New York National Guard. In 1863 he was mustered into the United States service. In 1864 he purchased the business in which he had first been a clerk and in which he invested his frugal savings, amounting to \$200; he was assisted by a loan of \$2,000 from Dr. Sibley.

General Miller carried on an extensive dry goods business until 1869, when the patent for Galena Oil manufacture was taken out. The refinery built for this purpose burned down, but the business was reorganized and re-established, and finally developed into the

Galena Oil Works, with the entire management given to Mr. Miller, who has made an unrivalled record in his business exploitation. His business trips average over 50,000 miles a year, and he has probably more friends in the various parts of the country, among the railroad men, from Our Lady-of the Snows to Mexico, than any other one man possesses. No matter what he may be doing he is the same insistent, magnetic soul, always crowned with splendid success, whether it be in the management of a Bible class or the exploitation of business. Perhaps the secret of his influence is that he is truly master of himself.

It is said that General Miller is endowed with the rare gift of penetration that amounts almost to intuition. He can take up a business statement and see through it instantly. He is the very personification of modern ideals of business operation, but has always maintained the highest standard of Christian citizenship. His benefactions always kept pace with his prosperity, and there is probably no wealthy man of today who gives more of himself as well as his money in good deeds. He is extremely popular in the old home city of Franklin and thousands come to visit the church and school to which he belongs.

* * *

In public speaking or writing, as in all he undertakes, General Miller has the faculty of imparting something new, in his own inimitable way.

The General's benefactions are not confined to religious work; he takes an interest in all welfare enterprises, notably in the free night schools with spacious rooms and first-class equipment, which is his especial charge and where his personal friendship and interest are appreciated even more than the other privilege enjoyed. Perhaps, however, his pet enterprise is the First Baptist Church, which has been his church home for more than a quarter of a century. Like his Bible Class, it is broad and generous, with no trace of sectarianism. His work is far-reaching and it would be hard to estimate the number of men he has rescued by kindly assistance and sympathy and cheering help, which seem to be his peculiar characteristics.

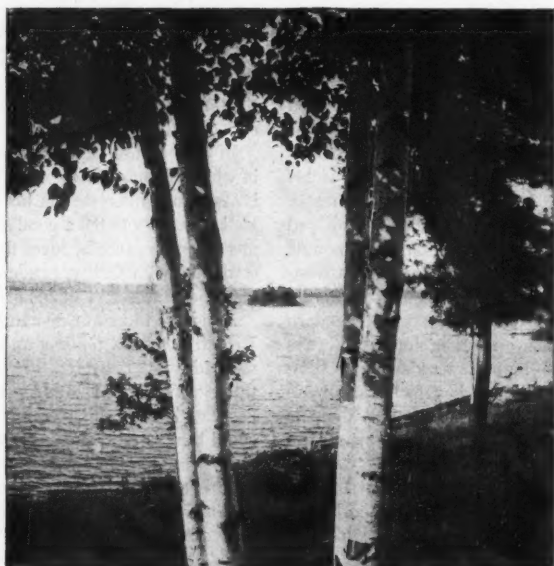
It is said that the General will make any sacrifice rather than miss one of his Sunday services, and has been known to charter an engine in order to get home on Saturday night and be with his class on Sunday.

Serving for two terms as mayor, he has declined nomination to any higher office, believing that his life work is at home with his towns-people, his class and his business. The General is prominent in G. A. R. matters and has served for many years as president of the Northwestern Grand Army of the Republic, and as Major-General of the National Guard of Pennsylvania he won distinction by meeting every duty and emergency like the true soldier that he is.

In Miller Park stands his handsome house, in which he enjoys home life. General Miller is also much interested in his fine stock farm. He knows how to tell a good story and how to meet men, because he loves them, and in this, combined with thrifty, prudent work, may be discerned the secret of his great success.

Amid the incessant demands of a busy life, I could not resist reading and re-reading that fine address, delivered to young men, entitled "Wanted—a Man." It is full to the brim with compelling enthusiasm, and none could hear or read such words without feeling an impulse to obey the trumpet call to action. In this address are indications of that close, personal study of Bible history which Mr. Miller has made despite the tremendous demands on his time. It is remarkable that so busy a man can, week after week, go on delivering talks that would in themselves make a very valuable and interesting book.

I was especially interested in a dainty little brochure which I picked up; it was called "The Guardian," and gives yet another glimpse of the diversified genius of the author. It is a touching little story of Juniata Mountains in Pennsylvania. The little book is exquisitely illustrated, and the story, sweet in its simplicity, brings up visions of "the dew-kissed flowers, fanned into fragrance by the zephyrs of the mountain." There is a graphic touch in the few words that tell of the old house among the foliage, revealing the comfort of its once hospitable walls. The pages are a beautiful blending of the poetic spirit of nature, with that ever present appeal to men of intelligence and activity, and the story of the young engineer and his beautiful life-long love, that bloomed and faded among the mountain flowers, shows an unlooked for phase in the character of the active business man and energetic teacher, whose heart is ever with the little city in the heart of the Pennsylvania hills, where are the friends and the work that he loves so well.



God's Ain Countrie

By FRANK MACINTYRE

When the whisp'ring winds are blowing,
And the river's gently flowing,
E'en though age my step is slowing,
How my old heart starts to glowing:
And I find myself a-wishing,
That I might go off a-fishing;
Where the golden sunshine's streaming,
And the silver water's gleaming,
In God's Ain Countrie.



God's Ain Countrie

(Continued)

I can hear the pine trees sighing,
And o'erhead the clouds are flying;
While the forest all is ringing,
With the happy bird's sweet singing:
I can see the water flashing,
I can hear the fish a-splashing;
And my aged eyes are beaming,
As I sadly sit a-dreaming,

Of God's Ain Countrie.

WHAT "SINGLE TAX" MEANS

By C. H. Ingersoll

Of the firm of Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro., manufacturers of "Ingersoll Watches."

YOUR editor asks why I, a business man, apparently prosperous, am a believer in the principles of Henry George and the amelioration of poverty, implying that such philosophies are logical only for the "disinherited masses."

If, within the limitations of this article, I can answer his question so he and his quarter million readers will get my viewpoint, I shall indeed be thankful.

It is obvious that no difference in attitude should exist between different groups of people, rich or poor, capitalist or laborer, toward a principle of justice or morality; all should espouse such a principle. So if the philosophy of George, now commonly known as the "Single Tax" rings true as a common factor in the uplift of humanity, it is not for any wise man no matter where he is classified, to alienate himself from it.

The complete answer to the editor's question, is in the pages of "Progress and Poverty;" or for those with limited time and disinclination for close analysis, in "Social Problems" or even the "Land Question," in each of which George unfolds, in choicest English, the problem, divested of complexities and the remedy, so simple that even a business man cannot refuse it.

If there is one thing emphasized by the "Prophet of San Francisco," it is that a violation of natural law is absolutely universal in its baneful effects, and that an injustice perpetrated on one division of society, must react on every other division, including the presumed beneficiaries of the injustice.

It is our habit to shower too much pity on the poor and forget the many ways in which we suffer in their degradation. And how about the very rich with their overload of unspendable wealth; their responsibility; their half-conscious guilt in the possession of wealth not earned? Indeed which of the extremes shall we most commiserate?

The more I live and study both extremes, the more I am in doubt on this point, with

slight inclination to think the rich really the poorer.

And what of the middle class with its sure, if slow, tendency to gravitate to the lower ranks, despite its constant desire to climb at any cost into the upper? Is theirs an ideal condition? No, we have a seething mass of unrest which satisfies neither the moralist, patriot nor business man. No level headed business man can contemplate the social conditions of today with any feeling of security, not to say optimism, and that there is every reason to fear a cataclysm, which will put an end to all business schemes, unless we who can command ourselves, take up—not the cause of the masses only—but the common cause, and clear away the confusions and complexities that now enmesh us, and go straight for the remedy.

We have not many more decades for groping; we cannot excuse ourselves for not studying, knowing and acting. "Too late" is a familiar warning that may well give us pause, as we all concede we are going *some*—but whither?

"Know thyself" is a wise maxim applied to bodily conditions; its application to conditions of the body politic cannot be construed as pessimism except by those who make "optimism" a profession—those who believe that "what is, is right;" true optimism can only be based on a complete self-knowledge and a frank acknowledgement of existing weakness.

So I say, it is for us business men to be on the alert in some matters not directly connected with our own counting rooms, or even with conventional philanthropies and religious functions. We are every day seeing the fruits of our indifference to things we think are abstract or remote, in the bold daylight robberies being perpetrated on us in the name of politics and finance; this points immediately to other departments of our social household which if not investigated and corrected, will surely lead us to bankruptcy.

And yet I do not concede this to be pessimism; there have been times when it would have passed as such, but in the present enlightenment, the conditions I point to are a matter of common knowledge; but my optimism is wholly based on the Single Tax remedy.

The Single Tax theory is based on the principle recognized by leading philosophers, economists and jurists of all ages; that the earth is the heritage of the people, and that land should not be absolutely private property; even our modern governments recognize this in their law of eminent domain, and Moses, Blackstone, Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill, Thomas Jefferson and Herbert Spencer, have specifically declared this as a principle of justice; yet no one had discovered a practicable way of giving effect to this principle,—various schemes such as subdivision of the land among the people every ten years having been tried and found of little avail in escaping the well recognized evils of land monopoly—until George thought of the natural and easy method of perfectly working out an apportionment of nature's bounties and values created by the community, by a tax on the value of land, in place of every other tax.

I cannot here undertake to trace, as George so conclusively does, the great ruling evils of society, notably poverty, immorality and crime to land monopoly and speculation. I can only ask you to give a few hours to his matchless reasoning; here are his principle premises; that crime and degradation are effects, not causes; that poverty creates directly and indirectly, substantially all society's ills; that poverty, at least in its extremes, is unnecessary and due to the power given to the few to command service of the many; that all we have proceeds from the land, and therefore power is given to the land owner over those who do not own it.

This may be seen, directly, in the case of a *landlord* and tenant; the former may live in idleness and luxury, and the latter must struggle to the utmost for bare existence; but it is also to be seen in many indirect ways not easily discovered, but more far reaching, as for example, the great railroads exercising a blighting effect in making high rates, or building up impregnable monopolies by secret contracts, while enjoying with a nominal tax, the almost priceless franchises of the people, or the great mineral, mining or oil monopolies, taking billions of wealth from the earth—

"the heritage of the people." But the greatest of all land value is found in the great cities, as for instance, in New York City, the land alone is worth more than all property of every kind in the balance of New York State.

All of which roughly shows the gigantic proportions of this common fund of value, which as has been in all ages acknowledged, and as any healthy mind can see, is created by the people collectively, and belongs to them, but is now appropriated by those privileged to "own land."

It should not be inferred that normal land ownership is charged with this burden of crime against society; that is, ownership accompanied with legitimate use in directly obtaining a living from the soil, as for example, the working farmer or the modest house owner; nor in any form of industry.

It is the abuse of private ownership everywhere prevailing, and which is inseparable from this institution, that works the harm; the speculative booming, amounting so often to a craze, producing highly fictitious values; and that even more damaging inaction, the mere "holding for a rise" of land under nominal taxation, while industry is compelled to pass farther on and finally crowds around, and produces a value that often yields fabulous profits to this slothfulness.

I ask you to discard all preconceptions for a moment, and note the contrast in the treatment received by industry, and by inactivity, by our present system of taxation: Unimproved land goes almost free on the theory that it is earning no income, and in disregard of the fact that it is a stumbling block, a drag on development, and is growing valuable by the industrious efforts of others. But how are these same efforts requited by the assessor? Build a house, or even paint one, or beautify your property, and you must pay a penalty! Buy a suit of clothes, a barrel of sugar or a ton of coal, and you will have paid another fine that must discourage your effort to live comfortably. Our present system is a direct encouragement to speculative inaction, and at every turn a blow at honest industry. In other words, our ignorance of scientific taxation is responsible for the one great fundamental evil under which we are staggering—not knowing, because we do not study, that the complete remedy is within easy reach.

At first you may say individual ownership is necessary to individual ambition, and that

to own a piece of the earth is an inalienable longing of humanity. Reflection will show you that this is but a matter of form, as the proposed system would make more secure than at present, the *possession and use of land* if such were the object of "owning," and it would only intervene if the object were *possession and non-use* for the purpose of preventing use by others, except on terms made by its possessor.

In fact the "single tax" would not disturb existing titles to land at all, but by surrounding users of land with fair conditions, not now existing, would make them absolutely secure. The force of the change would fall on those non-users or partial users of tracts they are holding for advance in price. For example, of two adjoining pieces of land, one is occupied by a building and other improvements, and the other is in its raw, natural state; the owner of the first pays a high tax on every building and its contents; on even his fences, ditches, grading, etc., and also a high tax on the land itself, while his neighbor pays a low tax on the land alone. The single tax would remove all tax from the improvements and take the full rental value of the land only, without considering in the slightest degree the improvements, thus lowering the tax paid by owner No. 1. The tax on the unimproved plot would be increased three or four times, bringing it to the actual economic value, corresponding to the adjoining land.

And what would be the net result of this? First, an industrious man's taxes would be lowered, and he would be encouraged to make further improvements. Second, the "dog in the manger" would realize that there was no longer any profit in holding land idle, so he would use it, build upon it, cultivate it, and employ labor, thus raising wages. Third, another house would be in the market, lowering rents for houses, and more produce would be sent to market, contributing to cheaper prices for such. Fourth, as the revenues from land would more than suffice for all expense of government, every other tax would be abated, so the general public would actually be exempt from taxation! The land would take care of it all, and justly so, because these same people have made every dollar of these values.

It would naturally be suggested that a proposition to tax land values only,—which to the casual student would mean taxing land

only—would place the tax burden heavily on the farmer, the principal land owner; but such would not be the result, which illustrates the great distinction between land and land values. Apparently the farmer owns nearly all the land, but from the standpoint of *value*, the city owners have it nearly all, which demonstrates the main eternal verity of the George idea, namely, that the people make the values; relatively, farm land, the bare land before being touched with the ax, hoe or plow has little value; the value of improvements, which includes everything on or in the bare original land, far exceeds the land value, so that the exemption of these would far more than offset the land value tax, and bring about a net reduction in the farmers' tax.

By "farmer" I mean the average "working farmer" with a farm not so large that he can't work it well with the assistance of his sons and incidental hiring; the consolidated farms, worked largely by machinery and hired labor, where improvement values were largely exceeded by land values, would naturally and justly pay a larger proportionate tax which again proves the true democracy of the plan as applied to the farmer.

Accordingly a business man should be a Single Taxer; because the wise business man knows: that whatever opposes the tendency to centralization, consolidation, elimination of the individual as a factor in production, contributes to an *insurance of the future welfare of this nation*, including its business interests.

Now, as to the effects in cities and their suburbs; we in New York, have now reached 50 stories in our buildings, adjoining which are frequently found either vacant lots or three story rookeries. In this respect we are a freak town, and why is it? Land speculation of the double back action kind, is the reason; it has produced such inverted pyramid of fictitious values, that a plot for building costs so much that the only way to get square is to go up into the heavens; at the same time the tax on adjoining unimproved or badly improved plots, is so low as to encourage the independently situated owners to maintain for years what should be regarded as public nuisances, in old uninhabitable structures in our finest sections.

And what would the "S. T." do here? First, no one, even the Astors, could afford to hold an idle piece long; they would have to be built on forthwith, with the effects on

wages and rents already noted. There are 327 square miles of land in Greater New York no more than one-fifth of which is or ever has been built upon. Second, no one could long afford to maintain inferior buildings (and at least one-half those here are in no wise consistent with their locality.) Result, general improvement of the city, plus results to labor and renters. Third, the income from this new source would displace all other taxes, and in addition run all the street railways far into the suburbs *free of cost to the travelers*, just as our buildings run free elevators; also build libraries and art galleries, parks, boulevards and other improvements never dreamed of, and probably finish by paying to each individual citizen, a cash dividend on his community property—and this is no pipe dream, but a statement of hard demonstrable fact! Do you blame a business man for being a Single Taxer? This is just plain business sense—not altruism, humanitarianism or anything of that sort. There is not a business man or legitimate capitalist that would not follow me if he knew what I have found out—and there are a lot of us know it already.

Further results can better be imagined than set down; the city would spread and with it every unit of business and dwelling; everyone would enjoy comfortable surroundings; with the diffusion of land values over the larger area would come great reduction thereof in the congested centers, and the impetus to 50 story freaks would be wanting, and approximate uniformity with complete sanity in building construction would obtain; a properly engineered system of transit would follow the elimination of the "big fours" of Wall Street exploitation, and a well housed suburban dwelling people would quickly mass them selves daily in Manhattan for business, and in due course the tenement habit would be cured, or at least become cleanly; the people coming into their own and gradually realizing that all was not hopeless; that they were not after all born to create wealth for the Astors, Goellets and Hoffmans, or even our cherished *other* Trinity, would become what they all want to be, citizens of the highest type.

Do you blame a business man for being a Georgite when such visions are supported by a cold blooded analysis of the facts?

A great obstacle in our country to an understanding of the Single Tax idea is that our areas of land are so vast, and even in and near

our greatest cities, big lots, acres and square miles of idle land are seen, and a railway trip takes us through hundreds of miles of practically unoccupied territory; all this blinds the average eye to the real principle involved, and they point to this land and say, "there's plenty of land in our country; let people go to it; the land question is for England or Ireland—not for *our* great country."

But please follow me: First, it is land speculation that produces this big show of apparently undesired land; there is active demand and urgent need for it, but our system places a discouraging and often prohibitive price on it. Next, and most important, is to get untwisted on the distinction between *land* and *land values*. The Single Tax has nothing to do with land as such, but only that land which has a substantial value, either natural, as a mine, or created by population, as in a great city; and in each case the land monopoly *works out in full* its baneful results, whether in New York City, in the mountains of Nevada, or in England or Ireland; in other words, land monopoly means individual lots or tracts and in any community of sufficient size to give its land a value, the same ratio of injustice exists as in the largest city where the gigantic figures make it so obvious as to compel the attention of the most supine.

Or to state the case another way: Generally speaking, people in communities combine on a fairly uniform scale in creating land values, and therefore each individual may be said to have an equal interest in them; therefore, the "land question" in its most urgent phase, becomes a mere question of population in cities and towns and when we say that in our country we have as many urban dwellers as England, which is doubtless more than true, we have shown the land question to be of equal importance to us, irrespective of the fact that our total land area may be a hundred times as great; and also of the fact that poverty is keener there; so it may be safely accepted that questions of land monopoly, unearned increment, land values, taxation, ground rents, etc., as the subject is variously alluded to, are of universal application and importance, varying only in slight degree. To say "let the people go to the country if they want land" begs the whole question; they are living on land here in the city as truly as if they were farming and they claim as their own the value they have thus

created in *this* land; and also the collateral benefits that will result from the freeing of *all* land from the embargo now resting on its use.

There is much confusion of ideas and definitions, which, in the average mind unused to economic subjects, interferes with that ready understanding and acceptance of the Single Tax, which its simplicity should invite. The term "land monopoly" for example, is confusing, since "monopoly" in the usual sense, namely, the control of a whole field of industry, absolutely to the exclusion of others, does not exist as to land; so it is necessary in understanding the land question, to bear in mind that when we speak of land monopoly we mean individual monopolization of individual portions of land which works practically the same evils as if all land were owned by one individual, the difference being only in the degree to which the rental and increment are concentrated in the hands of a few individuals, it making no difference to the non-owners whether their rent is paid to one or one million persons.

As showing the extent to which our present system *tends* to concentrating the land *toward* the ownership of one individual, note the following facts as to the distribution of wealth in the United States:

	FAMILY AVERAGE	
8,417,612 families own	\$4,715,000,000	\$ 560
6,313,209 " "	22,632,000,000	3,585
1,452,847 " "	51,953,000,000	35,000
4,047 " "	15,000,000,000	3,000,000

Another confusion damaging to this cause hinges on the interpretation of the terms "land monopoly" and the proposition of "making land common property" by which term the George theory is often loosely stated.

No one more fully appreciates than did George the necessity for the absolute individual possession and control of land, and yet it is a common notion that his plan would involve a "division of land among everybody" and in destruction of the ancient, natural and laudable human desire to "own a home;" in fact all that is perversion, but to understand that, close distinctions are needed.

First, the term land monopoly, must be clearly understood. The next distinction necessary is between land ownership for purposes of speculation by holding it idle for advance in value, or for the collection of rents, and *ownership for the purpose of using it*; then we must have clearly in mind that there is no suggestion of any division of the land, any

government ownership, any common ownership, or anything else but the one simple proposition of increasing the tax on the *bare land value*, up to the point where the full economic rents, which is the price it could be rented for, is practically all absorbed in taxation.

This would destroy monopoly for the purpose of *speculation*, but it would make more secure possession for the purpose of *use*; the first, because the speculator could not afford to pay this heavy tax, and must therefore either become a productive user of his land, or give it up to someone who would use it; and the second, because of the assurance that under the new system the land would never be taxed at more than its own bare value, no matter how much it was improved, whereas under our existing system a portion of every improvement is confiscated by taxation and also the land tax is increased for no other reason than its improvement by the owner, and the dangers of eventual loss of ownership and possession by sale for taxes is far greater to the *active* owner under the present system than it could be under the Single Tax; the slothful owner is the one protected at present, as *you* can see by looking around you at the idle tracts which industry is compelled to pass around, the community to tolerate as an eye sore, and menace, and the municipality to police, light, build sewers, sidewalks, and streets, around, as if it were serving the people instead of filching from them.

And the only sense in which the land would be "made common property" is that only where *land value* exists, to the extent that rent would be paid for its use, that rent would be taken by the Single Tax and applied (in place of all other taxes now existing) to the common benefit of the whole community; but there would be no physical division or disturbance of possession, or increase in the taxes of users of land.

This is the important dividing line between the Single Tax and Socialism with which it is commonly confused, when it is the *direct opposite*; the Socialists would take over and apportion under an elaborate scheme of centralized government, not only all land, but all industry of every form, while Single Taxers would work out the most fundamental desideratum of the Socialists, namely, a substantial division of the land (by the distribution of land *values*) with scarcely

a change in our present system of appraisal and tax collection; and from this change, which would do violence to no industrial interest, would follow a correction of all the industrial and social evils pointed out by the Socialists, leaving intact individual possession, ownership, initiative and enterprise, obviously necessary to modern society.

The terms "landlord," "land," and "land value" should be closely defined in relation to this subject. *Landlord* means, not the renter of a house as in our city life, but the owner of land as best exemplified by the great lords of England; *land* means only the ground divested of every improvement in or on it; a ditch is as much an improvement as a house. The *value of land* or *land value* means all value inherent in the bare land, either the value attaching to a favored location, to the contents of the land as oil or mineral, or to the increment due to surrounding population; but in no case any value due to human labor expended on or in it in improvements; it is this land value which the Single Tax aims to distribute as their common property, among all the people, in the form of governmental service, due them as compensation for the privilege of use of these favored locations.

It is not always easy for the student to see just how the Single Tax would "land;" that is, just who it would help, and at the expense of whom. It is the unfortunate habit of the age to indulge in public measures which help one class at the expense of another, and sometimes worthier, class, and without much thought of principles involved. Is the Single Tax such a measure; is it to rob Peter and pay Paul; is it a raid on riches; is it an appeal to class prejudice; is it demagogic?

No, analysis shows it to have none of the predatory features of our systems, which notoriously rob the producer and give to the non-producer; it appeals to enlightenment and common sense, with a background of humanitarianism and morality, it urges the discontinuance of the many forms of robberies of Peter to pay Paul.

Now, just whom will it benefit, and at whose expense? It is obvious that the benefits would fall on everyone engaged in productive industry, mental or physical, with their hands or capital; directly, to those desiring to apply their efforts directly to the land, as the new system uncovers natural opportunities to

their free use, and indirectly, but in no less degree, to all others who in sympathy would reflect the direct benefits. Not all would desire to occupy land now held idle which would be freed to use, but none would escape the benefits of the vast expansion that would ensue, as this occupation would start an era of healthy production, of unprecedented activity and wages would rise as a whole; inequalities and abnormalities in wages now to some extent existing, would be equalized; the labor slave driver would lose his power to unjustly crowd wages down; and the walking delegate would lose his power of oppression to the capitalist, as unions in their present futile and objectionable form would be displaced by a common recognition of labor's just and natural rights, due to a free working of the law of wages, where natural opportunities are open; capital and labor would meet on a properly understood basis agreeable to economic law, each knowing its rights and limitations.

And whom will it hurt? If those named below (in their monopolistic phase only) are "a class" within the meaning of the "class prejudice" charge, of course the Single Tax will be to this extent a class measure, so I would direct your attention to an analysis of this class of leeches, and to what is proposed regarding them, unless our plan is accepted.

First, the land monopolists. Who are they? W. W. Astor owns from 500 to 1,000 million dollars in unearned increment, *earned* by the millions of Greater New York. The U. S. Steel Corporation basis its fabulous capitalization principally on the ore lands owned, rather than on its industrial assets; the coal trust owes its ability to pay its own price for miners and exact its own price for coal, wholly to its ownership of most of the available natural supply; our rapidly merging system of railroads owe their fabulous profits and over capitalization to the absence of taxation on valuable lands they own; these are each examples of a sub-class interested in unearned increment. Some make unearned increment their "business," notably the Astor type; such would be heavily affected by the Single Tax; others are interested equally in monopoly and industry, and so would perhaps gain more in industry than lose in monopoly, which shows how the Single Tax would, while driving an individual out of the monopoly business, thus compelling him to engage in legitimate business, offer him business in-

ducements by relief from taxation, thus more than offsetting his losses, making a *wholly* useful citizen of him, and setting up in the community for its general benefit, an industry in place of an obstructive monopoly.

To sum up, those injured, would be solely those who make a business of land speculation or whose industrial monopoly rests on landed privileges; all others who engaged in this only incidentally or even equally to other interests, would be benefitted as much or more in their other legitimate interests. And broadly the pure monopolists would not in the end be sorry for the change, though it would cost them dollars, as when they saw the general benefits to civilization they would join in justification of what to them seemed injustice.

It is but human to worship, or at least respect success, and it is natural that questions should occur such as these: "Will the Single Tax be accepted?" "Is it one of the beautiful theories that will never be?" It is sometimes remarked that in nearly thirty years since "Progress and Poverty" was given the world, no apparent progress has been made by the movement.

But let us see if this is not more apparent than real; that the works of George have had wide circulation and thoughtful attention is unquestioned, and that they are and have been consistently regarded with respect is unquestioned; that his position has not been successfully or even pretentiously challenged.

His ideas have generally permeated the thinking mass in all civilized countries, is shown by daily development in political, social and educational life. Some of the evidences I will mention, and if my statement is correct there needs to be but a crystalization to place the movement in effective form.

First to consider are the personal representatives of the movement; these are variously estimated at from 250,000 to a million in this country today—men who have accepted the George principle, and among these are prominent men in every walk of life, such as Tom L. Johnson, Brand Whitlock, Mayor Taylor of San Francisco, Ex-Governor Garvin of Rhode Island, Congressman Champ Clark of Missouri, Mayor Rose of Kansas City, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, John DeWitt Warner, Geo. Foster Peobody, Judges Seabury and Ford (New York), Poultney Bigelow, Hamlin Garland, Elbert Hubbard.

The next evidence is that in every pro-

gressive political or social movement Single Taxers will be found in the foreground, and as a rule their measures are in evidence as forerunners of the real work to come; they have been the principle promoters of Municipal Ownership, of the Initiative and Referendum, of ballot and primary reform, of franchise taxation, of "equal taxation" in New Jersey and "just taxation" in Wisconsin, involving mainly the principle of the Single Tax.

That they are the acknowledged authorities on taxation is evident by the fact that at all conferences relating to the subject, they take the leading part; Lawson Purdy, a leading Single Taxer, is in charge of the assessments of Greater New York, the most responsible position of its kind in the world.

In all of the great reform movements—in Philadelphia, Cleveland, Toledo, Chicago, Pittsburg, St. Louis and San Francisco—the Single Taxer is always found in the front or in fighting ranks, and many prominent members of our present federal administration are Single Taxers; they have full credit for the Free Alcohol Bill, and for killing the ship subsidy, and are now pushing Parcels Post with success in sight. In the language of a wise Republican politician when asked what he could see in the future of politics, "the Single Tax crowd are the only ones with a definite aim and who are getting anywhere."

Their work is chiefly by indirection at present, and they appreciate that years may pass before a direct issue may be presented, but surely, if slowly, the great truths are spreading, and will one day be the bulwark of civilization's security. When our rapid evolution reaches a crisis and society is suspended on the brink of ruin, as it may some day be, it will be the Single Tax propaganda now going so quietly, that will supply the alternative to revolution or to a Socialism, worse even than the present order of inequality and concentration. Under favorable circumstances, however, the risks of any crisis need not be taken as with but slight constitutional changes, and in some states none, the change to the Single Tax may be made locally in cities or in whole states at any time, and efforts in this direction are being persistently made.

The movement in the old world is important to recognize as indicating the universality of the principles. In England, in 1907, I

listened to a clear cut debate of the Single Tax in the House of Commons, which would pass a full adoption of it, but for the House of Landlords, as the full Cabinet and a majority of the Commons were elected for that purpose, and therefore, this movement must first change that survival of feudalism, the House of Peers, before the will of the people can find expression in a Single Tax law. In Germany the Single Tax principle is in full operation in over 300 cities. In New Zealand this principle has also been recognized in a general law, though in both these cases but a small portion of land value is taken which minimizes the results shown.

So if the progress of our Remedy is slow, so also has been that of the disease. "Rome was not built in a day," is so often repeated

that it should be also a reminder of the *fate* of Rome, following conditions almost exactly duplicated in our present civilization; that these conditions are not, in all their worst respects exhibited in our own great country should count but slightly because, first, our fight should be for humanity, not for a nation, and second, there is no quarantine strong enough to protect us from the fate of any other nation and decades, even centuries count for little in the long run of time. We cannot shut out the spectacle of the tramp, the starving and slaving women and children, and the multi-millionaire even here at home. At all events every decent citizen is dissatisfied with conditions, however little inclined to pessimism or radicalism and to such I humbly appeal in this article.

BALLADE OF RICHES

WHAT care I for the treasure isles
 Enskied where purple oceans are?
 I have the sunlight's golden smiles;
 I have the silvery gleam of star;
 Daily beside the pasture bar
 The daisies flash me radiance free —
 Poets are rich, or near or far,
 For wealth abides with poverty!

Roses have I for daily bread:
 Why should I crave a richer fare?
 Who eats of beauty, he is fed;
 Who drinks a draught of sweet pure air,
 He has wine of a vintage rare.
 Yea, naught have I but youth and glee,
 Yet always I have joy to spare —
 For wealth abides with poverty!

Science shines like moon on the mind;
 The soul is thrall to starry art;
 I covet not their cold unkind
 Splendor of death in whole or part.
 I have love in a true pure heart,
 And nevermore on land or sea
 Can summer from my life depart —
 For wealth abides with poverty!

Edward Wilbur Mason

LOVE IN OVERALLS

By L. B. Kinder

THERE are in the Smokapolis directory some forty pages of Smiths. When, however, anyone spoke of Smith doing this, or Smith bringing about that, or quoted Smith, or denounced Smith, or lauded Smith, everyone intuitively knew that John P. Smith was meant. With the latter, the "big bug" of his section of the state, who now mouldered beneath the biggest tombstone in the cemetery, this story is little concerned, save that he left to his only son, John P. Smith, a mortgage for seven hundred dollars upon the Withrow girls' home in the manufacturing suburb of West Smokapolis.

This, notwithstanding, is no melodrama of mortgage and revenge. With Smith it was merely an impersonal seven per cent investment made through his attorney, Kendricks, who repeatedly gave the girls extra time in which to pay the interest. The only ill-feeling exhibited was by "Sister," who kept house for the three. Sometimes Polly, the in-between sister, who taught, protested when she contributed her share of interest, that a mortgage was worse than a hole in one's pocketbook; but Camilla, the youngest, uncomplainingly contributed her portion.

Camilla never grumbled. She had the equable temperament of a flower. When the sun smiled she smiled; and she nodded her head in the wind, blow it balmy, blow it cold; as demurely bloomed beneath a cloudy as beneath a sky of lapis-lasuli; and contentedly turned her petals to receive the daily dew and such showers as Fortune deigned to bestow.

Camilla's one vexation was a lack of beaux: that is of the quality which she deserved. For she was pretty with the prettiness of hazel eyes and slightly brownish hair; and cute with the cuteness of a dimple and a plump little figure; and charming with the charm of an amiable disposition. Moreover, she was of "good family." According to Sister, the Withrows were responsible for the successful landing of the Pilgrim fathers; the inspiration of the Revolution and the cause of the Civil War; while the other side of the house, always

of good stock, had recently distinguished itself by marrying the widow of a seventh cousin of the president.

On a Wednesday evening of the June that she was twenty-three and of the week that Attorney Kendricks under instructions from young John P. Smith to call in all mortgage loans, had foreclosed upon their home, Camilla was most pleasantly surprised. Dutifully dragging herself out to a church lawn fete, she had her anticipations of a stupid time dispelled by the appearance of a superlatively "nice", young man, whom the rector introduced with the injunction: "We must all help and make it pleasant for the strangers." Most literally Camilla obeyed. Mr. Paul Smith, who said that he had arrived the week before from Boston, perceiving her to be the most attractive girl in sight, devoted his attentions entirely to her, to the discomfiture of the other West Smokapolis girls and of Camilla's customary admirers.

"You must be sure to come and see me, Mr. Smith," urged Camilla, when they parted at her picket gate. "And come soon. Yes, on Friday, if you like."

The next morning Camilla's heart fluttered quite as lightly as the crimson hollyhock rosette on her white waist. With cheeks flushed from recollections of last evening's enjoyment and with eyes brightly alert she flitted down the squalid side-street that led from the car line to the Crown Manufacturing Company, where through the medium of hen-tracks and a typewriter she transformed the superintendent's drawing, unfinished sentences into pithy, well-paragraphed letters. Watchfully she scanned the few business-suited men, drifting along with the flood tide of factory laborers until the secret hope expanded into the murmured "Wouldn't it be nice if I should meet Mr. Smith this morning?"

Now, there is an evil fairy, an extremely spiteful fairy, who spies upon our wishes and cajoles us by repeated disappointments into uttering them in some equivocal form, which he malevolently grants. This spiteful fellow

chuckled, as he watched Camilla's hopes go glimmering and when the clatter of footsteps behind the brick tenement that stood guard on the corner across from the factory entrance caused her to incautiously exclaim: "I do wish that were Mr. Smith!" he slapped his wishbone, whereupon the wish was perversely granted.

"Oh, dear," pouted Camilla at a glimpse of a slouch hat, old coat and overalls. "It's only a mechanic."

But *was* it only a mechanic. Camilla's knees wobbled at an unpleasant similarity of build and of bearing, and when the dreaded happened, the mechanic politely lifted his battered felt, the color left her face.

"Good morning, Miss Withrow," said he in the pleasant voice that had so agreeably thrilled her not ten hours before. "I see we are both a little late this morning. Too good a time last night, I'm afraid."

"Yes," she choked. "Do you—do you work here?"

"I'm in the assembling shop," he answered. "I'm a machinist."

"Oh!" she gasped unconsciously quickening her steps.

She felt the eyes of the entire office force upon her—her, Camilla Withrow, who had scorned them all, now escorted by a machinist in ragged coat, black, tateen shirt and in overalls.

Overalls! How suggestive they are of red underwear and white socks; of the sooty engine room, the muddy sewer ditch, grimy machinery, the intimacy with all that is besoiling; of swearing Irish "paddies," of greasy "dagoes," of sweating negroes, of dirty laborers in general! Of what availed it for Mr. Smith to be immaculately clean in person and raiment, for he wore *overalls*. Though his brown eyes beamed intelligence; though his every feature bore the imprint of refinement; though his manners and grammar were above criticism; though he gripped a fashionably curved briarwood between his teeth, it profited him nothing in Camilla's eyes, for he wore *overalls*. By *overalls* he was judged and by *overalls* he was condemned.

How she wanted to tell him that he must not call but the right words would not come, so instead she abruptly turned towards the office mumbling: "I'm awfully late."

In the office Camilla silenced open comment by a glance that awed all but the super-

intendent, to whose bantering she retorted that she had met Mr. Smith the night before at a church social and felt it her duty to at least be civil. When, however, she added that Mr. Smith seemed a shade superior to the average factory hand, her employer chuckled.

Had she met Mr. Smith again she would have undoubtedly told him not to call, but Friday's six o'clock came with the alternative of his coming or of her going into the workshop to see him—which she would not have done for the world. Well, let him come. She would not tell Sister nor Polly about his occupation and indirectly she could give him to understand that he was not to call again.

When at three minutes past eight the well-tailored Mr. Smith appeared, she received him with a courteous reserve, which he interpreted as the cold wave frequently following the unseasonable warmth of a short intimacy. He therefore devoted himself to pleasing her sisters. Polly liked him at first sight because he was good looking; and his intelligent following of Sister's rambling, braggart genealogies earned him her regard.

"He'll certainly be a fine match for Camilla," the latter asserted to Polly, when the two were in the kitchen arranging cake and mixing raspberry shrub. "I'm sure he's got money," she declared, her usually worried features aglow, her sharply critical eyes shining. "I wonder what his business is. I'm going to ask him."

Since the sweet days, when at Camilla's age she was engaged to a fine young man who had died six weeks before the day they were to have been married, Sister had not felt so happy. Except for excursionary glances about the familiar furnishings, including plumply pleasant Polly, temporarily classed with the inanimate, her gaze flitted from the good looking caller to her pretty sister.

"Do you expect to make Smokapolis your home, Mr. Smith?" she demanded, putting him through the "Third Degree" with a rapidity that would have aroused the envy of sweat-box detectives. Smith answered that he was; denied that he was going into business for himself; asserted that he was in the employ of the Crown Mfg. Co.; stated that he was not in the office but in the shops; denied that he was a mechanical engineer but hoped to be some day; denied that he superintended the work; admitted that he was simply a workman—a machinist.

The "Aha!" with which Sister acknowledged Smith's replies in the same breath that launched another question, became more tense as step by step she forced him into the last damning admission. Like the crackle of the northwind that precedes a frost bite, the final "Aha!" preceded a perceptible drop in the room's temperature.

Camilla, prepared for the disclosure, exerted herself to cover up her sisters' discomfort. But the young man could not fail perceiving the hard glint in eyes that had previously smiled and the paleness of the peaked face so recently aglow with cordiality; nor fail to read the horror photographed on Polly's features. Quickly winding up the small talk Camilla was endeavoring to sustain, he departed.

Outside in the balmy, starlit night he chuckled. Clearly he understood his occupation to be the cause of his disgrace. Yet instead of taking offence, he seemed to consider the occurrence irresistibly funny. When, however, Camilla displaced the others in his thoughts, the setness of his laughing muscles relaxed.

"She is a sweet girl," he declared; "and I want to know her better. But I'm going to know her in my own way."

Meanwhile the temperature in the Withrow parlor had leapt to fever heat.

"The idea of my giving this room a special cleaning and of Polly's hurrying home from school to make a nut cake, to entertain a fellow we wouldn't speak to on the street," boiled Sister. "Poverty has ground us down, Camilla, but I never thought to live to see the day when we'd sink so low as to associate with common laborers."

"You thought at first that he was as nice as he could be, yourself," Camilla finally retorted, the proximity of Sister's indignation having weakened the justness of her cause. "I don't care if he is a machinist, he's a gentleman. I think he's awfully nice too;" with which she stalked upstairs leaving Sister and Polly to put the room in order.

For a week Camilla did not meet Mr. Smith and she was congratulating herself on her success in avoiding him, when one afternoon on leaving the office, she saw him passing out of the machine shop door. That he saw her she could not doubt yet he stepped back. It looked as if he were avoiding her! Two days later a similar occurrence made her sure

of it. She flushed and was (for her) cross at supper.

Many times during the next fortnight her thoughts centered upon Smith, not upon the stylish gray suit or upon overalls but upon a pleasing personality with brown eyes and a mellow voice. When, coming early one morning, she discovered him inspecting some machinery in the factory yard, she resolutely walked over to speak to him. As he stood statuesquely gazing at the entrails of a wrecked locomotive, he seemed to her a matinee idol acting the hero-mechanic's role rather than one who lived through the clank of the riveting hammer and whirr of drill and of metal lathe.

During their fifteen minute chat workmen and office employees gaped as they trickled by. But overalls had shrunk to *overalls* in Camilla's eyes. Disdainfully she acknowledged her acquaintances' greetings or turned her back to avoid them. At the superintendent's jocular assertion half an hour later that he feared she had designs on his new machinist she blushed without replying.

"Well, he's a nice fellow in spite of his position," he laughed. "It's a lucky girl that gets him!"

By "his position" Camilla inferred *inferiority of position*, but her employer may have meant something else for gazing admiringly at his pretty stenographer, he mused: "He's old enough to take care of himself. I won't interfere. She's good enough for anybody."

"I've asked Mr. Smith to come up to supper tomorrow," Camilla announced that evening.

"Camilla, you haven't!" gasped Sister. "You poor child, you never have had any decent society. That's the worst of poverty. It isn't the scraping along and doing without. It's the being shut off from meeting congenial people. Poverty is a desert that keeps the best of this world from coming into our lives. I beg and pray you, Camilla, don't take up with this common laborer."

"He's not a common laborer," retorted Camilla. "He's a skilled workman. He gets three and a half a day—twenty-one dollars a week. Joe only gets eighteen, don't he, Polly?"

"Joe Harris!" sniffed Sister. "You would take him, Polly, in spite of all I could say. Still he's in a bank. Smith works in a dirty factory and wears greasy overalls and prob

ably chews tobacco and drinks. Camilla, you must give up this low fellow."

"He's not a low fellow," defended Camilla. "He's gentlemanly both in his manners and appearance. Mr. Hartley thinks he's nice, too. He won't wear overalls long either. He's too smart to stay a machinist."

"That's so, Camilla," averred Polly. "Joe says that by marrying him as a clerk, I'll get in on the ground floor and be a bank president's wife ten years from now."

It is the chroniclers duty to record ripples in true love's course. Where the stream runs smooth his pen needs little ink. That winter under skies of varying clouds and sunshine Camilla's and Smith's friendship flowed as through a meadow, uneventfully but with increasing volume, constantly though imperceptibly approaching the plunge to a different level.

Like a cold wind Sister checked but could not blight the budding of that hardest of perennials, love. Yet between her hostility, Camilla's misgivings lest she be in truth "throwing herself away" and Smith's frequent wobblings in devotion, Cupid wandered between doors as futilely as an unavailable manuscript.

One Saturday afternoon the two picniced on a grocery, pick-up lunch beside a woodland brook beyond the factory. It was in May, when as Sir Thomas Malroy says: "every lusty heart beginneth to blossom and to bring forth fruit; for like as trees bring forth fruit and flourisheth in May, in likewise every lusty heart that is in any manner a lover, springeth and flourisheth in lusty deeds." Dallying with the flowers in Camilla's lap, Smith caught the deft hand that sorted violet, yellow bell, anemones and trillium into boutonnières and bouquets.

"You like me pretty well, Camilla," he insinuated.

Camilla nodded.

"How well?"

"Really, Paul, I don't know," she answered inadvertently speaking her thought. "Whether well enough to marry—"

"I haven't asked you," he interrupted.

It was the tone rather than the words that made Camilla cry. Withdrawing her hand, she sought to rise, her lap spilling blossoms upon her shoes, when Smith detained her with an arm that drew her nestling to his shoulder with cheek so close to her cheek that Cupid's

bowstring could not have slipped between them.

"Sweetheart," he breathed.

Sweet word! Sweet brook that moistly kisses boulders between grassy banks; sweet vine embracing maple that overspreads the brook; sweet unplucked flowers beneath the new leaved trees; sweet bird, whose love note echoes through the wood; sweet, shadowy, crescent moon, that waits the setting of the sun to blossom into light; sweet sun that lingers on the exit of this sweet day—you and these lovers convincingly bespeak the lustiness of May, wherein all nature burgeoneth, in forest life not only, but in the human heart.

As twilight scattered mystery about the woodland paths, the two at a lover's sluggish pace, walked back the way they had come, intending to stop at Smith's boarding-house for him to leave his overalls. For truth compels the admission that Camilla's head rested against a blue denim shoulder strap, and that the hand, which Paul had held, was stained with typewriter ink; and yet in no prettier spot did Tristram woo La Belle Isolde, and latent romance flavored this seeming commonplace love.

Very naturally they preferred to prolong their walk than to ride to Withrows' in the prosaic glare of a street car. Very naturally, too, overalls were never thought of again. Polly, who rushed forward to kiss Camilla crying: "Oh, Camilla, you look so happy—I know, you and Paul are engaged," did not notice them. But Sister, attracted to the parlor by the commotion, did.

"What do you mean, Paul Smith, by coming to my house in your coal heaver's clothes!" she shrieked.

"I—I forgot to change," stammered Smith dropping Camilla's hand and advancing. "I've come—"

"You've come in your dirty old overalls," snapped Sister; "and disgraced me before all my neighbors. Yes, I know you don't see any harm in them. That's what I can't understand about you, Paul. You seem to glory in your greasy occupation. Most fellows in your position try to keep their overalls and grime in the background, but you—"

"Sister," interrupted Smith.

"Don't 'sister' me, Mr. Smith!"

"Camilla has promised to marry—"

"Camilla, you haven't!" choked Sister and at a beaming affirmative burst into tears

To Smith's surprise Sister did not shrink from his appealing hand on her arm. Instead she leaned limp against his shoulder.

"I knew it would end in this," she sobbed; "but I kept hoping that Camilla might not—I can't help liking you myself, Paul. I haven't acted as though I did, for I felt it my duty towards Camilla. To think that after our ancestors came over in the Mayflower, and signed the Declaration of Independence and were corporals and colonels in the Civil War, that the youngest and prettiest, a cousin by marriage to the president, should marry—"

"I may not be as low-lived as you imagine," soothed Smith, in the sirup of whose tones a suspicious ear might have noted a sarcastic tang. "I don't expect to remain a machinist all my life."

"Forgive me, Paul," she pleaded. "I know that you're a good boy and quite gentlemanly. Perhaps it's just as well that Camilla's going to have somebody to take care of her. Next month our year of grace is up and we'll be turned out of our home. Really, Paul, I'm half distracted at the way our affairs have been going—"

"Your home is mortgaged," ejaculated Smith. "Camilla, you never told me."

"For seven hundred dollars to old John P. Smith," said Polly. "You must have heard of him, even if you haven't been here long. He's dead now. He owned the factory and half of Smokapolis. His son had the lawyer foreclose last summer."

"There's the bell now," said Sister mopping her eyes. "Polly, you go and let him in."

"We're expecting Mr. Kendricks," Camilla explained. "He promised to try to get young Mr. Smith to give us more time, or if not, to get somebody else to take up the mortgage."

Dumbfounded amazement flooded Smith's countenance and swamped his inner faculties. Speechlessly he stared at the rotund little man with a shiny, bald crown, who preceded Polly into the parlor.

"I'm extremely sorry, Miss Withrow," he suavely began. "But—"

"You've failed," said Sister bravely.

"So far I have been unable to find anyone willing to take up the mortgage and I have been unable to communicate with Mr. Smith—"

Perceiving Paul behind thin, trembling, pallid Miss Withrow, he stopped short to stare. His long, fat-wrinkled mouth gaped and his eyes bulged out, as he incredulously scratched his gray-stubbed chin.

"Mr. Smith!" he exclaimed. "You have then come personally to settle this affair."

"Mr. Smith!" echoed Sister.

"I am John Paul Smith, son of old John P.," asserted Smith. "Unknown to myself I seem to hold among other securities a mortgage on this house."

When one at a time those present had emerged from the tidal wave of astonishment, Camilla first of all and Sister last and still sputtering, Smith untangled matters.

"I feel that I owe you an explanation, perhaps an apology," he said. "Father, who was a practical man, left a clause in his will that before I could come into his property I must spend a year learning a trade. In order to escape notoriety I kept this out of the papers and came to work out here at West Smokapolis, where nobody knew me."

"You must forgive me for having deceived you, Camilla; and you, Sister; and you, Polly; for it was sweet to win friends under a handicap instead of being pushed ahead by money and father's position. I'm a happy man, Mr. Kendrick. Last week the shop foreman recommended me for promotion and this evening Miss Withrow confessed that she couldn't help liking me despite my grimy occupation. And best of all I'm to marry the daintiest, sweetest pretty girl—"

"Oh, Paul," said Camilla nestling closer in his embrace.

What Sister said and what Polly said and what Mr. Kendrick said would require a box of paper, three months and a new typewriter ribbon—putting a low estimate on the verbal flow of a lawyer and two excited women. But "He's a millionaire! He's a millionaire! rang like an Easter Alleluia through Sister's heart; and Polly's face glowed in anticipation of the fine position Paul would find for Joe. From a different standpoint Mr. Kendricks, who had known Smith as a dressy college man, covertly glancing towards the corner, where his roughly clad client caressed his pretty sweetheart, murmured: "Overalls! in overalls! Smith in overalls! Love in overalls!"

THOROUGHBREDS

By James McLeod

SOFTLY blow the spring zephyrs across the bay, while on the sand the still waters reflect nature's peace.

Moored along the rotting piles of the old wharf, with the odors of the wares of the Ind yet lingering, idly rolls the hulk of a ship, with her tall to'gallants proudly flaunting the yards that no more shall give life to the spring of the sail.

Painted ports shown in line above the waist tell of days ago, while creaking chain and the pungency of oakum tell of hoary age beyond the strident call of youth.

The shipyard is deserted, with years of dank moulting the chips that fell in showers from the adz in the hands of those who sleep till Doom.

Bits of iron long ago wrought by sons of Vulcan at the forge now moss-grown are buried in the sand, with here and there a bit of the old chain with links good and true, that held. And in the ancient loft, where even children's footsteps no more dare to tread, are strands of the hempen shrouds that tautened the clipper which carried the flag when the nation was in the Crisis; all tell of Rugg's Harbor's past.

Over in the big house, with its great dormers ranging the sea; with the aged careman stringing the lines for the early vines, hobble two old men. Feeble, yet with the fire of old New England still sending its reflection in the eyes dimmed with years, they stand, with arms locked, looking down on the town and its water.

Chiselled as in marble, with the stern lines of a stern nature softened with the blend of love, they look their part—Thoroughbred.

A sigh escapes the taller. The other brushes a tear.

"Horace," quotes the first, "I am glad we played the man."

"Seth, so am I."

And the old careman sighs as he tones—"Thoroughbreds both; game to the end. God bless them!"

And this is the story of it.

Not always were they thus. Time was, when they were bitter foes. Not that either struck a blow. This was not in their scheme of arbitrament. Neither would strike in the light nor in the dark; in the back, nor in the open. Neither even ever breathed hatred of the other.

But Rugg's Harbor knew. And in the banks at Boston, when grizzled men of gold sized human nature from trade, wise looks told of hazards that hit the mark.

And the feud was one of inheritance.

For Horace Porter's father had built the first ship that slid down Rugg's Harbor ways, while Seth Todd's father had cut the first timber back of Rugg's Harbor, long before the steam horse had advanced beyond its protoplasm.

Todd senior shipped his lumber to Europe in Porter's ship. The ship was lost.

Todd said that Porter's ship was not half-built.

Porter's assertion was that Todd's lumber was not properly stowed, and lost the ship.

Both were wrong. The rocks of Bantry Bay are no respecter of men or ships, and the northwest gales like man's puny works for toys and playthings.

The old men died, and the sons kept the faith—for a time. Each bore his sire's surname.

They succeeded to the estates at equal age. Neither had any equipment not possessed by the other. In head and brain they were parities, and the lamp of learning had burned alike on each table as they mastered the books of knowledge.

At school their ranks were equal.

Each studied the game of life, and in the yards and warehouses learned how to battle the world and conquer. But neither could conquer the other. The spirit infected the town.

The inhabitants were rent in twain in allegiance. They either were Porters or Todds. True, the feud was only in the doing. On Sunday the sturdy lungs of Porters and Todds

welled praise from the old hymn books in the Union church, where the masters worshipped.

But the motto of Rugg's Harbor and its men was alike in each camp—"Excell."

In the late fifties the gaunt frame of a clipper ship was laid out in the Todd mold. The tidings went to the Porter yards. Soon, steam boxes tempered the oak for a Porter frame. And then came plank and copper and iron, as bilge rose on keel and bulwark surmounted all.

Then lofty pines, the pride of Maine, reared their pinnacles toward heaven, that smiled encouragement to the artisans below.

Theirs was a double launching. Each was in silence.

"They're goin' to call that one the 'Horace Porter' after Horace's father," so Joe Smith told Seth Todd.

"That clipper shall be the Seth Todd—after my father," was the grim response, and letters of gold glistened in the sunlight, as the two noble craft, all ignorant of the spirit in every bolt, rope and stitch of rag, drove the foam.

Gaily they sailed away to the great metropolises. Charters were quickly secured for London and the Orient. And two months from the launch, Sandy Hook observers saw two fleet craft, jewels of the sea, close hauled, shiver the brine as they sped toward the sun.

Four weeks later, the observers at Deal, in the English channel, saw the self same clouds of canvas sweep up the Goodwin sands and the Thames pilots picked them up off Ramsgate.

When the news reached Rugg's Harbor that the first test had resulted in a tie race across the Atlantic under lashing skies, and that the Horace Porter and Seth Todd's stock sheets showed cash earnings of dollar for dollar, there was a general murmur of unrest. Each skipper, Johnnie Martin and Billy Anderson, came in for censure. Not that the trip was not near record time, nor that the owners had not netted heavily; but each faction felt as if its sea-idol ought to have won.

Strange to relate, the two clippers received discharge and sailed for Far East on the same day, going out on the same tide, and catching the same slant out of the channel, that sent them flying across the Bay of Biscay and well in to windward of the Western Islands.

On they sped, through the tropics, down Capricorn, and then came the Cape of Good Hope.

Driving night and day, with every stitch of canvas drawing, and with every bolt rope holding true to its spinner and lasher, the clippers rounded the dread of mariners, and then tore through the Indian Ocean, thoroughbreds in every fibre.

The typhoon struck them the same night, but Yankee seamanship drove them through without the loss of a bit of marline.

They stood off for Bombay, and tied up at the Quay together.

Two grim crews lined up at the U. S. consulate, to hear the news from home.

Each ship had a charter from Calcutta to New York, and the discharge and trip around the India peninsula, and up to the White City by the Ganges was made without incident. Two steamers of equal power could not have raced more evenly than these two black beauties, with their snowy wings. Each skipper, although he did not tell it, had received practical orders to beat the other. "I trust to see you make a record for your ship," was the note from Horace Porter, while "Hoping that favoring breezes and good weather will bring you in port with the broom at the mast head," concluded the letter from Seth Todd.

The trip home began in June, in time for the full of the Antarctic winter, and within three weeks time, the clippers hove in sight of Cape Horn.

There the tempests that for centuries have tested the tensions of stout-hearted mariners unleashed themselves upon the sprayed and spindrifted figure-heads that were striving, with all the skill of man behind them, first to reach the Atlantic.

They came through without serious mishap. Then came the race for the Brazils. Never out of sight of each other, with canvas straining at the bolts, the mad race kept on.

Up past the Windward islands they ranged, and then off the Bermudas. Gaunt race-fevered mariners had to be forced from watch, so intent were they upon not missing a moment of the grand play.

On the morning of the hundredth day's run, the crew of the Porter saw smoke curling up from the Todd. Through the glass they saw the Todd's crew valiantly trying to extinguish flames, and at the same time sailing the ship as if the fire was but an incident.

The Porter kept her course. At noon, the flames were seen to burst open the deck of the Todd.

Johnnie Martin then saw that the ship of his rival was doomed. Baser thoughts were banished in an instant, and the helm was almost jammed and the back-stays buckled, so quickly did the Porter spin on her short keel.

With the wings of the frigate bird, she sped on her new course, straight to where Billy Anderson and his crew were making their last stand, leading a forlorn hope against destruction.

Off to the windward the Porter was jockeyed, and her long boat put over.

Captain Martin quitted his quarter deck to go at the head of the errand of mercy.

Over the lee quarter of the Todd her crew dropped, one by one, with the brave Billie Anderson, brushing away a tear and holding to his heart his precious papers, chronometer and sextant, the last to leave his pride and joy.

Barely were the rescuers and rescued around to leeward of the Porter, when, with every spar and rag ablaze, the Todd disappeared, in a blaze of glory.

Not a word was spoken till the rescued crew lined up on the deck of the Porter.

Then Captain Anderson, as formal as if at execution, addressed the other. "Captain Martin, on behalf of my crew I thank you. It is fortunate that my ship was within hail of you, and that you had not outsailed us."

Proud, yet not without reason, in the hour of his woe!

"Captain Anderson, it is indeed fortunate that my ship had kept company with yours. We did our duty!" was Captain Martin's response.

Sails were flattened, the southerly trades caught again, and with keel throbbing with life, the Porter squared away for Sandy Hook.

But scurvy had broken out among the Porter's crew. It spread with fearful rapidity. Captain Martin was stricken. His mate was helpless in his stateroom, and Captain Anderson, late of the Ship Seth Todd, was asked to navigate the namesake ship of Horace Porter.

He took command, and his crew filled the places of the men who had rescued them.

The voyage proceeded without incident, till Sandy Hook was sighted. Two pilot boats came out, having been dispatched by the two owners.

Rugg's Harbor hasn't yet got over its shock.

Horace Porter's ship came into port, navi-

gated by the crew of the Seth Todd, abandoned on fire at sea, with the crew rescued by the men whom they later saved.

Anderson and his men went home, while Martin and his crew recovered in the hospital.

Horace Porter commended his men, and, although they were told to keep their mouths shut about it, it later leaked out that he gave every man jack a gift of gold for saving the crew of his rival.

And Seth Todd gave every man of the Seth Todd a bit of gold for saving Horace Porter's ship when her crew was sick.

But the feud, softened, perhaps, still smouldered, with occasional fitful blaze.

The Porter was ordered to Rugg's Harbor for calking and general tuning up.

Down where Monhegan rises from the sea, the fog shut in. The Penobscot with its warm waters from the wilds of Maine mingled with the icy breath of the eddies of the arctic current inside the gulf stream, making fog so thick, as Dick McKay the steward of the Porter said, "that you could lean against it."

With a grinding crash, the Porter fetched up on White Head, at the entrance to the Mussel Ridge channel.

She brought up hard and fast.

Five weeks later, with gaping holes in her sweet bilge, she was patched, battened, and pulled into deep water. Then she started home—for the last time.

Horace Porter surveyed her, and the insurance companies' men came down from Boston and New York.

This one figured one way, and that one the other.

"Gentlemen," sternly declared Horace Porter, "this ship hasn't been abandoned to the insurance companies, nor am I a beach comber. We haven't asked your aid, and shall not. That ship's got life and shall have a thoroughbred's rest!"

Thus it was that she was tied up at the dock, to begin her long creak and groan, with royals slanting to the rising sun and pennant still flaunting.

There was a suspicion that Horace Porter didn't care to rebuild her, with the Seth Todd gone forever. There was no glory in sight, nor satisfaction, either. So she strains at her hemp and manila.

The other Porter and Todd ships kept on their way, but the clippers had gone forever.

Like great hearts, the two owners could love but once. They buried their sorrow, and pursued life's pain and pleasure as if their idols had not fallen.

But there was a general change in Rugg's Harbor. Young folks will grow up, and will think of homes of their own. And when a boy whose father for years had been a Porter man, loved a lass whose father had borne the Todd armor, well, there was many a voice that sighed for peace, the end of strife.

That the bread and butter came of competition keen did not worry them. They were sick of it all.

Pat Breen, whose stable was the gossip-mill of the town, communed long and earnestly with himself. The parson long ago had given Pat up as a sinner not to be reclaimed. Still, he knew, as man to man, that Pat was a man, from the heels up.

And strangely enough, it was to the parson that Pat confided his scheme.

"Parson," he whispered, in a voice long ago huskied through weary drives of the stage from the mills, five miles across country, "its up to me an' you to stop these two foolish old men."

"Patrick, we must," came the firm reply.

Over by the fair grounds Pat had rolled and furrowed and rolled again the sweet clay track, springy as para, with golden fields of ripening grain nodding in the pocket.

Since the wave of religion at the Harbor, there had not been any of the "hoss-trots" that had made Rugg's Harbor famous.

So when Patrick announced that Rugg's Harbor was to have a little harness racing, the pastor's voice was silent. Encouraged, members of the flock got together, and old times came back.

Charlie Clerke, Johnny McGibbon, Fred Waterson and John Johnson planned it all with Pat; he, however, insisted upon being allowed to run the Gentleman's driving race for silver mounted harness. He was given his way, and thus John Hamilton, known throughout the country as a horseman who never missed fire, drove into Rugg's Harbor one day with the sweetest pair of Morgans that ever had stepped in the east land.

He quietly slipped into Pat's stable, and put up the trotters in opposite ends of the stable.

Then Patrick's plan began its unfolding.

With shoulders hunched, with his eyes

glistening, and with honest heart beating hard in anticipation, he ambled up street to Seth Todd's office.

"Mister Todd, I have something to show you. Come with me."

Mr. Todd went.

Patrick led the way to the box stall at the upper end of his stable, and entered. Seth Todd's eyes sparkled, for he dearly loved a horse.

"Can trot in :30, sound as a nut, and eight years old. And I can lave you have him for four hundred dollars. They's two of them, but I understand that old man Porter's bought the other one," commented Pat.

In three minutes the horse had a new owner, and was started over to the Todd stable.

Then Pat started down street to Porter's wharves. Horace Porter gladly accepted an invitation to "come up and see a horse I have for you, Mr. Porter," and at the stable, Patrick repeated the same story, with the solitary change, "I hear that old man Todd has bought the mate av him."

And in three minutes more, Jerry Burns was leading a handsome beast over to Porter's.

"The saints be praised; glory be," murmured Pat, as he started to tell the parson of the first move.

The horses were all that Pat had claimed, and again the feud cropped out. The Porter men "lowed that the Todd horse was a mighty fine beast, but couldn't trot quite so fast as the Porter hoss." And the reverse idea was bruited in the Todd fold.

Then came Pat's second step.

He got his entries for the driving race. He persuaded Seth Todd to enter the horse Sir Charles. He intimated that it would be a good chance just to show the harbor and the city crowd that the Todd horse simply couldn't be beaten. Seth yielded to Pat's subtlety.

Then psychic force prevailed over Horace Porter, who was told by Pat that here was the opportunity to show that the Todd horse wasn't exactly in the Morgan Knight class. He, too, fell to "hoss" sorcery.

Then Patrick got ready for his coup. It was a week before the race, and Pat counselled with the starter and judges. His talk evidently prevailed, and then, as a clincher, he finalled: "If it don't come out as I say, there'll be no more hoss racing in Rugg's Harbor."

Nature never was more kind to man and beast than on the late September day when the races were to be run.

Sky blue as fairy-land, with the sun a burnished ball, fiery with the drip of Indian summer.

A whisper came from the sea, in the gentle southerly zephyr that barely stirred the pennant of the Horace Porter, motionless on the top of the tide.

The grand stand was packed, and the pocket was filled with rigs of all descriptions.

Somehow or other the news had got around. The curtain raisers were tame.

Danny Smart and his chestnut romped away with the \$200 purse for three-year-olds, and traditions of horse racing were set at naught by all other races being quickly disposed of, before the driving race was called, in which Morgan Knight and Sir Charles were to mettle.

The crowd chafed and chaffed. Finally came the call from the starter. In his best show tones he bellowed that this and that horse had been drawn and scratched, and that only Sir Charles and Morgan Knight would start.

This surprised the crowd. It didn't surprise Pat. In fact, he had racked his brain to invent names for imaginary horses, and he hadn't figured on more than two starters.

It seemed as if the horses knew, too, that something was afoot.

John Hamilton hadn't told any person but Pat that they had been bred together, matched and mated, and stepped in unison no matter what the pace.

Chicken Towers and Al Mitchell were driving. Pat had told them what might happen if certain other things didn't happen.

After a little preliminary warming up, the race was called.

"The first heat of the silver mounted harness race is to begin. Gentlemen, get ready," bellowed McGibbon.

Down the track they jogged, and wheeled below the distance pole.

Like streaks they gleamed away toward the wire, and never a start came prettier.

"Go," yelled McGibbon. And "go" they did!

Neck and neck they sped. The quarter was snapped at 40, and the horses were moving like clock work, side by side. Pat grinned, with just a shade of apprehension in it.

At the half, the split watches caught it 1:20. It was marvellous. With even stride, never a falter, the patter of feet passed the three-quarter pole, true as time-beats, in two minutes flat. Wonder of wonders!

Into the stretch they swung, and tore away for the wire.

Nigh fore foot cliked with nigh fore foot. Nose flattened with nose, and with a swirl of dust the trotters true dashed under the wire abreast totally, so the grandstand thought, in 2:40 flat.

Silence, intense, was followed by cheers and then more silence.

The judges appeared to be deep in grave consultation.

McGibbon stepped to the edge of the box. He called:

"Results of the silver harness race: First heat, won by Seth Todd's Sir Charles; second, Horace Porter's Morgan Knight; time, 2:40."

The crowd gasped. The Todd men couldn't and wouldn't cheer. The margin of victory had not been gauged by them, and they were true sports.

The Porter men, too, were true sports. The judges had called, and they were final. But Michell and Towers were eyed closely. They did not speak.

The horses were sent to the paddocks, rubbed and blanketed, and then the band tried to still the tingling nerves.

Half an hour slipped by unnoticed, when the starter called for the second heat of the silver harness race.

In a few moments the racers reappeared.

The get away was sharp and quick, like the ping of a Mauser. And before the crowd caught its breath, the horses were striding neck and neck, at the quarter. And the time was just 40 seconds.

What was the spell? Whose, the witchery?

Mitchell and Towers were on the level, and seemed to be getting all possible out of their beasts, as the spokes flashed past the half in 1:20 exact, and whirled to the three-quarter in two flat, again.

The crowd was dumb. Mutely, it watched the noble pair round the lower turn, and then square off for the wire.

Nose and nose, eyelash and eyelash, they came under wire, seemingly together as if glued, in just 2:40!

Again that bated silence; again the brain confusion.

Again that whispering in the judge's stand. And then came the hand of the starter, silencing the buzz in the grand stand, as he called:

"Result of the second heat of the silver harness race: Horace Porter's Morgan Knight first, Seth Todd's Sir Charles second; time, 2:40."

Solemnly he sat down, while the crowd could not understand.

Of course, the judges were right at the wire, and could see better than the crowd. Any way, if the Todd horse had been given the first heat, when he really hadn't won, as many thought, the Porter horse had been evened in the second heat decision.

But such talk! Such confounding of "hoss" sharks. Nothing like it ever was known.

"It beats me, all holler," observed Lem Trott, "an' my granther driv the fust trottin' hoss in this section, tew."

They all vummed it was "mighty great hoss-racin'."

Again the steeds were blanketed and walked out gently, and nearly an hour sped.

Back of Carberry's Hill, the sun was sinking, ever so slowly.

The grass on Blair's meadow waved in the rising wind of the ebb tide. The air smelled of the sea, and blood raced through veins parched with age.

McGibbon's call was short.

Rigid faces saw the horses slowly jog up the track. Then just above the hole in the fence where it was broken for the old gate out the back way, a chirp to Knight and a click to Charles started them toward the wire.

If the two other "goes" were pure, this one was crystal itself.

With the rythm of the brook in spring, two long backs straightened out, and the quarter was passed—again in exactly 40 seconds.

This truly was queer.

"Vummed if I ever see anything like it," again observed Lem, while Jed. Prouty seconded the motion.

At the half—well, what's the use! The half was 1:20, the three-quarter 2 minutes, and the mile, neck and neck, was just 2:40.

This time the judges did not linger in their deliberation. They, too, felt the strain.

Local history was in the making. And the history of a nation is the history of individuals.

McGibbon stepped nervously.

Not a man, woman or child but on tiptoe, awaiting and expectant.

"Result of the third and last heat (surprise here) of the silver harness race: dead heat; it is apparent that these horses are so evenly matched that neither can beat the other. In justice to man and beast, the race is finished, and the judges award two harnesses each with the real thing in silver, to each hoss. I might say—" here roars of approval rolled over the track and reverberated from the hills beyond. The cows in Talbot's field turned around, and ran; it was all new to them.

The decision was approved. Bets were off, and the crowd melted.

Down by the stables, Horace Porter, under escort of John Johnson, unseen by any, slipped in to stroke his horse, which, though not a conqueror, was yet unbeaten.

Pat saw him. "Mister Porter, I have something to say to you," and Horace Porter went over the harness room. Pat excused himself to get something he had forgotten. He figured that if Charlie Clerke had done his duty, Seth Todd would be just about arriving, to show his unbeaten horse.

"Mister Todd, may I have wan word with you in here, by meself," urged Pat. Seth was willing, and he, too, entered the harness room. Pat followed, and closed the door.

Not for years had Horace Porter and Seth Todd been in company. Hats were raised with stiff formality.

Pat broke the spell, with something of auburn hue, and of bronze in its shadowy depths. He withdrew the stopper.

"Mister Porter, and Mister Todd; Mister Todd, and Mister Porter, it's me that wishes to observe that Rugg's Harbor raises thoroughbreds. We have the two best men, and the two best horses in the country. One is as good as the other, and the other is as good as the wan. Wid these three little bits of glass, gentlemen, we'll remark that all's well as ends well." It was Pat's longest speech.

Haughty stares wilted.

"H-Hod" (he hadn't used the word since Horace Porter whaled him at grammar school) piped Seth, a little unsteadily.

"Sethy," faltered the other, with all dignity gone.

"Gintlemin, to oursilves," and Pat's chest expanded.

Hands clasped, and Rugg's Harbor's feud ended, forever.

THE WRECK OF THE LIMITED

By Walter L. Sanborn

FIFTEEN four, a run of five is nine and a flush of clubs is four-teen," said Langdon Merrill, with such show of interest as could be expected in a blase man of the world who was whirling away the tedious hours of a Nova Scotia railroad journey playing cribbage at ten cents a point.

"That does me by one point," returned G. Wilder Smith, known in his home city of New York as the shrewdest reporter on the Inkling, said fame being largely due to his instinctive ability to follow the moves of a criminal in flight.

Merrill, who, by the way, represented the Boston Morning Planet, had met Smith by chance, or, perhaps, one might say, had fled to him in his necessity, for back in the Pullman, clad in a close-fitting suit of bright blue, was the girl who, in the past few years, had given Merrill all the trouble with his heart that he had ever known.

You see it was this way. When Langdon Merrill knew Helen Lessing best, she was a stenographer in little old Boston, forced into the hurly-burly of business by her ambition to aid a father who had placed his whole store of this world's goods on a promising looking copper chance, that produced nothing beyond a couple of million tons of crystal disappointment. When the receiver walked into the offices of the Bad Lands Mining & Construction Company, Helen wept for two solid days, and just as Papa Lessing was beginning to figure how he had lost, along with his dollars, the gentle art of comforting a sorrowing woman, the lady herself wiped her tear-stained face and got her to a shorthand school instead of the nunnery, to which Hamlet would have probably directed her.

She worked bravely away for a good three years without serious injury to her pink complexion, or her soft, white hands. It was during this period that she met Langdon Merrill, and as dinner followed dinner, theater chased theater, and dance succeeded dance in the fleeting course of the months, each be-

came interested until neither was completely happy out of the other's company.

Helen cherished the stories of the wild, broken life her lover led perforce, she admired his genius, she loved his whole-hearted generosity—and all wise men's sons know the rest.

As for Merrill, he was perfectly frank in his admiration for the petite stenographer from the Back Bay, and more than once he blessed the day that the Bad Lands bubble burst, even though he was obliged to work for y-eight hours without sleep among the most secretive men in State Street in order that the Planet might carry the "most detailed story" of the crash that swamped thousands, and brought the ugly six-shooter from many a desk of mahogany and oak.

But there came an evil day for their romance, for Papa Lessing was not easily downed, and after a few short years of activity in the market, he again provoked Dame Fortune's smile and Helen resigned her place to enjoy the good things that the income of a few stray millions is supposed to fetch.

Langdon Merrill had ideas of his own regarding men with weekly stipends who marry rich wives, and one night the pair dined at the English Room, rode to the Lessing home in a turnout befitting the lady's station, and said their last "good night."

That was three years previous, and Miss Helen Madeline Lessing had moved long since to New York, to brighten with her smile in Father Knickerbocker's city, the balls and parties to which her father's millions were her never-challenged passport.

Langdon Merrill had set his face grimly to his work. His smile became a trifle less real, but his zeal for news increased a thousand fold, until now he was known as the cleverest and most bitter reporter in the whole Boston field.

A hundred times in New York he had cut short his business in order to hurry back to the Pilgrim capital, least in the leisure of an

evening he might yield to the impulse to seek out the Fifth Avenue home of J. Rudolph Lessing. A dozen times he had written a tender message of inquiry to Miss Helen Madeline Lessing, only to spank himself soundly in a figurative manner, and throw the shredded fragments upon the open grate in his apartments. And now, bound for Halifax to visit his aunt, the girl had entered the car in which he was riding and greeted him with the smile that he had tried years to forget. Is it any cause for wonder that he smiled back half-pleasedly, spoke a few words and fled to the smoking section, G Wilder Smith and his cribbage board? And back in the rear of the car a little figure in blue tried to read the latest story of the stockmarket maze, with her optic nerves crossed in a way that blurred everything, and her brain in a wild dance such as nightmares are made of.

Smith laughed at his ill-luck, and remarked that Billie Murphy, who keeps a saloon on the Bowery when he isn't playing "crib," always said that the man who gets trimmed by a neck in a game will lose at everything he touches for a week to come.

"Anything in it?" asked Merrill, with interest, for he believed both Smith and Merrill were in Nova Scotia on the selfsame errand, though neither had referred to the matter at any time during their brief acquaintance.

"How could a neck be a point?" returned Smith, non-committally. "Who's the loser in the whole tally?" Then he stared into the blinding blackness of the starless night. He, too, appeared to have his suspicions.

Answer to Smith's inquiry never came, for as Merrill was running his eye down the column marked "S," the Atlantic Limited, which had been pounding iron toward Halifax at forty miles in sixty minutes, suddenly began to bump furiously over the ties. The brakes shrieked, and back in the car a woman uttered a little piercing cry. The cumbersome vehicle seemed to hang for whole seconds in mid-air, only to sink with a breath-snatching drop that ended in oblivion for Langdon Merrill and scores of others.

Half an hour later strong arms pulled him through a window. Both hands were helpless with fractures above the wrists, yet they troubled him only by their numbness and their uselessness. His legs, too, were bruised

and there was a long gash in his scalp that had ceased to bleed of its own accord, leaving a great clot of blood matted into his hair.

High up on the bridge he made out the outline of a familiar little figure peering down into the glare of the rescuer's torches. He heard a little spontaneous scream of relief, and he knew that Helen, too, was safe. He turned toward the other bank of the stream and saw where the forward end of the coach ahead disappeared in the wildly rushing waters.

"Must have drowned like rats in a trap," thought Langdon Merrill, as the seriousness of the accident swept over him, and the newspaper instinct asserted itself, driving every other consideration from his schooled mind. The conception of what the story, and most of all his personal experience, meant to the Planet, was an instant spur to his still reeling brain and his aching limbs.

But what could he do?

Smith was his only hope, a composite story. Even as the thought entered his mind his late opponent at cribbage leaped to his side.

"Heavens, man, you're safe," shouted Smith, in his excitement. "Your arms are broken," he declared, in the next breath.

"Yes," said Merrill, quietly. "How about a story to both papers?"

Smith's eyes shone, greedily.

"If I were to do that, I might as well stay in Halifax the rest of my natural life. The Inklings won't stand for the presentation of exclusives to the lazy, the slow, the halt or the blind, as the old man would say. I'm sorry." Then he stood there looking as near to ill at ease as he knew how.

Merrill took the rebuff without outward show of feeling. He had dealt with the individuals of Smith's calibre before, more than one of whom had paid heavily for instructions in just a curve or two.

"It's was then, is it? What's the time?" he asked, quietly. He was already trying to formulate some scheme, but his expressionless face gave no hint of the activity of his brain.

"Just ten o'clock," said Smith. "You were lucky to get out, old man, and so was I. So long." Then he started down the track toward the end of the bridge.

Langdon Merrill spent an hour gathering details, which he stowed away in his mind. He looked for the cause of the disaster, and

with his sharp eye took in the results. He paid no attention, however, to the fast growing list of dead and injured, and when he started for the little station, thronged with woe-stricken, dazed, human beings, he passed through long rows of bodies stretched on the platform. But he paid no heed; he had seen such sights before.

Crossing the threshold, his eye caught sight of a tiny figure crouched in a far corner, and he made for it in a hurry. His plan for a story was complete in an instant. A minute later he knew that Helen was suffering from bruises and a slightly sprained ankle. She looked at his helpless hands and tears welled to her eyes.

"You've got to help me with the story," he said, desperately. "Will you?"

"May I, honest, Jack?" she answered, enthusiastically. No one had called him "Jack" since a certain unforgettable night, for that was Helen's name and Helen's privilege. It brought the flush of color to his pale face, which the press of business drove away as quickly as it came.

"Well, then," he went on, "just you take that little Testament from the right outside pocket of my coat. I bought it for my sister, but I haven't seen her yet," he added, with a touch of his now famous pessimism. Wonderingly, she drew forth the little volume, neatly bound in morocco.

"Get my pencil, too, and turn to the gospel of Matthew. That's it. Now write at the top 'To the Planet, Boston, Merrill, Bushville, N. S., Oct. 21.'"

This accomplished, he led the way to the telegraph office where two men were pounding away busily at the keys.

"How many wires west?" asked Merrill, abruptly.

"One commercial," replied the man nearest the window, without looking up.

"How long is it busy for?"

"'Bout ten minutes on these messages," came the reply, as the operator pointed to the half dozen brief notes that lay before him.

"Send that right away, please," said Merrill, and the operator stared down into the open book that Helen thrust in through the window. Merrill was about to walk away when an idea struck him, and he demanded, in a tone that expected yes for an answer, the use of the desk in the railroad office, a privilege that the operator, who seemed to think

it best to humor a lunatic, granted with alacrity.

Ten minutes later, Helen Lessing was in the midst of a graphic depiction of the wreck as it fell from the lips of G. Wilder Smith's crippled adversary, while hundreds of miles away the Gospel according to St. Matthew, with Merrill's name in the guide-line, was beginning to pour into the Planet office at the regular newspaper rate.

At eleven thirty, when Smith of the Inking, New York, entered the office to file the "starter" of his story, he found the only wire busy with some very old news, while a pair in the corner of the grimy office were working away as fast as tongue, restrained by pencil, could put thought into words. He took in the situation at a glance and the color mounted to his face as he turned fiercely on Merrill.

"How long are you going to hold that wire?" he demanded.

"Please do not interrupt. It will be after press time in New York when I release it. There's an hour's difference between here and there, anyway, you know," he added, tauntingly.

"Well, it will be a beaut of a story without a list of the dead or the injured," sneered Smith. "A swell bunch of words for a news-hungry public!"

"That's my hunt," returned Merrill, without looking up.

Smith pulled his watch from his pocket with a show of nerves as he noted the approach of the hour when the presses must start, the only hour in the twenty-four for which the real newspaper man has the slightest respect. He tugged hard at his moustache and scratched his head while Merrill's thoughts continued to take form, as evidenced by the growing pile of "copy."

Suddenly both men turned their attention to the telegraph instrument. The operator at the other end had "broken in" and shortly the following message lay on the desk before Merrill:

"Boston, Oct. 21.

"Langdon Merrill,

"Bushville, N. S.

"Bust that Bible-thumping proposition. Crazy?

Griscom."

"Don't bust it on your life," ordered Mer-

rill, and the operator, who seemed to be in doubt, suddenly saw a great, white light.

Then this reply shot back to the night editor in the office of the Planet:

"Bushville, N. S., Oct. 21.

"J. C. G., Planet, Boston:

Terrible wreck. Must hold wire. Four thousand coming. Merrill."

The operator resumed his Matthew without interruption for ten minutes, at the end of which period the Boston man "broke in" again with this:

"Boston, Oct. 21.

Merrill,

"Bushville, N. S.

"A. P. drool coming in. Few names from Montreal office. Facts meager. Havanas on me. Rush story. Late now. "Griscom."

"They are getting the names by the Associated Press from Montreal and the railroad wire," Merrill explained to his fellow-worker, in tones intended to reach the ears of Smith. That was the straw that cracked the strained back of the figurative camel. To be neatly trimmed out of what looked like an exclusive was bad enough, but to have his opponent's crippled chronicle made complete was too much by a lot. Smith approached the victor, sulkily.

"Composite offer still open?" he asked.

"How many names have you got?" Merrill replied, Yankee fashion.

"Forty dead and seventy-five injured with a few unidentified," Smith answered, with pardonable pride, for he had worked like a trooper to get the list together.

"Names of those doctors that came through on the special I suppose?"

"Of course."

"You've bought something. Miss Lessing, this is Mr. Smith of New York, also in the business. Take his list of dead and injured and write at the top: 'Merrill,—Lead all Bushville wreck—Dupe to New York Inkling on receipt by agreement—filed 1.30 a. m.' Say, operator, substitute this for that matter in hand and get it through, too. There's \$100 in it for you if it goes O. K. Suppose I can't have the railroad wire?"

"Nope. Sorry."

"About \$100 worth, perhaps," observed Merrill. "Here, partner, you'd better look over the starter of the main story," he con-

tinued, turning to Smith, and the latter thought he caught a slight accent on the "partner," somehow. He picked up the pages and started to read:

"Bushville, N. S., Oct. 21. Forty-six lives were snuffed out and seventy-five persons were maimed here at ten o'clock last evening when the Atlantic Limited, racing along at a forty-mile clip, rushed into an open switch, and an instant later plunged from a bridge into the wildly whirling waters of Otter river. Of the injured," etc.

Smith read on critically, making here and there a correction, and passing each sheet to the operator as he finished. Occasionally he furnished Merrill with some fact, or explained a detail, while the latter talked on quite regardless of his aching wrists, or his triumph over the gentleman from the land of Father Knickerbocker.

As for Helen, she had forgotten everything else in her almost mad enthusiasm. The gruesomeness of it all, her own nerve-rending experience, the pains from a dozen bruises—all slipped from her mind. Was she not absolutely essential to Jack's story, and was it not one of the "scoops" she had heard so much about in the days gone by?

At last the story was ended, the finishing touch was placed on the terrible picture, and the last "personal experience" was on its way to editor, type and a waiting clientele. Once more the Gospel according to St. Matthew was pouring into the office of the Morning Planet over the only wire out of Bushville, and the operator had orders to hold it until the clocks struck six in the American Athens.

The principals in the newspaper phase of the tragedy boarded the special, bound for Halifax, and a surgeon was set at work on Merrill's swollen wrists. Miss Helen Lessing, heiress, of New York, bathing his torn scalp in a solution the doctor gave her, seemed intoxicated with the joy bred by a realization that she was of real use in a busy world. G. Wilder Smith, also of the Empire State metropolis, congratulated the Planet representative on his clever work in forcing the surrender of an Inkling reporter, "fresh from the great gateway to America."

"Bully good story," he said. "But it was the little girl that did me up, after all. You

needed her, old man, didn't you? Now own up."

Langdon Merrill said "yes" very quietly, and he added to himself, "And I guess I need her yet."

* * *

Friends of both parties were surprised, and something more than a dozen rich, eligible and somewhat conceited bachelors in and around the ancient abode of Father Knickerbocker, were seriously jarred one spring morning, and it was the following spring, to read the following in a well-known New York daily:

NEW YORK HEIRESS IN RUN- AWAY MATCH

HELEN M. LESSING WEDS BOSTON RE-
PORTER.

EFFORTS TO CONFIRM MARRIAGE OF COPPER
KING'S DAUGHTER OF NO AVAIL.

Providence, R. I., May 20. A couple giving their names as Langdon Merrill of Boston, and Miss Helen Madeline Lessing, daughter of J. Rudolph Lessing of New York, presented themselves at the office of the city clerk here today, and asked for a marriage license. The groom gave his occupation as that of a reporter, and it is declared in newspaper circles here, that he is the man who, with both arms broken, pulled off for the Boston Planet the famous exclusive on the big wreck at Bushville, N. S., last fall.

The bride, who is a woman of striking beauty, gave her occupation as that of a stenographer, and this raises serious

doubt as to whether her father is identical with the famous copper magnate and millionaire stock operator of New York and Montana, although the Fifth Avenue residence of that personage is given in the application.

Merrill gave his age as thirty-five, while his bride owns to twenty-nine summers.

After securing the necessary license, the pair proceeded to the office of John L. Milliken, justice of the peace, where the ceremony took place.

They went at once to the station where they boarded a train for New York City. Their baggage, consisting of a steamer trunk and two suit cases, was checked to San Francisco.

Efforts to ascertain whether the bride in the Providence wedding was really the daughter of J. Rudolph Lessing, the bear of Wall Street, availed nothing, the reporter being informed by the servants at the Lessing mansion on Fifth Avenue, that the family was in Los Angeles, where, it was presumed, so the butler said, that Miss Lessing was also.

This same gentleman, who seems to be in charge of the Lessing home during the absence of the family, and is evidently a trusted employee, stated to the reporter that he had never admitted a man by the name of Langdon Merrill to the house during the two years that he had been on the job. Neither had he ever mailed any letters to a man of that name in Boston.

"I handle mos' a' ther mail, one time an' er nother, an' ther ain't much gets by George Washington Adams," he added, with a grin that threatened the foundations of his ears.



A BROKEN BUTTERFLY

By Harriet Rogers

"LORD, man! What's this? You're not getting ready for the last sad exit yet, I hope."

I was wandering about Channing's big living-room and had come upon a small granite tomb-stone. I was quite used to skulls, grinning idols, strange mounted bugs, and even fairly accustomed to live lizards and harmless snakes in Channing's apartments—all in hopelessly close proximity to delicate ivories, quaint bits of pottery, rare books and tapestries. But the tomb-stone was new and so horribly incongruous that I confess I came upon it with a shock.

Channing strolled over from the fire-place where he always "officiates" as he says. I have thought sometimes that the fire he makes corresponds to the mood he is in. At any rate that night it was already roaring like seven devils. He offered me a cigar and a light and laid his hand caressingly on the little stone.

"Poor little stone!" he said. "Oh, no, it's not for me." He pressed a button and the corner flooded into light.

"Arabella May Jilson, Aged 16 months." The letters were worn by the weather and were besides a little tipsy as if carelessly cut in the first place.

"Been robbing church-yards long?" I enquired pleasantly. "Where did you take this up?"

Channing laughed. "I didn't take it up. I took it down."

"But it isn't new."

"No." We were making our way back to the fire. It was a wild night, I remember—wind and rain. As we settled into our chairs he went on.

"No, it's about ten years old, I believe." Then I saw a far-away, seeing-visions look slipping into his eyes and I knew there was a story.

"Where did you go up north beside San Francisco?" I queried cautiously, looking straight into the fire. For Channing, though he loves to tell stories, has to be led into it

gently and by not too obvious ways. He must not be urged and above all, he must not be watched—at least, not until he is well under way and lost in the excitement of the tale. Then it doesn't matter. I have often wondered what makes him such a queer chap. Ordinarily he has perfect ease and great charm of manner, but about some things he is like a girl (an old fashioned girl, I mean)—sensitive, you know, and self-conscious. There is nothing effeminate about him, though. He is tall and athletic, but rather spare. Women go crazy over him, but he doesn't seem to return the compliment. I had always imagined there was a tragedy years ago, but no one seemed to know.

A stick fell. Channing replaced it with a skillful touch.

"I went on up north," he said, "—Trinity County. Fished a little. Looked up some timber interests of Billings and mine. Ever been up there?"

I shook my head.

"It's a great country—all through there—if you like roughing it and hard travel. I do. It does me good. I like a horse under me, and I like the smell of the pines and hard riding and hard sleeping and hard eating. It's all good for a man. Do you mean to tell me"—he straightened suddenly—"that you don't know how a mountain meadow looks, or snow on the Divide in August, or the mountain pines, or how the water tastes?" And as I shook my head, "Man, you haven't lived! Go to the mountains."

"Take me—where you went this summer."

"Well, there's a sheep-ranch up there. I camped there one night. It's deserted now. It's just a cabin, some tall pines, a broken-down corral and a stretch of wild country." He settled back in his chair. I pulled at my cigar contentedly. The story was safely launched.

"Fifteen years ago the ranch belonged to a man and his wife, mountain folk—at least they had been there for years. They built the little cabin and made a hard and scanty living.

They had three children. Somehow they got diphtheria—the children. The woman was ignorant. It was seventy-five miles to a doctor. They died—the three—one after the other, and the man buried them. He stuck little wooden crosses up at the heads of the little mounds. The woman moaned and cried for her babies, but the man buried them.

"Then one night she rose up beside him, shook him awake and told him that they'd got to have gravestones for the children's graves. He was heavy with sleep and objected gruffly enough that the thing couldn't be done—they couldn't scrape enough money together. But she—she was something of a termagant—kept at him until at last he caught fire too. He was easy-going and accustomed to follow her lead.

"Do you know, Knight, have you any idea what simple terms life can be reduced to? They had dirt floors, you know, and just a bunk to sleep on. The cabin must have let in the rain, even at its best. And in the winter—I'd rather not imagine how they got through the winters with the snow five and six feet deep. Neither of them would have any new clothing. And the woman patched things—great rough sewing—the kind a man would do. It took them four years, my dear fellow. They came to be obsessed with the one idea and lived for nothing else.

"At last they had enough money in an old sack. And in a rickety wagon with a team of horses they set out for the hundred-and-fifty-mile drive down to the nearest valley town. It must have taken them three days, for the roads were steep and precarious. They drove day-times and camped at night. The crazy little town, of course, bewildered them, but at last they found their way to the stone-yard. When I think of that bent and grizzled man making his bargain and counting his silver out of the old sack and of that woman, worn with work and hardship, sitting there in the wagon watching—why, I—well, it's pitiful."

I nodded, but I kept my eyes on the fire.

"They went away while the stones were marked with the names and the ages. The man, you know, started to give the names, but the woman had to help him out. Her voice was quite steady.

"Then, after a day's rest for the horses, they set out for home, the little stones in the back

of the wagon. Those people are so silent. It's true of all country folk, I suppose, the disregard of talk as a means of companionship or mark of courtesy. Howells says somewhere that in the country mere propinquity is companionship and there is no need of talk to make it complete. These two rode in a more unbroken silence than you or I would dare to have with a living soul—for fifty miles at a stretch.

"At last they reached a beautiful meadow twenty miles below the cabin. The woman straightened up and spoke.

"Kin we git 'em daown tuh-night' she said. The man roused. I think he was encouraged for the thing he had to say by the fact that she had deferred to him by asking a question.

"I reckon," he replied dully, then added, "Them's got tuh be pit daown facin' th' eas'."

"The woman—she wore a kind of a hood thing the mountain women wear, and she pushed it back from her ears and lifted herself like one receiving a challenge. Her voice was harsh.

"'Them'—she jerked her head back toward the stones—'ain't a-goin' tuh be no way but facin' whur I c'n see them letters. Fr'm th' door I got tuh see 'em. Tuh th' eas'! What fur tuh th' eas'? Ain't that turnin' fr'm me? An' ain't I th' mother uv 'em—what bore 'em an' nussed 'em an' lost 'em?'—she sobbed a hard, dry sob—"An' ain't them stuns got tuh look tuh me? Ain't it me what's got tuh say?" Her voice now was high and hysterical. It was a usual thing for her to silence him with just such onslaughts as this. But now he grew a little white about the lips and looked straight ahead. You know—if a man has to stand off a thing like that?"

"Yes, I know." The fire spurted out vicious little tongues of bluish flame. Channing watched it a moment then went on with the story.

"'I dunno,' said the man quietly, 'I reck'n yuh's got's much tuh say 's me. But dead folks's got tuh be burried so 's tuh look tuh th' eas' tuh rise up tuh th' glory o' th' Lord wen 'e comes, an' them there stuns 's got tuh stan' by they head. An' them—they didn't have no chanst tuh be baptize an' they got tuh git this 'ere las' chanst. An' it's got tuh be that-a-way.' His tone of finality held her quiet while it sunk through her slow mind to enrage and harden her.

"When they pulled up at last beside the

little shanty she climbed down with stiffened muscles, and then she turned upon him.

"Ef yuh tech one o' them tuh turn it lookin' away fr'm me, I'll—I'll—kill yuh," she said.

"Not one uv 'em 'll come off 'n this 'ere wag'n tell it goes tuh be pit daown tuh th' eas'."

"And so, my dear fellow, they're there still," Channing went on.

I found myself suddenly on my feet.

"You don't mean, Channing, that—after all that—they never set the stones?"

"I certainly mean just that. The wagon stands there still. The wheels are rotting and sinking into the earth. The stones are slowly sliding to the ground—the others; I brought this one down to stand as a monument to lost ideals and diverted purposes—or rather, perhaps, as a warning against the sins we sin against each other."

"But what ever became of them—the man and the woman? Did they go away? They couldn't have stayed there and seen it go on like that—months and years."

"They died. They wouldn't speak, they say. And after a little the man died of a fever. Before he was buried, she was raving in delirium. Somebody—a sheep-herder, perhaps—found her so and the dead body. At any rate, whoever found her nursed her till she seemed better, went for help, but coming back, found her dead."

We were quiet for a little, then Channing went on musingly.

"Can't you see how they must have done? When he was off on the range, she would cry over the little graves and rail at him. He would only go to them stumblingly at night when he thought she wouldn't know. Of course—of course—they died of fever, but—I'm rather inclined to think they needn't have had the fever if it hadn't been for their hate—if they had been decent, you know."

"What did you mean about our 'sinning against each other?'"

"I mean just that." He spoke very quietly, but he sat gazing on steadily into the fire, which had fallen to a pale glow. His face was stern and very sad—sadder than anything I had ever seen. I wondered if anything in his own life—a quarrel—He sprang up, brought the fire to life and rang for beer. Later, over the last of the rarebit, I returned to the story.

"Did they tell you about the stones—those people in the mountains?"

"Why, yes—part of it—as much of it as they knew."

"But all that about how that man and woman felt and what they said—they didn't tell you that?"

"No,"—he smiled rather shamefacedly—"I'm afraid I made that part up. You see the thing took a great hold on me somehow. I couldn't forget it and I couldn't help imagining it all out. It was rather foolish, perhaps."

"Foolish! No. It puts you away ahead of all those scientific fellows who find bones and reconstruct the animal. You find some little bits of granite, a few bare facts, and you build up human lives—a tragedy. How do you do it?"

"How do I do it? A tragedy? Because I know it so well." He had flung himself over to the window. I heard the rain beating against the panes.

"My dear Channing, I beg your pardon—I didn't know—I didn't mean—" He came back with his hand out—his usual quiet self.

"I beg your pardon. I lost my self for a minute. But—I'm older than you, Knight. Let me tell you. Don't ever be a fool. Don't—no matter what comes—tamper with your happiness. Don't 'break your butterfly on a wheel.'"





MY ROCKY MOUNTAIN MILK RANCH

A MEMORY

By N. S. French

HOW cool it was up there in the shade of that great pine-clad mountain! The shade was always dark and heavy over our log cabin for hours after the peaks of the snowy range away to the west of us were bright with Colorado's own and only brand of sunlight. What grass grew in those little mountain meadows to the south of that dark forest, and what a spring was that bursting forth from under the big rock close to the cabin door! The ice we quarried from the gulch nearby would scarcely melt in the spring, and a crock of butter placed in the water over night came out so solid that it took a warm knife to cut it.

Our cabin was of logs or poles so straight as to need almost no chinking at all. An axe was the only tool needed or used in building it. A blanket was the only door until one day, when Jack was out with the herd and I was delivering milk in the mining camp two and a half miles away, a hungry old she bear stole in and appropriated about all our grub, including a kettle of choice beans that Jack had cooked up for a midday lunch. 'Twas a light lunch we had that day, for what is a mountain lunch without beans? After that we built a door, of "shakes," split from a

straight pine, and fastened it with a miner's lock—a strong wooden bar that was pulled back and forth by a thong that hung in the cracks between the logs at either corner. A written notice over the door told any human being that could read, which string to pull, but bears and mountain lions, not being able to read English, were barred out.

The same axe that built our house made our furniture except one rickety table and a "rockin' cheer" that we secured at a bargain along with two cows that had come from Missouri under the yoke, and thus had helped to pull the wagon containing the said table and "cheer."

All our milk was sold at good prices, 20 cents per quart, or six quarts for a dollar's worth of tickets. Any that was left unsold was brought back to the cabin and churned in an old dash churn.

The cows were surely a mixed lot. The most of them were triple purpose cows, since they had helped to pull wagons across the plains in addition to performing the usual functions of maternity. The time was the early sixties, and the steel trail for the iron horse had stopped at the Missouri River, some 500 miles away. The Overland stage

brought us our mail once a day, though over a week on the trail, and the long "bull trains" brought us our flour, beans and bacon semi-occasionally. But the cows—what a wild, mixed lot they were! Of all colors, ages and sizes, from "old Tex," whose long slim horns were proof of her birthplace and her right to lead the herd, down to little "Buffie," so called because her color and shape gave ample proof of her wild bison ancestry. "Buffie" was not much of a milker, but as a kicker she holds the world's record even to this day. There was "Spot" the hard milker, "Whitey" whose great long teats I have never seen equaled, and "Shorthorn," so called, not on account of any pedigree, but simply because her horns were only about one-tenth as long as those which "old Tex" carried. And "old Granny" was so old that the wrinkles were ready to drop from the ends of her horns, and whose milk was so rich that the butter globules would gather on top of it as it was milked into the pail on cool mornings. Three pounds of salted butter per day was her record, made in the old-fashioned churn. She might have had Jersey blood, but if so, her ancestors came over a long time ago. But we gave her a churn test just the same, and such butter as that was—the very essence of the rich bunch grass of that mountain peak. And the color! 'Twas the concentrated color of all the Junes since the dove brought the first green leaf to Father Noah. No record was kept of the score, but it must have been about 103½.

Our cows were slowly driven up to the "milk ranch" in May and back to the "home ranch" in October. It was at the mouth of the Cache la Poudre, and the town of Greeley is there now, where they raise potatoes, alfalfa sugar beets, and perhaps a few other things. But never, either there or anywhere else, will man's wisdom figure out a better balanced ration than that with which the Great Creator has carpeted the plains and mountains for the use and benefit of His children—the red men and the buffalo. The western march of our so-called civilization had swept them both away and nearly destroyed the "short grass," yet still there is no milk that has as much body; no butter that "stands up" as well as that made from the native grass of the plains and mountains. We may improve on nature in some things, but not in all. We made some butter in the

spring and fall which sold readily for from 50 cents to \$1 per pound, only our money was gold dust, so called, which passed current at \$16 an ounce or 80 cents a pennyweight. Everyone who did any business had a set of gold scales to weigh the precious stuff with, and it took a pretty good judge of dust to keep even in a business way.

We raised the calves after a fashion, usually by putting two on a kicking cow, a breed that was quite plentiful those days. Cows that were gentle and kind to milk were scarce and hard to get, and the high times we had roping and breaking others in would make a "wild west show" of today take a back seat. Sic transit Gloria Mundi—a liberal translation of which means that I am not as young and spry as I was then.

Our milking hours in the summer were from 2 to 3 a.m. and from 4 to 5 p.m. The night's milk was set in the cold spring water and at 4 a.m. both that and the morning's mess was loaded into a spring (?) wagon that had seen better days a long time ago. Then with one foot on the brake and one hand on the reins I would watch the "bronses" pick their way down to Clear Creek over a trail that would make a prairie raised boy dizzy. Then up Clear (?) Creek through mud and water to the Black Hawk mill, then up Gregory's Gulch to Central City, and woe be unto him who dared to speak of this string of miner's cabins as anything but a city, with a big C at that. Ah, there was scenery for you! Could I but paint it now as I saw it then and also portray my customers as they stood around the milk cart in the light of the slowly rising sun, my fortune would be made.

Our customers were about as much of a mixed lot as were the cows. There was Big Tom, the Cornishman, boss blaster of the night shift in the Black Hawk mine, who always took a quart of milk to drink at one draught as a "night-cap" when he laid down for his day's sleep. And Pat Casey, the lucky and good natured Irishman who had struck it so rich on the Burroughs Lode that his new 48-stamps mill was said to be cleaning up for him a bushel of "dust" every twenty-four hours. Pat's appetite for butter-milk was insatiable, and had he never drank anything stronger, his millions would have done him more good than they did. Poor Pat, the Judge of All has given him his award long ago. And good Mrs. Farley of the Michigan

House, who always had a kind word for everyone, and especially for the milkman, though her sister, Miss Betsey, always tasted and smelled of every measure of milk, though they all came out of the same can.

Dutch Sam kept the city bakery, and wanted ice every Saturday, and no wonder, for he sold his Sunday ice-cream for \$1 a plate, and small plates at that. We quarried his ice from a small dark canyon where it had lain for years, possibly for centuries.

In this rough and rustling camp of miners, there were few babies, but these few all drank milk, when they could get it. Pretty Mrs. Dalton, the wife of the superintendent of the Gregory mine, had come from Boston with her three babies; two girls and a boy about 8, all riding about a week, day and night, in an Overland coach. Think of that, ye who cross the continent in palace cars! How thankful she was when she found that she could get the "pure stuff" away out there in Pike's Peak, as all that country was called, those days. And how those babies did grow in that pure air and drinking nature's own food—milk. Could I but picture them as my mind's eye sees them now, what an advertisement the picture would make for some patent baby food.

And there were two Mexican babies, near the Garrison tunnel, whose mother "spik not Inglis," but who loved her black eyed babies in all languages.

And that blue eyed dreaming boy, whose father was engineer in Casey's mill, and whose mother slept in an unmarked grave way back on the Santa Fe trail. He lived—yes, literally lived—in the black engine room of that great roaring mill, and the milk I poured into his battered tin pail was the first real cow's milk that he had ever seen or tasted. Did he like it? Said he, "That's gooder than pap's coffee!"

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR THE LITTLE HELPS FOUND SUITED FOR USE IN THIS DEPARTMENT, WE AWARD SIX MONTHS' SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. IF YOU ARE ALREADY A SUBSCRIBER, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. YOU CAN THEN EITHER EXTEND YOUR OWN TERM OR SEND THE NATIONAL TO A FRIEND. IF YOUR LITTLE HELP DOES NOT APPEAR, IT IS PROBABLY BECAUSE THE SAME IDEA HAS BEEN OFFERED BY SOMEONE ELSE BEFORE YOU. TRY AGAIN.

WE DO NOT WANT COOKING RECIPES, UNLESS YOU HAVE ONE FOR A NEW OR UNCOMMON DISH. ENCLOSE A STAMPED AND ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IF YOU WISH US TO RETURN OR ACKNOWLEDGE UNAVAILABLE OFFERINGS.

HOW TO WASH COLORED BLANKETS

By Mrs. Chas. W. Wells, Juneau, Alaska

In reply to Mrs. S. B. W., New York, in current number of National just received, asking how to wash blankets so the colors will not run, use *rain water* whenever practicable, (in this country, like the poor, "we have it always with us") with a half-pint of ammonia to a tub of water, by a happy combination it "sets" the colors while loosening the dirt.

CURE FOR GRIPPE

Garlic eaten raw will cure a cold in the head, gripe or influenza in the first stages, but in cases where prejudiced people refuse to test its virtues, Irish moss lemonade made after the well-known flaxseed lemonade recipe and taken for both meat and drink stands next on the list. Pineapple juice will relieve inflammation of the throat in the most advanced and chronic cases, and cure all ordinary attacks. In both membranous croup and diphtheria, pure pineapple juice either raw or from the canned fruit will cure when the entire apothecary shop has been tried and found wanting.

A USEFUL MENDING HINT

By Laura Owen Abbott, Bisbee, Ari.

When mending stockings having large holes, if a piece of mosquito netting is placed over the hole and then darned through the meshes, it will make a disagreeable task much easier.

WHEN BAKING

If a handful of salt is put on bottom of oven under pans when baking gingerbread or any cake easily burned, it will prevent burning.

Putting a pinch of salt in the coffee improves the flavor.

SAVE ENAMEL WARE

By Mrs. C. A. Wilcox, Hartford, Conn.

If any food has stuck on or scorched on the bottom of kettle or other utensil used do not scrape it, but rub hard soap all over it and put cold water in and cover, setting on the stove to heat, when all can be easily washed off and the kettle be as smooth as new. If very badly scorched on, it may need two applications of the soap and cold water. Just try it, and you will be so pleased when you see how easily it becomes clean.

BRIGHTENS STRAW MATTING AND OILCLOTH

By Mrs. M. L. Carson, Chino, Cal.

Wash matting twice during the summer with salt and water, say about a pint of salt dissolved in about a pailful of warm, soft water, drying the matting quickly with a cloth. The salt will prevent it from turning yellow. After oilcloths are scrubbed and dried, they should be rubbed all over with a cloth dipped in milk. You will be surprised at the brightness.

CLEAN FLOUR SACKS

By Mrs. D. C. Tomlinson, Savanna, Ill.

Put a tablespoonful of kerosene into two quarts of soap-suds and boil up your new flour sacks in the same, and they will be left white, with all the colored lettering gone.

MAKING A RESTAURANT OF A HOME

By Miss Lee McCrae, Birmingham, Ala.

Statistics say that only fourteen per cent. of American homes have hired help. If the figures be correct, eighty-six married women out of every hundred are getting their own meals and puzzling more or less over the same problems.

Doubtless the majority of them labor self-sacrificingly and unselfishly, keeping house as best they know how or as best they can under their conditions; but often there is a sad lack of applied common-sense. For instance, many consult only the comfort and pleasure of their families, leaving themselves entirely out of the calculation. She's just as foolish and short-sighted as the selfish woman.

Any number of these overly-kind mothers serve breakfast and sometimes other meals as though they were running a restaurant, allowing each member of the family, young and old, to come down stairs at his or her own sweet will, clamoring for a *hot* meal at once. The results are many and all bad. The children form habits of selfishness, laziness and irregular rising; good food is wasted or spoiled by standing; the mother becomes literally a servant; the day's work has a broken beginning; and the family has missed the cheery gathering that would have had a strong influence for good upon the whole day. A happy breakfast, during which plans for the day are discussed, means much to the harmony of feeling and action among the members of a home. We need to know where each will be and what each is doing; besides, how do we know what may happen to our scattered flock ere the sun goes down?

Of course when the children are mere babies, it is better for them and for the mother's work that they sleep as long as possible; then the parents can have the first meal together undisturbed; but when a child is old enough to go to school, he should be up at the usual breakfast hour. Indeed, if he has any home studying to do, it is far better to get an hour for it in the early morning when the mind is fresh and the recitation time nearer than to sit up, tired and sleepy, endeavoring to do night work. "Early to bed and early to rise" is the wisest of rules for the school boy and girl. Good health demands a regular, reasonable hour for rising, and we all realize that our *best* work, be it mental or manual, is done before ten o'clock.

But I am pleading for the child's early, regular rising for the mother's sake rather than its own. To serve a meal "on the installment plan" is really a difficult thing. It is also unnecessary (except in unusual cases), and a mistaken kindness to the members of her family. It is rank injustice to herself as well. A housekeeper's work is wearing enough under any circumstances, so there is no sense in prolonging the meal-getting and dish-washing, and thereby adding to her burden of care and worry.

In the average American home, be it mean or "of means," we have no place for either "ladies of leisure" nor for slaves. Our households must be managed in such a way that burdens are shared and equalized as nearly as possible, each member consulting the comfort and welfare of the rest as well as of self. Only so can our homes be the refuge of which we dream, the quiet harbors into which all can float at nightfall for anchorage, where the ugly barnacles gathered out in the open sea can be rubbed off, and a fresh cargo of new courage taken on board.

COLD TEA PUNCH

By Mrs. S. T. Lisk, Grahamville, Fla.

Among good old temperance drinks the following is a fine recipe, often tried. The tea which forms the body of this drink may be Ceylon or Oolong, carefully selected. For the flavoring, prepare early in the morning. Pour one quart of cold water in a small saucepan; add the juice of two lemons, and three oranges, quarter of a pound of sugar, quarter of the rind of a lemon and orange. Let this come to the boiling point. Strain it into a pitcher, mix with the strong tea; let it cool, and serve cold in a punch-bowl with slices of orange and pineapple.

FOR THE ARTIST

By Lettie M. Kennedy, Lenox, Iowa

When the paint has been allowed to harden on the palette, put the board in the oven long enough for the oils to soften, when it can be scraped off with a knife and then cleaned with some sort of scouring soap and polished with boiled oil.

When you are through with your brushes for the day, wash them thoroughly in soap and water.

IN THE LAUNDRY

In doing laundry work whether you wash on a board or with a machine, cool the water so you can bear your hand in it before you put the clothes into it. Why? Because by putting white clothes in hot or boiling water for the first suds, a tinge will be left on them which cannot be washed out.

When you launder your fine table linen, never wring it through the wringer; if you do creases will be pressed in that cannot be ironed out; always wring it by hand.

A REQUEST

By W. B. Robinson, Knoxville, Iowa

The administration building of the State Hospital for Inebriates where I am librarian, is overrun with little red ants, from the basement to the attic. They are among the offices, among the books in the library—everywhere. They will swarm like a hive of bees around the carcass of a dead fly. Various destroyers have been resorted to, but without effect—in fact, they seemed only to improve the complexion of the ants. It has been suggested by a reader of the National Magazine that an inquiry in "Little Helps for Home-Makers Dept." would lead to information that would lead to the discomfort, if not the extermination of these pestiferous insects. I will look with pleasure for the next number of your valuable magazine.

KEEPING POTATOES IN WINTER

By E. T. S., Washington, D. C.

To keep sweet potatoes through the winter perfectly, line a barrel with warm dry newspapers, side and bottom, then wrap each potato in paper and pack into it, till full, cover well and keep in warm dry kitchen or any warm dry room. A smaller quantity may be packed in a box in the same way, and kept in warm dry atmosphere. To keep Irish potatoes in the cellar, sprinkle air-slacked lime among them; it seems to keep them dry and healthy. (As they are sorted sprinkle a little in every layer).

WHEN USING CANNED GOODS

By Cynthia Lawrence, Tarrington, Conn.

Much of the danger which we anticipate from using canned vegetables can be avoided by washing them thoroughly. All kinds of course will not admit of a bath, but beets, peas, spinach or string beans I always empty from the can into a colander and hold it under the faucet until they are well rinsed, after which I heat and season them and serve fearlessly.

TO MAKE A HOLE IN GLASS

By Mrs. C. W. Tilden, Los Angeles, Cal.

Press upon the glass a cake of wet clay and make a hole the desired size through the clay, laying bare the glass at the bottom. Pour melted lead into the hole and it will drop through the glass and leave a perfectly smooth, round hole.

AUNT DINAH'S RECIPE

By Olive Johnston, North Jackson, O.

(Given before the war)

Yes, chile, dat cake is good to eat,
But shuah you doan want no recet,
Still, since dey say yous'e goin' orf,
To lib in dat cold frozen norf,
I'll try an' see if I kin fix it
So yo'se pore white trash gal can mix it.

You takes some butter—jess enuff—
Too little makes de mixin' tuff;
Den aigs—now wait, an' le' me see—
Sometimes its two and sometimes free,
Jess as de hens to lay hab chuse;
One cup or mo' of suga' use;
'Bout half a cup o' milk den add,
An' stir it roun' an' roun' like mad,
But jiss one way, for doan you see
De bakin' else will heaby be.
Raisins and currants, citron, too,
A berry little brandy'll do;
Somehow dat allus seems a waste,
Special if I once gets a taste.
Right smart o' spice a pinch o' salt,
An' now you'd better call a halt
An' see if somefin dere be not
Wich in you're haste yo' done forgot.
Law's, yes! Some bakin' powder sift in,
Or else your cake will hab no liftin'.
Stir berry hard, turn out an' bake,
An' honey'll hab Aunt Dinah's cake.

FOR WEAK EYES

By Mrs. Agnes Haskell, Lowell, Mass.

To one quart of cold water add one heaping teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one ditto of sugar (white). Let settle and bathe the eyes freely, flooding the liquid into them. This is excellent.

CURE FOR JAUNDICE

Bayberry root or bark is a sure cure for jaundice. Steep well and extract all the goodness possible. Drink freely of this bitter liquid. Many years ago this cured the writer's mother of the severest attack, and of recent years a lady residing in Lowell, Mass.

SAVING ON LONG GLOVES

By Mary E. Gardner, Dorchester, Mass.

Long gloves are costly and often wear through on the finger-tips after a very little time. If one cuts off the glove at the wrist, a pair of ordinary length gloves can be sewed to them, and the seam being almost imperceptible, the gloves are practically as good as new at one-third the cost.

TWO WAYS TO COOK EGGS

By Mrs. J. M. Lemons, Rayborn, Mo.

First way:—Cover the eggs with cold water, put over the fire and when they come to the boil they are done.

Second way:—Pour boiling water over eggs, set on back of stove for half an hour. They are tender and delicious.

MOIST COOKING UTENSILS

By Mrs. O. E. Hensel, Frankfort, Mich.

If on taking up vegetables, etc., one has not time to fill utensil with water, turn upside down on a table, and it will keep moist for hours.

TO CLEANSE A SKIRT

By Mrs. T. E. Farrell, Sheboygan, Mich.

Having the misfortune to buy a black bunting skirt which seemed to have been improperly cleansed of the natural wool grease, I tried *completely immersing* and thoroughly washing it in a couple of gallons of gasoline; then I let it drip dry on the clothesline; since when I have had no trouble whatever with it catching the dust. After the first few wearings I felt it was ruined, as it looked gray with dust and the more I brushed the worse it looked, but since cleaning with gasoline, it keeps as free from dust as any goods possibly can, and best of all, the gasoline never wrinkles the goods, as water does, so every crease in the pleats was as perfect as before wetting it.

TO PREVENT A RUN-AROUND

By Mrs. A. N. S., Eaton Rapids, Mich.

When a throbbing pain is felt at the corner of the nail, with needle or sharp point of a knife; do not use a pin; open it close to the nail and squeeze until a little moisture exudes. If, in a few hours, the pain is still there, repeat and there will be no run-around.

TO PREVENT A FELON

On the first sensation like the prick of a briar, wind the finger tight (a few long hairs are best). When very red press hard with fingers of the other hand, as long as it can be well borne, loosen, and repeat if necessary and there will be no felon.

THE EVER-USEFUL MEAT-CHOPPER

By Mrs. C. M. Hancy, Traverse City, Mich.

Having some blackberries that I wanted to use for jam, and my fruit-press being out of commission, it seemed to me a big undertaking to rub them all through a collander, as there were ten quarts of them, so at the suggestion of my daughter, I put them through the *meat-chopper*, and it answered the purpose well. No stained hands nor soiled sleeves.

BAKING SODA ON THE TOILET TABLE

By Mrs. H. S. Case, Chelsea, Mass.

If a pinch of baking soda is applied under the arm-pits after washing, it will positively eliminate all odor of perspiration. This is much more economical and effectual than some of the high-priced powders.

FOR BURNS

By Mrs. Luther Crossman, Cushman, Mass.

Save your egg-shells until through cooking. The white left in the shells is one of the best things to apply to a small burn. Apply two or three times. You will have no trouble from these little burns.

CATNIP TEA FOR COLIC

By Mrs. F. E. Johnson, Lapeer, Mich.

A little weak catnip is very good for the little baby's colic. It is also a slight laxative.

ROSIN FOR WORMS

Give your child a piece of rosin to eat, a little every day, if he is troubled with worms. It is perfectly harmless and will destroy the nests as well as the worms. An old Indian doctor recommended this, and I have found nothing else as effective.

THE HAPPY HABIT.



HAVE you ever thought of the sea of letters floating over the country all the time; now ebbing, now flowing, like the waves of the wide ocean itself? Have you ever thought what vivid reflections are enfolded between these written pages? In one are the notes of joy, the outbursts of happiness going with the wedding cards or the news of some equally joyful event. Then there are the disconsolate notes of sorrow; the last wail of the suicide is committed to paper; the last words of the dying to some loved one, penned as the last bit of strength is ebbing—or it may be the message of death is written by a stranger's hand, and speeds on its way to bring darkness into some home or heart;—sometimes it is the sad story of disgrace that jostles the wedding cards in the mails. There are the business letters: the note demanding payment, the drafts and the exchanges that keep the marts of the whole world busy, the financial letters that must pass to and fro between the money centers, to say nothing of the sharp-tongued collector's note. Every phase of life is indicated in these leaflets, from the "ill-omened page that spreadest gloom along life's erstwhile happy way," to the stirring call to be up and doing, for "man's life was not made for men's creeds, but men's actions." How directly associated with every-day life are the little white messengers. Sometimes, it may be, the telegraph or the telephone overtakes them, and the harsh notes, "the song of the iron wire," bring the message in terse, cruel words that is being more gently told by the dove-like, fluttering pages of the letter. How often such a message changes the whole trend of a situation or the course of a life!

The telegraph is like the crest of the wave, the rough upper water of the sea; but the mails are as the deep, strong tide below, that moves on resistlessly, regardless of wind and weather,—but telegraph, telephone and letters all alike repeat the refrain of human intelligence and human life.

How often the postman, in his sober gray, walks up and delivers that which is likely to change the current of a day, making it bright and sunny, despite the clouds in the sky out of doors; or gloomy and dark, no matter how brightly Old Sol may shine; or perhaps he brings the missive which shifts the destiny of a life. You never know what the mail may bring—for a moment you balance the letter in your hand and think of the possibilities inside; and how often a few hearty written words, that might be misconstrued if spoken, bring delight as the reader sees the meaning expressed between the lines, even to the simple "yours truly," which seems to fitly express the temper in which the letter was written; it often happens that the wind-up of a letter is a sort of test-mark of the writer's disposition.

* * * * *

LETTERS are an excellent safety-valve—it is said that the best thing to do when one is angry is to sit down and write a letter to the offending party, saying all the savage things that are in the mind and heart at the moment; lay it gently aside for perusal the next

morning, when one finds the indignation has abated, the savage spirit has exuded during the night, and when the letter is read over it is quite likely we are ashamed of ever having such thoughts, and we hastily tear and re-tear it and consign it to the waste-basket—it has performed a real mission.

Much harm is done by letters written in the heat of temper; many a business house has lost deals worth thousands of dollars by an impertinent word from an indifferent employe—either written or spoken. More trouble is caused by impudence than incompetence—merely ill-considered impudence. Some employes who feel in a measure fortified in their positions, working for a weekly wage rather than because they wish to work and be of some service in the world, consider themselves privileged to be independent to the public whom they are supposed to serve. There is an impression that this is permissible and justified by “fool questions,” but it doubtless arises from a certain form of human vanity. Lincoln understood it—that is why his favorite poem was “Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?”

This is where the Happy Habiter plays his part. No matter how irksome or onerous or disagreeable his work, he feels impelled to throw in just a little light touch of human feeling or a cheery word, or at least he will as far as possible carve off the corners of stern officialdom and sacrifice his dignity a trifle rather than give annoyance to those with whom he comes into contact. A little courtesy in a letter means so much to the recipient; a pleasant word may make all the difference in even a small business transaction—no one is insensible to courtesy and appreciation. There are times when one is prone to believe that there is no such thing in the world as gratitude, but that is the very time when the severest introspection will probably reveal a personal reason for the apparent ingratitude that has been manifested.

* * * * *

A RARE pleasure indeed is a chatty, hearty letter. What a fund of happiness can be dispensed in this way at the cost of but a few minutes' effort—and a stamp! What unhappy and even lifelong misunderstandings may be avoided by a few lines of cheery, kindly correspondence! Sometimes such a letter is even better than a personal talk, because there is no danger of saying too much; words are more carefully chosen and expressions are less likely to be misconstrued when the sentiment is written.

There is a thrill of real sterling happiness when we can look straight into the face of one long round of adversity and trouble and yet clearly behold through a rift in the clouds the meed of deserved success and the gleam of future prosperity. In the financial reaction that has convulsed the world during the past few months, there has been, even on the darkest storm-cloud, a silver lining visible. While our hearts are wrung with pity and sympathy for the distress that follows in its wake—men out of work, and hungry, despairing women and little ones lacking bread, ragged and uncared for—yet the situation demands of everyone the exercise of the broadest sympathy and the noblest impulses that ever poured kindly assistance into the hands of those who needed it—assistance that is hesitatingly taken by these honest, hard-working men who are straining every nerve to weather the gale without making shipwrecks of their little homes.

In all the gloomy features of this situation there is one beneficent result, as truly helpful as any wealth or pleasure gleaned from bright fields or the somber woods; the waving boughs of primeval forests, or the adamantine cliffs of majestic mountains. In human history, as in every phase of life in nature, there is the same lesson:—the survival of the fittest, the endurance of the strongest, wisest and most skillful. It seems cruel, but it is very apparent to those

who have studied history and the development of the race. In every instance, wherever one race has exterminated another, though it be done with needless bloodshed and cruelty and crime, yet the vanishing race, it will eventually be conceded, has not availed itself of the rich gifts laid ready to its hand; or perchance it may have been handicapped by some form of government or religion that could not stand, as witnessed in the nomalous institutions of unfortunate Poland or the red man's fall of empire in America. The conquering race lets in the light and brings advancement in its wake. Although we may shudder at this immutable law, yet when we look closer into its workings we perceive recognize therein a wisdom that transcends the human judgment of that time. Nature, however kindly, is, after all, a rigid economist, and no one can continue to wantonly waste her blessings and not suffer; and although the beneficence of the law may not always be seen immediately; it is there nevertheless.

* * * * *

DURING the late financial reverses, even in the homes of many rich men, it has suddenly been discovered that the good wife, who seemed *blase* and weary of a continual round of pleasure and social engagements, possesses other and nobler and more endearing qualities than those with which she graced the home in a social way. When money could not be obtained, such women developed a capacity for finding and conferring happiness in their homes by doing their housework in the good old homely way. In this way the family was drawn more closely together—the boys would not leave things lying about if they knew "mother" had to pick up after they went out; the girls suddenly discovered that it was possible to wash dishes without spoiling one's hands. They learned how much sugar the family liked in the pies and puddings, and just how salty father liked his soup; the meals, though much plainer than of old, had a flavor not known before. Like the child with his toys, it is discovered that the simple and inexpensive modes of living are, in the long run, the most satisfactory, and the dinner of salt fish and potatoes and the dessert of boiled rice taste mighty good—a diet of the good old times, that put bone and muscle into the hardy pioneers. Besides, when that family keeps a maid again, they will understand more of what her duties are, and will be less given to complaining and more ready to "help out" instead.

* * * * *

TALKING of plain food brings up recollections of that wholesome dish—"oatmeal porridge", and recalls the fact that to the power of the Scotch people to subsist chiefly on that simple, hearty food is attributed the constant defeat of the English efforts to enslave them. The hardy Scotsman, armed with his primitive weapons and bag of oatmeal, "took to the heather" in the Highlands. He did not need a fire, even: all that he had to do was to pause beside a stream, dip up a little water to mix with his meal, and a satisfying diet was at once provided. Lean, muscular, inured to hardship, they were formidable foes to the imposing, beef-fed armies of England, whose plum-pudding-and-beef larder could not be transported up the hills, so they were fain to sit down in the lowlands until the Scot was ready for battle. The racial type that grew from that stern climate and simple diet have dominated the world and are found everywhere.

More recently, we have seen the little Jap, with his diet of rice, contesting on the plains of Manchuria with the proud Russian. That simple commissariat was bound to win the day. In every instance the man who cannot get along without a plethoric pantry will be beaten when it comes to living on hard fare. It is a question whether intemperance in food is not as prevalent as intemperance in drink, and whether the one does not as surely blind the perceptions as the other.



WHERE LOCKPORT GETS ITS NAME

LOCKPORT, NEW YORK

IN the center of the finest fruit garden in the world, (Niagara County, N. Y.,) on a high elevation, with streets shaded by big maples, stands the beautiful City of Lockport, noted for its good health rate. Her people enjoy a surrounding country of fine scenery, and the pleasures of Olcott Beach near by on Lake Ontario, which, with its boating, bathing, fishing, splendid hotel accommodations, dancing casino, amusement parks and rustic theater, is considered by people from all over the country as being one of the most attractive summer resorts in the United States.

Lockport derived its name from the combined locks in the Erie Canal, which were completed and the canal opened for navigation in 1825. Owing to the water power developed by a fall of sixty (60) feet in the canal at the locks, flour mills, foundries, saw-mills, etc., were built, and Lockport soon became a great manufacturing center.

In 1825, General Lafayette, while on a tour of the country, and on his way to Boston to lay the corner stone of the Bunker Hill

Monument, visited here, and was entertained by the Ames Chapter at the Old Washington Hotel.

In 1850, Potter Palmer, who later acquired fame and fortune in Chicago, kept a dry goods and grocery store here.

The Village Clerk in 1829 was John Hopkins, who built the J. H. U. in California, and also in partnership with Collis P. Huntington and Leland Stanford built the western end of the Union Pacific.

Henry M. Flagler, the Standard Oil Millionaire, at one time kept a hardware store here.

The Union School System was originated and established at Lockport, and in its present state, consists of two central high and eight primary schools, also the sisters convent school, in which is taught music, painting and regular educational subjects, is rated among the highest in the United States.

Lockport has twenty-one churches of all denominations, many being of very beautiful architecture.

LOCKPORT, NEW YORK

Lockport has three well established daily and weekly papers—The Union Sun, Lockport Journal and Lockport Review.

The Niagara County Court House, Niagara County jail and Sheriff's residence, County Clerk's office, the Federal building, in which are located the Post Office and United States Court Rooms, City Hospital, City Building, Odd Fellows Home, and Home for the Friendless.

The City has four hose companies, one hook and ladder company and one chemical engine, and the department is rated very high for its efficiency.

Lockport water system is being changed to an immense water plant located on the



MAIN STREET, LOCKPORT, NEW YORK

Niagara River at North Tonawanda, about thirteen miles from Lockport, the water being conveyed in a thirty-inch pipe, the work being well under way and to be completed June, 1908, which will give Lockport an unlimited supply of pure water equal to any in the country.

By the census of 1905, the population was 17,552, an increase of 1,000 over that of 1900. The bright prospects for the industrial growth of the Niagara section foreshadow a marked increase in the near future.

* * *

Lockport offers the best advantages in power, whether water, electric or steam. Electric power is to be had in unlimited quantities, and can be purchased at prices varying from \$18.00 to \$22.00 per horse power per annum, according to the quantity consumed. This gives Lockport the cheapest electric power in the United States.

Water power is cheap and can be obtained for about \$12.50 per H.P.

Both hard and soft coal can be had the year round at reasonable prices.

Lockport is connected with three progressive railroads, the New York Central, Erie, International Electric Railway, Buffalo to Lockport and Lockport to Olcott, and also the great state waterway, the Erie Canal, which is being enlarged by the state into a one thousand ton barge canal. This enlargement will allow direct lake communications with Lockport. The two trunk-line railroads touching Lockport connect at Buffalo with fourteen railroads, which reach every part of the United States.

The American and Wells Fargo Express Companies give quick service.

There is a trolley service every half hour between Lockport, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, and steam railway service hourly to Buffalo and every two hours to Rochester. In addition to this, a new trolley line is being built from Rochester to Lockport.

Lockport, though twenty-five miles from Buffalo, is located in the Buffalo freight zone, and takes the same rates as Buffalo, thus giving advantages in freight rates that are unexcelled.

Choice manufacturing sites with switching facilities from two railroads can be had at reasonable prices. The Board of Trade will gladly negotiate for sites.

Lockport is in the center of a rich sandstone and limestone district, and building materials are, therefore, comparatively cheap.

There are the banks with a capital and surplus of \$640,000.00 and deposits of \$6,500,000. The Niagara County National Bank, National Exchange Bank and Framers and Mechanics Savings Bank, rated among the best in the state, are very strong and reliable institutions, presided over by men of highest integrity.

Few cities and communities enjoyed the degree of prosperity of Lockport during the hard times and panic of 1892 and 1893. This was due, in a large degree, to its prosperous manufacturers.

Among the many thriving industries of Lockport, the success of the Thompson Milling Company is convincing evidence of the desirable facilities that this city affords large manufacturing plants in the way of cheap power and excellent transportation

LOCKPORT, NEW YORK

service. This company commenced business in 1890 and the untiring energy and ability of its president, George B. Thompson, has built a business as substantial as this solidly constructed stone building, erected on ground that has, for nearly a century, been occupied by a flouring mill operated by water power.

Other large flour mill interests are, the Franklin Mills Company, whose products have world wide fame. This is the only mill in the country equipped exclusively for the manufacture of whole wheat flour. Franklin Whole Wheat Flour; Franklin (whole wheat) pancake flour is also a product



PLANT OF UNITED INDURATED FIBRE COMPANY

This company has adhered to the simple axiom: that the best wheat ground by the best machinery, without bleaching or adulterating, would produce the best flour, and this policy has established for their Angelus Flour a reputation second to none throughout New York State and New England, where their product is marketed.

of this company, the acme of perfection in Pancakes and Wheatlet the justly celebrated breakfast food.

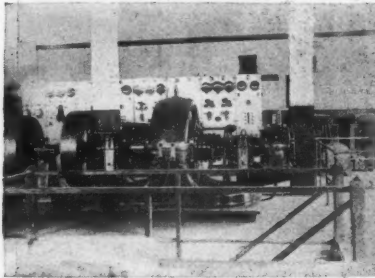
The Federal Milling Company, manufacturers of the highest priced flour on the market, (the Sphinx brand.)

The Gregg Milling Company. Manufacturers of fine flour.

LOCKPORT, NEW YORK

Perhaps the most prominent, among the many advantages of Lockport, particularly as a residential city, is the fact that it has a Central Station Steam Heating System. In fact, Lockport was the first town in the country to possess a central heating plant, it having been invented or worked out by Lockport men over thirty years ago. Most of the older residents of this city can remember the time when excursions from New York, Philadelphia, and in fact all the larger cities of the East were almost a weekly occurrence to inspect the heating plant.

When the plant was first installed demonstrations were made to show how quickly all kinds of cooking could be done by the use of steam, and also at that time a large banquet was given at No. 131 Main Street, which is



POWER PLANT OF THE LOCKPORT LIGHT, HEAT & POWER CO.

now the office of the Economy Light, Fuel & Power Company, in which all the prominent citizens of Lockport participated, as well as interested parties from the large eastern cities.

There are many advantages worthy of consideration in having steam delivered from a central station among which are increased cleanliness, due to the absence of coal, ashes, smoke, soot, etc., a more steady heat than is possible to secure through the use of individual boilers, furnaces, or in fact, any other method of heating, the heat being available at all time during the day and night; decreased fire risk; increased amount of available space in cellars due to the absence of coal bins, ash bins, furnaces, etc., life and health is not jeopardized by coal gas, boiler explosions, etc. An excellent feature of a central station heating plant, and one which appeals to the housewife, is the uniformity and continuance of steady temperature of the house in which it is used.

The American District Steam Company of Lockport, N. Y., has recently perfected a meter, known as the Simplex Condensation Meter, which automatically weighs the water of condensation, and by this method of charging for steam the consumer is enabled to practice economy by shutting off radiation when heat is not required; instead of opening doors and windows when rooms become too warm, and thus wasting the heat, and the advantage to the operating company is also very apparent. The flat rate method of charging is one which is readily going out of vogue with central station heating companies, for the reason that in placing a flat rate on a residence or building to be heated, the operating company must fix a rate high enough to cover the item of extravagance and carelessness, which can be easily practiced in the use of steam, thereby depriving a consumer who might wish to economize the opportunity to do so. A consumer having a flat rate feels that he must pay a fixed amount under any circumstances, and therefore, there is really no incentive to practice economy.

In cases where houses are already piped for hot water, and the owners do not wish to change the system over to steam, the same service can be continued by supplying steam from the street mains to a special form of water heater manufactured by the American District Steam Co., through which the circulating water flows, and the steam thus condensed can be utilized and measured by meter, the same as in a building heated by steam.

It is only a question of a short time when every city in the country will possess a central station heating system, having heat delivered the same as water and gas. Underground refrigerating plants are also receiving a great deal of attention, such plants having recently been installed in Baltimore, Md., Detroit, Mich., and several other cities.

* * *

Few people realize the magnitude of the contracting business of the American District Steam Company. Mention might be made that they have installed in the past twenty-five or thirty years, plants in over two hundred and seventy-five cities throughout the United States and Canada. Their foreign correspondence is increasing very rapidly, and from indications it will only be a matter of a short time when the principal cities of the

LOCKPORT, NEW YORK

world will give the subject of central station steam heating very great prominence.

The United Indurated Fibre Co., whose plant in Lockport is the largest in America of the kind, and the largest in the City, manufactures 164 different kinds, styles and sizes of articles making full assortments of pails, tubs, jars, mats, keelers, etc., for household use, and for package purposes, and for florists use, making twelve different sizes of florists vases. This plant is self contained, manufactures its own pulp, and makes its own varnish, employing about 500 horse power, water, 400 horse power of steam, and over 100 electric horse power. It is planning improvements that promise to add materially to its plant. The management for three years has been developing vessels for carrying acid of all strengths, and also Alkalis of all strengths, also material for insulation for electrical purposes. The fact has developed that Fibre can be used for making articles for holding acid for electrical purposes and compete favorably with all articles used in these important branches of industry. They are prepared to furnish insulation and to carry out ideas and designs for any one having special designs or ideas on this subject.

One of its latest inventions is a fibre covering and insulator for electric third rail, which is being successfully and rapidly installed by the N. Y. C. R. R. and other lines using the third rail system, thus doing away with all danger.

This material if only $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch thick will stand 30,000 volts without puncturing.

The Niagara Paper Mills are located at Lockport, N. Y. They are probably the largest mills in the country devoted exclusively to the manufacture of colored cover papers and high grade specialties. The business has developed so that they now make ten different grades of covers, a line of picture mounts and their well-known tailors pattern papers. This means that over eighty different shades and tints are carried in stock. The tonnage is about 30,000 pounds daily.

These mills are especially well fitted to manufacture special papers. They are equipped with a Fourdrinier and Special Machine. The latter machine is so constructed that it is possible to make a wide range of specialty papers.

On account of their favorable location, it is possible for the Niagara Paper Mills to obtain

their raw material at a reasonable figure and to place their manufactured product on the market in successful competition with other cover mills.

Other manufacturers are the Lockport Glass Company, manufacturers of bottles of



Hodge
Opera
House

Lockport
High
School

Grace
Episcopal
Church

all classes; Electric Smelting and Aluminum Company; Merritt Manufacturing Company, manufacturers of cutting, veneer, dimensioning and drying machinery; Covert Motor Vehicle Company, automobile parts and complete light weight commercial cars;

LOCKPORT, NEW YORK

American Motor Truck Company, manufacturers of heavy gasoline freight trucks and passenger automobiles; Trevor Manufacturing Company, manufacturers of paper, pulp and stave mill machinery; The Empire Manufacturing Company, manufacturers of cotton belting, rubber lined hose and unlined linen hose, cotton webbings and empire elastic surgical bandages, supporters and trusses, woven cotton hydraulic hose; Western Block Company, manufacturers of the well-known "Anchor Brand" wood, wrought iron and steel tackle blocks for manilla and wire rope, from smallest to largest sizes; Boston and Lockport Block Company, manufacturers of hand

pany; Western Union Telegraph Company and the Postal Telegraph and Cable Company give splendid local and interstate service; Lockport Hydraulic Company controls the raceway built around the locks, developing a large water power in a drop of sixty (60) feet; The International Power and Transmission Co.; Niagara Lockport and Ontario Power Co.; Lockport Light, Heat and Power Company, local system of underground steam heating and manufacturers of electricity for lighting and power; Lockport Paper Company, manufacturers of building paper; United Box Board and Paper Company, card board manufacturers; Niagara Tex-



OLCOTT BEACH, INTERNATIONAL HOTEL AND DANCING CASINO

trucks of all kinds; D. R. Sillesky Shirt Co.; Joseph Dumville Shirt Co.; Tothill Shirt Co.; which give employment to hundreds of women and girls; Lockport Gas and Electric Light Co.; Gardner Foundry Co., manufacturers of plows, caldrons, fruit evaporator furnaces, building material castings (regular line and to order); McKim Foundry and Machinery Co., general machinists and foundry men; The Niagara File and Rasp Works Co.; Big Run Printers; Corson Manufacturing Co.; J. A. Ward; Roberts Bros. Co.; A. J. Laux; National Broom Co.; Evans and Liddles Broom Factory; Edward T. Dolan Hair Cloth Co., hair cloth linings for tailor trade; The Lockport Heel Company; The Halbur Co. and the Carlos Holly Co., general machinists; Joseph W. Turner, box manufacturer; W. G. Damerow and Joseph Whalen, sash and door manufacturers and planing mills; Niagara County Home Telephone Company, Bell Telephone Com-

tile Company, towel manufacturers; Niagara Cotton Batten Company; The New York Cotton Batten Company, the only concern in the country manufacturing exclusively raw, unadulterated, long fibre, cotton batten, building new plant to meet increasing demand; Lockport Cotton Batten Company; the largest manufacturers of cotton batten in the United States; Oliver Bros. Company, brass and iron bedsteads; Ontario Grinder Company, pulp grinders and pulp compressors; Richmond Manufacturing Company, grain cleaning machinery, bran dusters and dust collectors for flour mills; Western Company, rolling mills, finished bar iron; Corson Manufacturing Company, manufacturers and printers of paper boxes and cartons; Niagara Rubber Company, manufacturers of automobile, bicycle, carriage and solid tires, valves, packings, and mechanical rubber goods; Merchans Gargling Oil, Liniment Company; Whitmore's sandstone

LOCKPORT, NEW YORK

and limestone; Watson's, Stainthorpe's and Bendinger's limestone; Niagara Cooperage Company, manufacturers of fine cooperage stock; Charles A. Hoag, cold storage, refrigerating storages; A. I. Knowles, refrigerating storage; Niagara County Fruit Company, refrigerating storage; Huston Brothers, refrigerating storage; Lerch and Son, refrigerating storage; Lockport Ice and Cold Storage Co., refrigerating storage.

Hodge Opera House is up to date in all its appointments and presents a fine line of first-class attractions.

Splendid hotel accommodations are offered by the Kenmore, Niagara and Commercial Hotels.

The Niagara Guaranty Search Company gives reliable abstracts of title to real estate.

The Masonic Lodges, are Lockport, Niag-

ara and Red Jacket, Genesee Commandery, Knights Templar, Ames Chapter, Bruce Council; Odd Fellows Lodges are the Cataract and Constellation.

As a manufacturing center, Lockport stands in the midst of the three great markets, the East, the West and Canada. It offers unusual railroad facilities and connections, competent and intelligent labor, cheap sites, good government and power opportunities enjoyed by very few other communities. It is indeed, in every way, an admirable location, and one that merits the closest investigation.

The Lockport Board of Trade will appreciate the opportunity of corresponding with those interested, and will co-operate in every possible way with companies desiring an "ideal home and industrial city."



ROLLING MILLS AT LOCKPORT



CENTRAL TRUST BUILDING



GATE OF JUNIATA SHOP, PENNSYLVANIA
RAILROAD



ALTOONA TRUST BUILDING

ALTOONA, PENNSYLVANIA

By E. W. Everhart

ALTOONA, situated among the Eastern foothills of the Allegheny mountains, is a city which has a population of 60,000 people and is still growing. Nor does it propose that the growth shall be stopped, but on the contrary, it is so arranging affairs that the expected increase in its population shall have all the comforts which go with the home in these days of hustle and bustle. It has been so busy growing that it has not had time to devote to blowing its own horn. It holds out no glittering allurements, but it does give work to thousands, and that is better than promises. People have come to it, looked upon it with favor and become residents.

Altoona is essentially a railroad town. It could not be otherwise when it "lives, moves and has its being" in the huge shops of the great Pennsylvania Railroad Company. These shops are being constantly added to or enlarged, until now they are the greatest in the country if not in the world. It is here that the bone and sinew of the company can be found. Here live the workmen who are employed in the shops to the number of between 12,000 and 15,000. Here, too, reside many of the engineers, firemen, conductors and trainmen, who man the scores of passenger and freight trains which pass over the Middle and Pittsburg divisions of the great railroad. Here are the offices of the general superintendent of the Eastern Grand

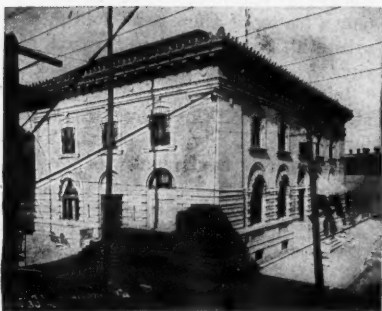
division, of the general superintendent of motive power, and of the superintendent of the motive power of the road. It is also the head of the Middle division, whose officers are also here. Just on its outskirts is one of the largest roundhouses in the country, and what are known as the Juniata shops, from which the company turns out many new locomotives yearly.

It is a city of homes. The workmen believe it is best to own the roof which shelters them, and the consequence is that hundreds really do own their own "vine and fig tree." And, more to the point, the vast majority of them are paid for. It is a city in which the building and loan associations have done, and are doing, a great business, and it has been through these that the homes have been erected. Originally, the houses were of frame, but these are giving way to those of brick and stone, and these changes note the prosperity of the people more than any other indications.

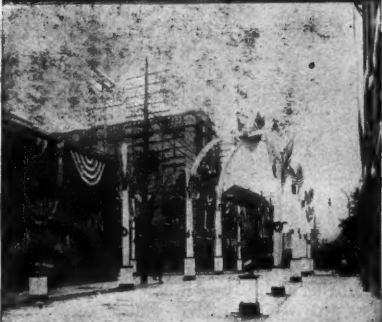
When the Pennsylvania Railroad was being built through the commonwealth, back in the fifties, and it came to the foot of the Alleghenies, it became necessary to establish headquarters. This was done and the village was named Altoona. It grew apace, and in 1854 was incorporated as a borough. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that the first house was erected in 1851. In February, 1868, it was incorpora-

ALTOONA, PENNSYLVANIA

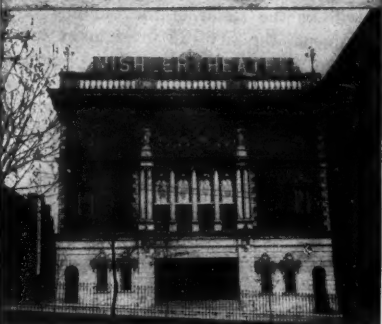
Government
Building



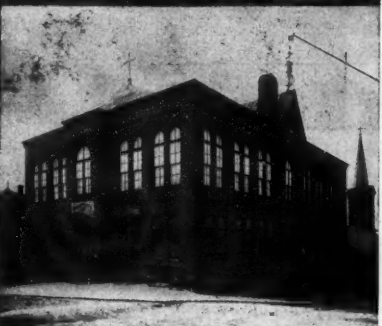
Eleventh
Avenue
and
Twelfth
Street
looking
south



Opera
House



St. Mary's
School



SOME ALTOONA BUILDINGS

ted as a city. This is how it has grown in ten-year jumps, according to the United States census: In 1860, 3,591; in 1870, 10,610; in 1880, 19,710; in 1890, 30,260, in 1900, 38,973. During the past seven years there has been such an increase in the capacity of the shops and other industries, and so much of the adjacent territory has been annexed, that the estimate of 60,000 as the city's population, is regarded as a most conservative one.

The growth of a town or city depends, to a great extent, upon its water supply. In the economy of nature there was no river or large stream placed in this vicinity, and it therefore became necessary to store water. The reservoirs which supply the city are situated about six miles west, and at present are two in number. The upper, or Kittanning Point reservoir, has a capacity of 65,000,000 gallons, an amount which, at the time of the building, was supposed to be amply sufficient for years to come. But it wasn't. This reservoir was built in 1887. It was followed in 1894-5-6, by the construction of an impounding dam, just east of the original reservoir, which has a capacity of 356,000,000 gallons. This increase was so great that it was believed by many that there would be no necessity for another basin being built. The demands made by the increasing population, soon made it plain that more water was needed, and now work is in progress on a dam, which will have a storage capacity of 1,600,000,000 gallons. This will be accomplished by the storing of the waters of two additional streams and a number of springs, as well as the overflow from the large dam immediately west of the one now being constructed. So far as the quality of the water is concerned there is none better in the country, as has been demonstrated through various tests made of it. The completion of the third impounding dam will place the city in a position which will permit of its being able to say to any manufacturer who may desire to locate here, that there is plenty of water. The lack of an ample water supply has been a drawback in the past. The water plant is owned by the city and is self-sustaining.

If Altoona is a city of note in railroad circles, it is also one which has the deserved reputation of having some of the finest church buildings in the state. Indeed, no

ALTOONA, PENNSYLVANIA

city of the same size in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania exceeds it in this respect. Every denomination is represented, and the stately structures erected by some of them are very beautiful. The frame buildings have disappeared, and in their places have risen those of stone and brick. There has been a healthy rivalry in this matter, and the city is all the better for it. The pulpits are occupied by ministers who are among the ablest divines of the denominations which they represent. Altoona is also the home of the bishop of the Altoona diocese of the Roman Catholic church.

The resident of Altoona can "point with pride" to its school buildings, and to the standing which its corps of teachers has attained among the others of the state. The public school buildings are substantial, and with few exceptions are thoroughly up to date. The high school, which has been but recently completed, is one of the finest in the commonwealth, and the course of study includes practically everything. Located therein is a manual training plant, the gift of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, which has a large number of pupils and which is daily demonstrating its usefulness. The parochial schools are all well attended. In the public schools there are employed 214 teachers, this number including the faculties of the High and Central Grammar schools. There are almost 7,000 pupils in the public schools.

While other cities of the state were thinking the matter over, Altoona came to the front by electrifying its street car lines which was done July 4, 1891. The first street cars were introduced in July, 1882, and the company was then composed of local people. These later, sold their interests, and the Altoona and Logan Valley Electric Railway Company is now part of the American Railways Company. Not only does it encircle the city, but its line also reaches to Tyrone, fourteen miles east, and to Hollidaysburg, seven miles south. It also has extensions to various suburbs of the city.

In the matter of suburbs there are many. The most populous is the borough of Juniata, which is the home of the Juniata shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Then there is East Altoona, South Altoona, Llyswen, East End, Eldorado, all thriving places,

containing many handsome homes. It is only a matter of a few years until these suburbs will become part and parcel of the city.

In the matter of manufactures the Pennsylvania Railroad Company of course stands first. But the city has others. The silk mill employs a large number of people, and



NEW HIGH SCHOOL

the Altoona Iron Company is also a busy plant. There are in addition, a number of smaller industries all of which are kept busy. With the additional water supply, which will be the result of the building of Lake Altoona, the city can invite more manufacturers to locate, and thus the population will be added to.

The banks of the city are among the best in the state, and the business is conducted



FIRST METHODIST CHURCH

along the lines of a conservatism which has given them a deserved reputation for safety. There are three banks and four trust companies.

From the time the city was chartered, and previously also, for that matter, volunteer firemen kept watch and ward over the

How is it heated?



Haven't you noticed that this is now the first question asked in buying or renting? It is because now recognized as the most important feature of a building. A cottage, house, mansion, flat, office, or store that is heated by Hot Water or Low-Pressure Steam will rent for more and sell for more.

AMERICAN & IDEAL RADIATORS & BOILERS

keep every nook and corner of the building free from dampness or drafts, and clean, comfortable, and healthful for dwellers or workers.

Then there are the great economies to be considered. You save heavily at the coal-bin, burning, if you wish, cheapest coal screenings, poorest soft coal, coke, gas, wood—anything. These outfits do not throw ash-dust, soot, smoke, or coal-gases into the living-rooms, thus reducing house-cleaning one-half, and saving much wear on carpets and furnishings.

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators will outlast the building—require no repairs. When property is sold owner gets full money back, or 10% to 15% increased rentals. Quicker and larger loans are granted on property thus modernized.



Prices in Spring are usually the lowest of the year. In these less hurried months, too, you get the best workmanship—the quickest, most skillful fitters! Put your property in right heating condition now—ready for best living, renting, or selling. Don't delay investigating this big-paying building investment with its marked savings in fuel, labor, and repairs; besides the comfort, health protection, cleanliness, safety, low insurance, and durability. Quickly put into OLD buildings, farm or city—without tearing up floors and walls or disturbing occupants. Ask for book (free).

ADVANTAGE 12: All fire surfaces of IDEAL Boilers are at such pitch or angle that they are practically self-cleaning. Note that a deposit of $\frac{1}{8}$ inch of soot, which is a non-conductor of heat, requires 30% more fuel than when the heating surfaces are clean. Ask for catalogue giving full ADVANTAGES.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Dept. 18

CHICAGO



Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

ALTOONA, PENNSYLVANIA

town, and right well did they perform their duty. In 1895, however, the paid system was inaugurated, the property of the volunteers being purchased by the city. There has never since been a time when the municipality had reason to regret its action.

Prominent among the manufacturing enterprises of Altoona is the Altoona Gas Company. It was incorporated in 1858, and the original plant built in 1859. The business was a success from the start; so much so, that some years later, it was found necessary to rebuild the entire plant at its present location on Bellwood Avenue, where today, is to be found one of the most modern and up-to-date gas plants in the country.

It might be of interest to state that Andrew Carnegie was, at one time, a stock-holder in it, and A. J. Cassatt, the late president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, was one of its directors.

The plant supplies the wants of thousands for light, and as many with fuel for cooking purposes.

* * *

There was a time when the city was known from Maine to California, and from the Gulf to the Lakes as the City of Boardwalks. That cognomen is no longer applicable. For some years there has been an earnest endeavor on the part of the different mayors, to have these walks removed and permanent ones take their place. It was not, however, until Mayor Simon H. Walker, the present incumbent of the office, took hold of the reins of government, two and one-half years ago, that a crusade was started and kept up unremittingly. The result is, that during this period of time there have been laid over thirty-two miles of sidewalk, and an equal length of curbing has been put in. During the present year there have been over ten miles of walks laid.

The city's thoroughfares, at one time, were of the muddiest. Now, all this is being changed and paving is being put down. From 1888 to 1906 there have been paved about ten miles of streets, and last fall there were awarded contracts for ten miles more. These are now in process of being put down. In addition, ordinances have been introduced and passed by councils which call for fully fifteen more miles of paving, and contracts for at least some of these will be let before the spring of 1908. In the build-

ing of these improved streets, the first were put down at the expense of the owners of the property which abutted on the improvements. Later this has been changed, and the city at large now pays one-third of the cost and the property owners benefited the other two-thirds.

The Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Altoona has made the business section of the city very attractive, by the lavish use of electric decorative lighting, to the extent that "it is as light as day." The company's central station, which supplies the city with light, is modern in every way. It has a capacity of 3,000 kilowatts.

The company has inaugurated a very progressive policy to promote the use of electric signs and decorative lighting, it being its aim to make Altoona known as "The City of Lights."

There have been installed many large electric displays, which add greatly to the attractiveness of the city's streets at night.

The company is installing an additional 500 kilowatt Curtis turbine to take care of this class of lighting. A large number of the merchants are availing themselves of the attractive rates offered for window lighting, and are using this method of advertising, which is increasing their trade.

* * *

Altoona is growing. This is not a boom year in building, yet nevertheless improvements to the amount of \$1,100,000 were made during the ten months of 1907. This refers simply to private property. In addition, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has enlarged its shops and in some instances, new ones have been built. These represent many thousands of dollars.

Altoona has an unbounded belief in its future, and there is every reason why it should have. It has enterprising business men, its financial condition is of the best. Its people are law-abiding and progressive. Its buildings already rank with the best in the state, and the era of bigger and better structures has really only got under way. It does not believe it has reached its limit in population, but rather that it is to add thereto by presenting advantages which will bring a more diversified business. And it is in this belief that it awaits the future and all that it may bring.



MINIATURE GRAND
EBONIZED CASE
PRICE \$800

FROM THE DAYS
when Helmholtz approved its scientific construction,
when Rubinstein evoked divine harmonies from its strings,
when Wagner acknowledged his indebtedness to the inspiring beauty of its tone,

The
STEINWAY
PIANO

HAS BEEN CONTINUOUSLY WITHOUT
A PEER IN THE MUSICAL WORLD.

IT was created to be a medium to express the very soul of music, and Steinway genius made it a masterpiece, defying imitation.

It has maintained its pre-eminence because the inventions of each successive generation of the Steinway family have kept it far in advance of all other pianos, have seemingly exhausted mechanical possibilities and attained a perfect instrument.

The wonderful refinement of its tone beauty has never been equalled. The proven durability of Steinway workmanship has never been rivalled. Infinite pains and the highest skill have placed it beyond comparison.

Yet Steinway reputation has never been exploited for commercial ends. Steinway always means BEST,—one grade only. Every Steinway piano is an ORIGINAL, not a COPY made by alien hands.

What the Steinway has been to other musicians—a prized work of art, an object of affection, like a real Stradivarius violin, to be handed down from one generation to another—THAT the Steinway would be to you.

We invite your inspection of the Steinway Miniature Grand (price \$800) and of the Steinway Vertegrand (price \$550), ebonized cases. These prices are low for such masterpieces, and differ very little from those of so-called "just as good" pianos. Ultimately you will want a Steinway, anyhow.

Steinway Pianos can be bought of any authorized Steinway dealer at New York prices, with cost of transportation added. Illustrated catalogue and booklets sent on request and mention of this magazine.

STEINWAY & SONS,
Steinway Hall, 107 and 109 East 14th Street, New York.
Subway Express Station at the Door.



MANY inspiring New Year's greetings were received at the National office—some in prose and some in verse, but few proved more interesting than that from Mr. E. B. Heiney, principal of the William Street School, Huntington, Indiana:—

Dear Chapple: what do you believe
Will be the fate of those who burn
Sweet incense at the Muse's shrine?
Will they, in the hereafter, grieve
That in their youth they did not turn
A deaf ear to the Mystic Nine?

Will they rejoice, with songs of glee,
In heaven above?—or tear their hair
And gnash their teeth and throw a fit
In—? Well, no matter—look for me
Way back in the big section where
Ten thousand Hoosier poets sit.

Very truly yours,
E. B. Heiney.

* * *

HUNG out to the breezes in the teeth of the worst days of the financial storm, was the pennon of the J. Walter Thompson Company of New York. On it were inscribed these words:

WE ARE ADVANCE AGENTS
FOR
OPTIMISM.
No "CALAMITY HOWLERS"
HERE.

The word optimism in red letters suggests good cheer and hope. In one corner is the trade mark of the firm, the emblematic owl.

The placard made a hit. No sooner was it seen than it was instantly in great demand, not only in New York, but all over the

country; for, as has been announced, one of the chief causes of the present depression has been pessimistic talk, and this motto urging the individual everywhere to do his part in maintaining optimism is being warmly welcomed, and has already exercised a salutary influence. I have noticed the cards hanging in many places in New York, Chicago and Boston, and it is curious what an influence these little bits of pasteboard have. No one can look on that red-lettered "OPTIMISM" without feeling the cheerful warmth of enthusiasm. It was just such proclamations that characterized the return of confidence in the stress of 1893, when the advance agents of Prosperity were announced. When the people paused to consider that there was no basis for distrust and suspicion, their fears were instantly allayed.

The fact that other firms have offered this card the "sincerest flattery," imitation, speaks volumes for its popularity, in fact, it is worthy of its inventor, for J. Walter Thompson is known everywhere as a close student of conditions, men and affairs, and has no peer in magazine advertising. Few men keep in closer touch with the subtleties of human interests. Since this card was issued, it has elicited much favorable comment from all parts of the country. The wisdom typified by the owl trade mark was never more manifest than in this courageous assertion of optimism that has done much to stem the tide of melancholic calamity proclaimers, and is certainly entitled to credit for aiding in the establishment of that confidence which does much to bring back prosperity.



No. 614. Fine Business Man's or Physician's Stern Proof Buggy with Stanhope seat. Door curtains work perfectly on spring rollers.

Price complete **\$100**

As good as sells for \$50 more.

Elkhart Buggies and Harness

are sold direct from our factory to the user. In buying from us you save the dealer's expenses and profits. 35 Years Selling Direct is our record and we are today **The Largest Manufacturers in the World** selling to the consumer exclusively. We ship for examination and approval, guaranteeing safe delivery. No cost to you if not satisfied as to style, quality and price. Over 200 styles of Vehicles and 65 styles of Harness. Send for new, free catalog.

Elkhart Carriage & Harness Mfg. Co., Elkhart, Ind.

No. 226. Fine One Horse Surrey with auto seats, bike gear and 11-8 inch guaranteed cushion tires.

Price complete **\$110.50**

As good as sells for \$40 more.



PATENTS

JERRY A. MATHEWS

Patent Attorney

Colorado Building WASHINGTON, D. C.

Patents, Trademarks, Copyrights and Designs. Highest Professional and Commercial References.

President Suspenders

Their popularity increases in direct ratio with the activity of the wearer.

Give AND Take



That's Why

Presidents are built on the principle of "give and take," to give freedom of movement and take up the strains. The action mechanism at the back equally distributes the tension, eliminating strain on shoulder and bottom and insuring

100% Comfort and 100% Wear

Presidents are made of the highest quality material throughout. All metal parts rust-proof nickeled brass.

The cord ends used on Presidents are infinitely more reliable than leather which is often of uncertain quality.

Various Weights and Lengths.

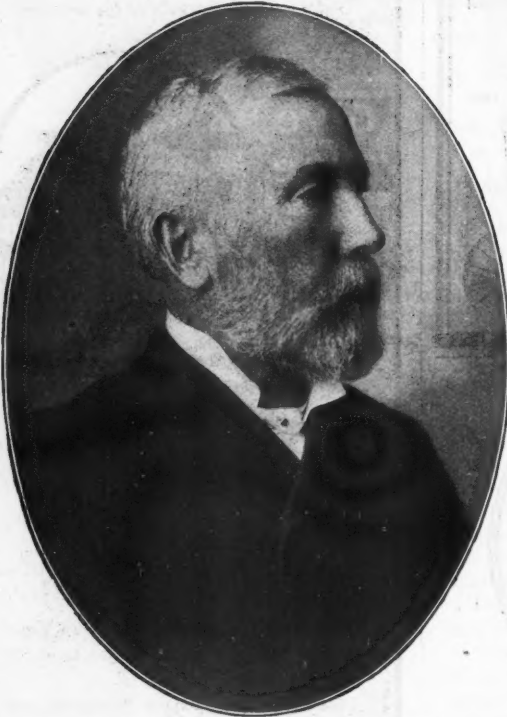
Every pair guaranteed: "Satisfaction New Pair—or Money Back."

If your dealer can't supply you, we will, postpaid on receipt of price, 50c.

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.
725 Main Street, SHIRLEY, MASS.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

In our office we have placed the Thompson placard directly beneath the genial countenance of Benjamin Franklin, who was assuredly one of the most noted champions of optimism ever known in this country. No matter how dark the days, there was always a cheery word and a smile from Dr. Franklin, and today his writings bring hope and courage to many who are attuned to the proclamation of optimism which has arrested the wail of the "calamity howlers."



DR. C. W. WATTS, OF FAYETTE, MISSOURI

THE most interesting people are not always those who have attained newspaper fame and national renown. Neither are they always dwellers in cities, for many original and delightful characters are to be found in remote villages and farmsteads, as well as in our smaller towns.

Among the National Magazine's correspondents is one familiar and conspicuous in history—Dr. C. W. Watts of Fayette, Missouri, who entered the service of Uncle Sam

and served with General A. J. Smith during the Civil War, and has been examining surgeon since the time of President Harrison, does honor to his name. Dr. Watts resigned his present position twice, but was retained in office, and now expects to remain as long as he is able to work.

He has been active in uniting the veterans of the Blue and the Gray, and has also been an earnest worker in the Methodist church, while his labors in his profession require no comment. He early showed a trend toward medical study, and articulated his first skeleton at the age of fourteen—possibly an inherited taste, as his father was also a doctor. Dr. C. W. Watts graduated at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, in 1851.

There is something so hearty and genial in the letters that come from our good doctor-subscriber that I felt the readers of the National ought to know him, and so take this opportunity to perform the introduction.

* * *

AMONG the first books of the new year, and one which has already attracted much attention is "The Magnet," of which Alfred O. Crozier, a prominent lawyer and manufacturer of Wilmington, Delaware, is the author. It is a financial novel with a very interesting love story to give a relish to what otherwise might be rather dry reading for some people. Mr. Crozier has very pronounced ideas concerning stock gambling, and his aim in "The Magnet" has been to show the dangers of a conspiracy of lawless incorporated wealth. The scene of the story is laid in New York, and Wall Street methods, "swift finance" co-operation through consolidation for the purpose of strangling competition, trusts, pools, tips and "killings" are featured in a masterful manner in this powerful romance. Illustrations are by Wallace Morgan. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, publishers, 497 pages. Price \$1.50.

International politics furnish the plot for



IVER JOHNSON

SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER



Different from every other revolver, and infinitely superior to near-safe imitations, because the feature that makes it possible to

Hammer the Hammer

in perfect safety, is not a mere device added to the revolver, but is itself a part of the firing

mechanism. No buttons to press, no catches to set, no levers to pull. The hammer of an Iver Johnson Automatic Safety Revolver *never* touches the firing pin, and the firing pin *never* touches the cartridge until the trigger is pulled. You can "hammer the hammer," drop it, kick it, pound it, but until you pull the trigger, there's "nothing doing."

ACCIDENTAL DISCHARGE IMPOSSIBLE

Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver

Richly nickel-plated, 3 inch barrel, 22 rim-fire, 32 center-fire, or 3 1/4 inch 38 center-fire cartridge. . . . \$6

Sold by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or sent prepaid on receipt of price if dealer will not supply. Look for the owl's head on the grip and our name on the barrel.

Iver Johnson's Arms and Cycle Works, 188 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.

New York: 99 Chambers St.

San Francisco: Phil. B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market St.

Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver

Richly nickel-plated, 3 inch barrel, 32 center-fire, or 3 1/4 inch 38 center-fire cartridge. . . . \$7

Hamburg, Germany: Pickhuben & Co.

London, England: 13 Cullum St., E. C.

Makers of Iver Johnson Single Barrel Shotguns and Iver Johnson Truss Bridge Bicycles



Bangor and Aroostook Railroad

THE SHORTEST AND ONLY DIRECT ROUTE BETWEEN

**BOSTON - PORTLAND and BANGOR and the Famous
Camping - Hunting - Industrial - Canoeing - Fishing
Recreation - Agricultural - Lumbering - Health
Sections of NORTHERN MAINE**

"IN THE MAINE WOODS"

THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL EDITION is now ready for distribution. Tells where to go, what to take with you, and what you will find when you arrive. Finely illustrated in half tone and colors. Copy mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in stamps. Address

GEORGE M. HOUGHTON Passenger Traffic Manager **BANGOR, MAINE**

LET'S TALK IT OVER

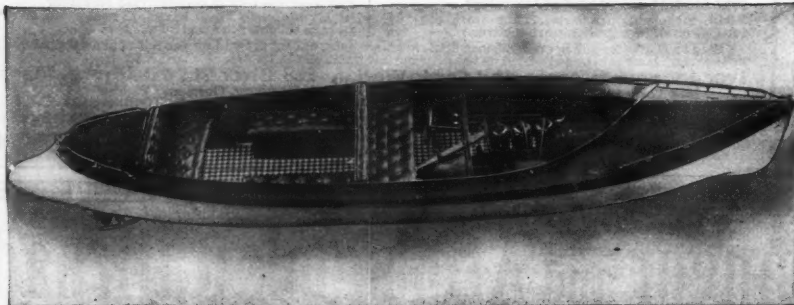
the new work of fiction, "The Great Secret" by E. Phillips Oppenheim, and the distinguished author finds plenty of material for a sensational story as he develops an attempt on the part of Germany to overwhelm Great Britain, rob her of her naval supremacy and put her very existence in jeopardy. Exciting scenes are numerous and the complications of the deep laid plot, with not a few romantic love incidents, are sufficient to hold the close attention of the reader throughout. Little, Brown & Company are the publishers. Price \$1.50.

"A Romance of Arlington House" by Sarah A. Reed is a delightful love story, with associations of Arlington House of Old Virginia, in the days of Lafayette, on his last visit to Amer-

the W. H. Mullins Company of Salem, Ohio, who are known the world over for the excellence of their pressed steel row boats and launches.

The new boat is guaranteed to make fifteen and a half miles per hour, the fastest stock boat in the world of its size and horsepower without resorting to eggshell construction. Dry, seaworthy, comfortable and safe, it is as staunch and durable as a small battleship, and magnificently finished, combining all the desirable features of a pleasant family launch with great speed at a moderate price.

The interior arrangement is a new departure, and certainly makes an attractive and pleasant boat. The engine is installed well forward in a special compartment separated



THE NEW 22-FOOT MULLINS SPEED BOAT

ica, giving vivid scenes of the hospitality of the National Capital and courtship in the early days. Published by the Chapple Publishing Company, Ltd., Boston. Price \$1.00.

"Dr. Ellen" a new novel by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, is attracting much attention on account of its dramatic intensity. It is a story of life and love in the California Sierras, and is likely to prove one of the most popular books of the year. Baker & Taylor Company, New York, publishers. Price \$1.50.

* * *

IN the early part of February, while visiting the Power Boat and Sportsman's Show in Buffalo, New York, I had the pleasure of meeting the enthusiastic agent of the W. H. Mullins Company, Mr. F. A. Ballou, who was very enthusiastic concerning the charms of the new twenty-two foot speed boat, the latest achievement in this line by

from the cockpit by a handsomely-paneled oak partition on which is placed the special automobile steering wheel, also spark and throttle control levers, thus the passengers will not come in contact with the machinery or moving parts.

The engine is both started and controlled from the steerman's seat, the efficiency and simplicity of the control of the engine being the same as that of an automobile, a feature that will be appreciated by those who have used boats where it is necessary not only to crank the engine in starting, but to be brought closely in contact with it.

The motive power is a three-cylinder 16-20 horse power Ferro engine, equipped with special "Mullins" starting device, reverse gear, Mullins silent under-water exhaust, automatic quick starting float feed carburetor, spark and throttle control levers, pressure sight feed oiling system, dashboard coils in

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Stomach Comfort

can easily be obtained by the use of

MURRAY'S

CHARCOAL TABLETS

They are absolutely unmedicated. Prevent fermentation, absorb all gases, and sweeten the stomach. A bad complexion is wonderfully benefitted by their daily use.

FOR 10c. in stamps, a full size 25c. box mailed for trial. Once only.

A. J. Ditman, 25 Astor House, N. Y.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

Purifies
as well as
Beautifies
the Skin.
No other
cosmetic
will do it.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies dejection. It has stood the test of 60 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations."

For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER

For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin Irritations, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion.

Price 25 cents, by mail.

GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE

Removes superfluous Hair. Price \$1.00, by mail.
FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop., 37 Great Jones St., New York City



Auto-Masseur
REDUCES
LIKE THIS
I PROVE IT
FREE

NO DRUGS, DIETS OR EXERTION

So confident am I that simply wearing my Auto-Masseur, regardless of age or sex, will permanently reduce superfluous flesh from all parts—face, chest, back, hips, legs or abdomen—that I will mail it without deposit for a

FREE 40 DAY TRIAL

When you see your shapeliness speedily returning I know you will wear it until your figure is just as perfect as it ever was—therefore try it at my expense. Write for Auto-Masseur today. Proof costs nothing.

Prof. Burns, 1300H, Broadway, New York

MODENE

HAIR ON
FACE
NECK
AND
ARMS

INSTANTLY
REMOVED
WITHOUT
INJURY TO
THE MOST
DELICATE SKIN

IN COMPOUNDING, an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We named the new discovery MODENE. It is absolutely harmless, but works sure results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. It cannot Fall. If the growth be light, one application will remove it; the heavy growth, such as the beard or growth on moles, may require two or more applications, and without slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward.

Modene supercedes Electrolysis.

Used by people of refinement, and recommended by all who have tested its merits.

Modene sent by mail, in safety-mailing cases (securely sealed), on receipt of \$1.00 per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. Postage-stamps taken.

LOCAL AND GENERAL AGENTS WANTED.

MODENE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Dept. 213, Cincinnati, Ohio

Every Bottle Guaranteed.

We offer \$1,000 for Failure or the Slightest Injury.

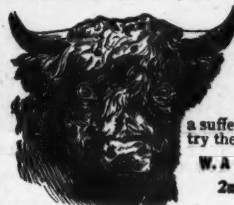
ABSOLUTELY FREE

ON TWO WEEKS' TRIAL

Send your name and address on P. O. card for \$1 box

Ox-Blood Tablets

If it helps you, send us \$1; if not, return the unused portion of the box and you owe us nothing.



Cures Rheumatism, Indigestion, Nervousness.

A Great Flesh Producer.

Thin people gain 10 pounds a month. Pleasant to take. If you are a sufferer, or wish to gain flesh, try them.

W. A. HENDERSON DRUG CO.,
2nd St., Clarinda, Iowa

White Clover Dew

FOR THE COMPLEXION

FIRST \$1.00 BOX FOR 25c.

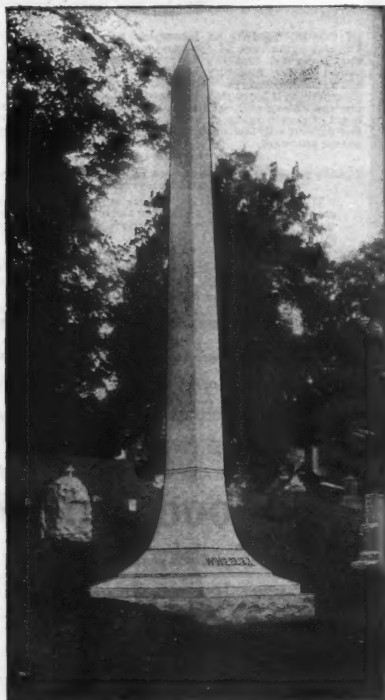
Makes the Skin white, soft and smooth. Positively acts as a **Flesh Producer** on the muscles of the face. A perfect Skin Food and Complexion Beautifier. Just try one \$1 box—a three-month treatment for 25 cents in stamps. Only the first one at this price.

W. A. Henderson Drug Co., - Clarinda, Iowa

LET'S TALK IT OVER

special case, batteries, spark plugs, wiring and switch.

H. C. Squires' Sons, general sales agents, 44 Cortland Street, New York City will exhibit the Mullins boats in the National Motor Boat and Sportsmans Show at Madison Square Garden, New York City, February 20 to March 7, 1908. The W. H. Mullins Company will also have an exhibit at the Toronto Automobile and Sportsmans Show, to be held in Toronto, Ontario, March 21



THE NEW MONUMENT TO GENERAL WHEELER
IN ARLINGTON CEMETERY

to 28, 1908. Their interests will be in the hands of N. R. Thompson of Brantford, Ontario, who has the general agency for the province.

* * *

THE annual statement of The Prudential of Newark, N. J., which is published on another page, shows the Company to be stronger in public confidence than ever before.

The year 1907 is reported to have been one of unusual gains in every department of the Company's business. The Company issued and paid for in new insurance during the year over 272 million dollars. The number of policies in force has been increased by over 400 thousand, bringing the total number of policies in force up to over seven and one-quarter millions. The total amount of insurance at risk is over one billion three hundred and thirty-seven million dollars. In payments to policyholders, The Prudential has maintained and surpassed its record for liberality. During the year The Prudential paid to policyholders over 18 million dollars, while since the organization of the Company the total payment to its policyholders has been over 141 million dollars.

A safe and profitable investment to a life insurance company consists of loans to its own policyholders, on the security of their policies. The statement shows over seven million dollars loaned in this way.

The Prudential also shows a reduction in expenses in 1907 (on a basis of equal premium incomes in 1906 and 1907) of nearly one million dollars. The tax payments by the Company in 1907 also reached the enormous sum of one and one-quarter million dollars. The net gain in insurance in force was over 84 million dollars and this, the Company's officials state was a greater gain than the Company made in 1906, one of its banner years.

The Prudential states that through its splendid equipment, experience and organization it has given since the introduction of its New Industrial Policy and New Low Cost Ordinary Policy, more Life Insurance for less money than ever before, and to this, no doubt, is due the great success that the Company made last year, and is making this year. The New Low Cost Policy is described by The Prudential Company as the greatest success in Life Insurance, and this is due to the fact that it is sold at as low a rate as consistent with the guaranteed benefits and the absolute Life Insurance protection which it affords.

Send to The Prudential, Newark, New Jersey, for rates on the New Low Cost Policy at your age, and The Prudential Officials state that you will be surprised at the large amount of Life Insurance you can secure from that Company at such low cost.

272 Million Dollars

Life Insurance, Issued and Paid for during 1907, on over 1,500,000 Policies, is the Magnificent Record of

The Prudential

Total Insurance in Force, over

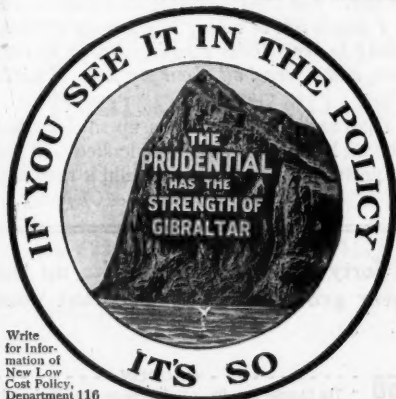
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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXVII

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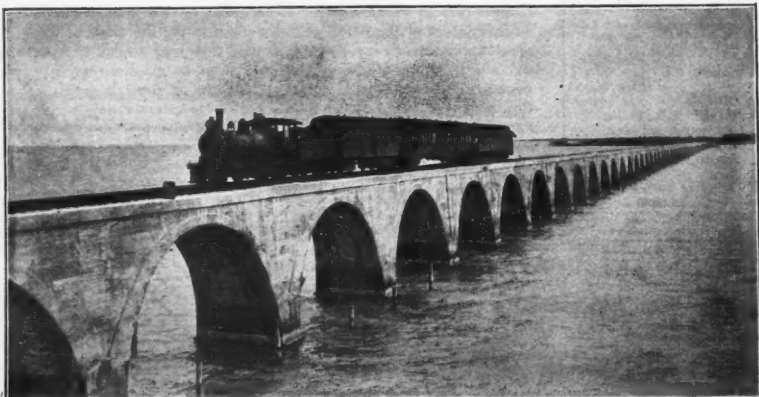
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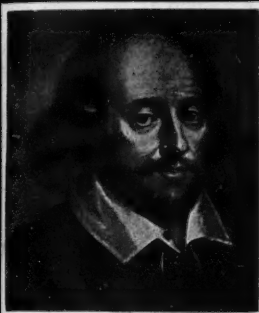
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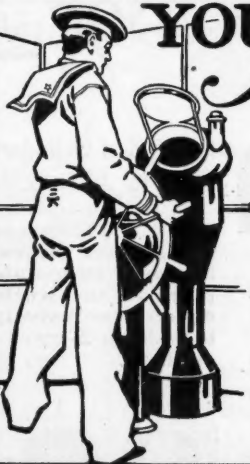
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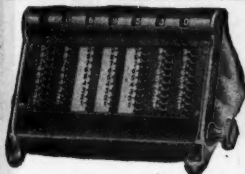
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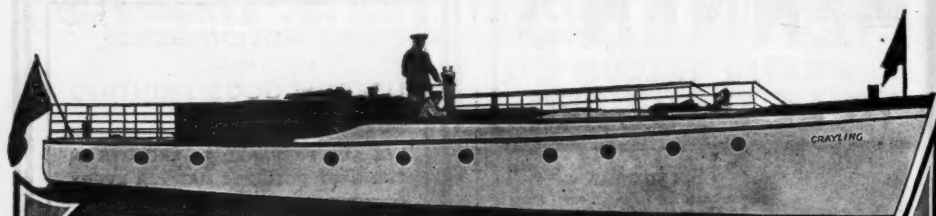
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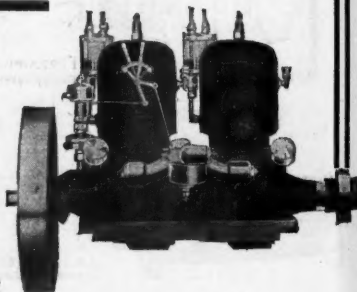
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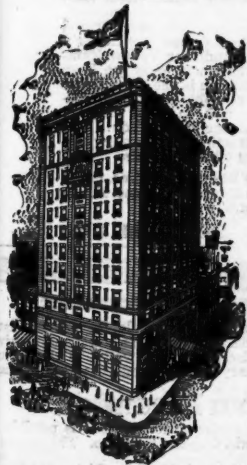
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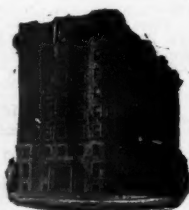
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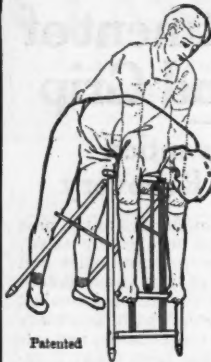
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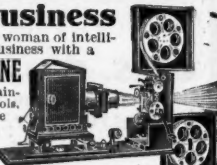
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